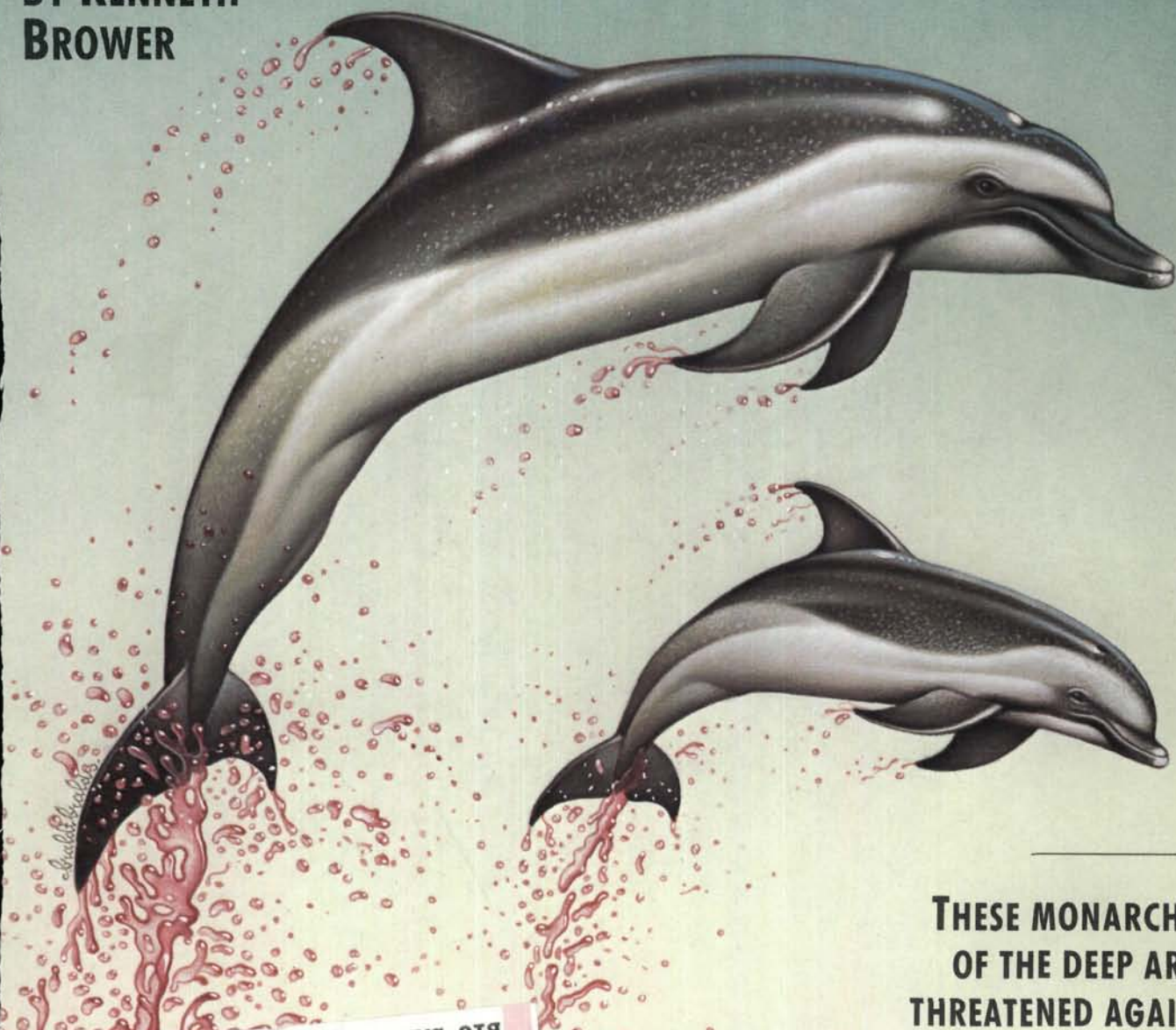


The Atlantic

HUMOR BY ROY BLOUNT, JR. / HOW TO STEM THE FLOW OF COCAINE

THE DESTRUCTION OF DOLPHINS

BY KENNETH
BROWER



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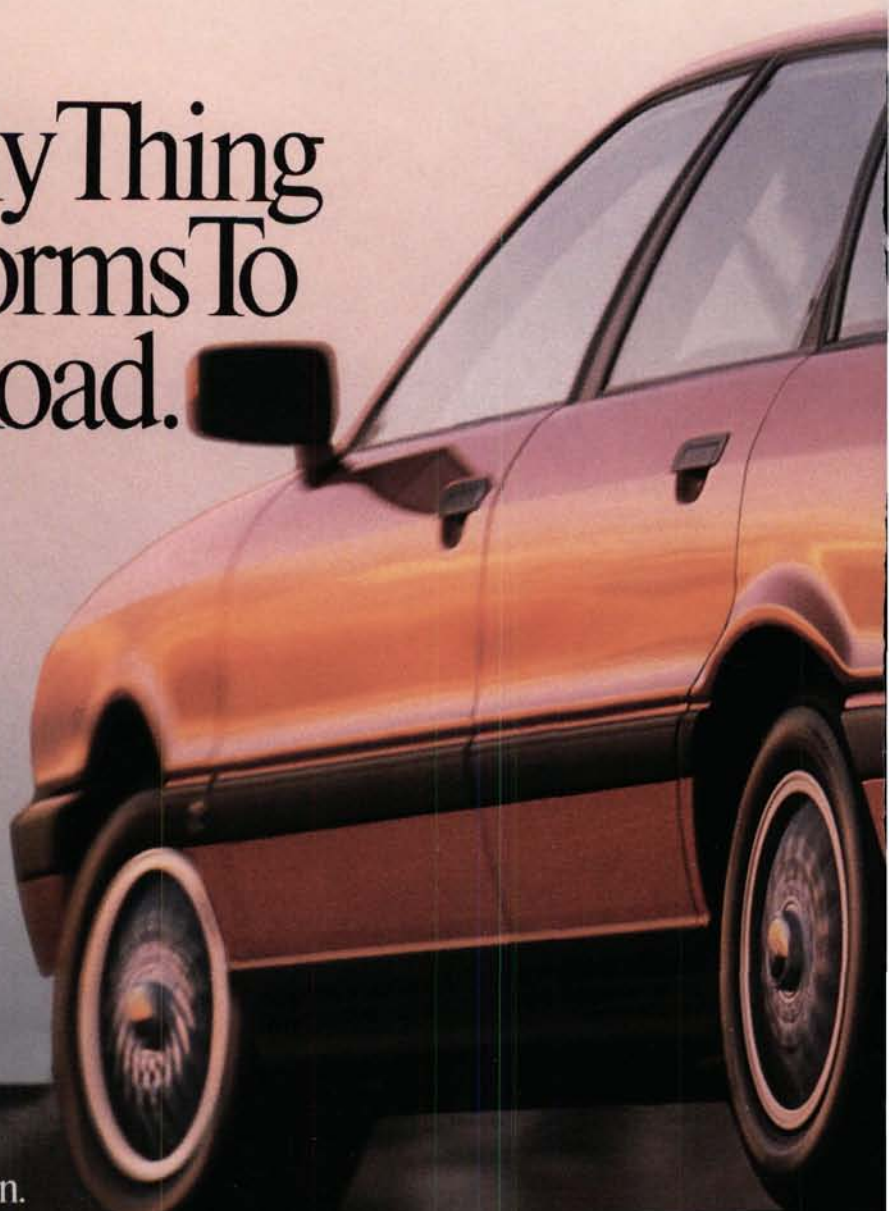
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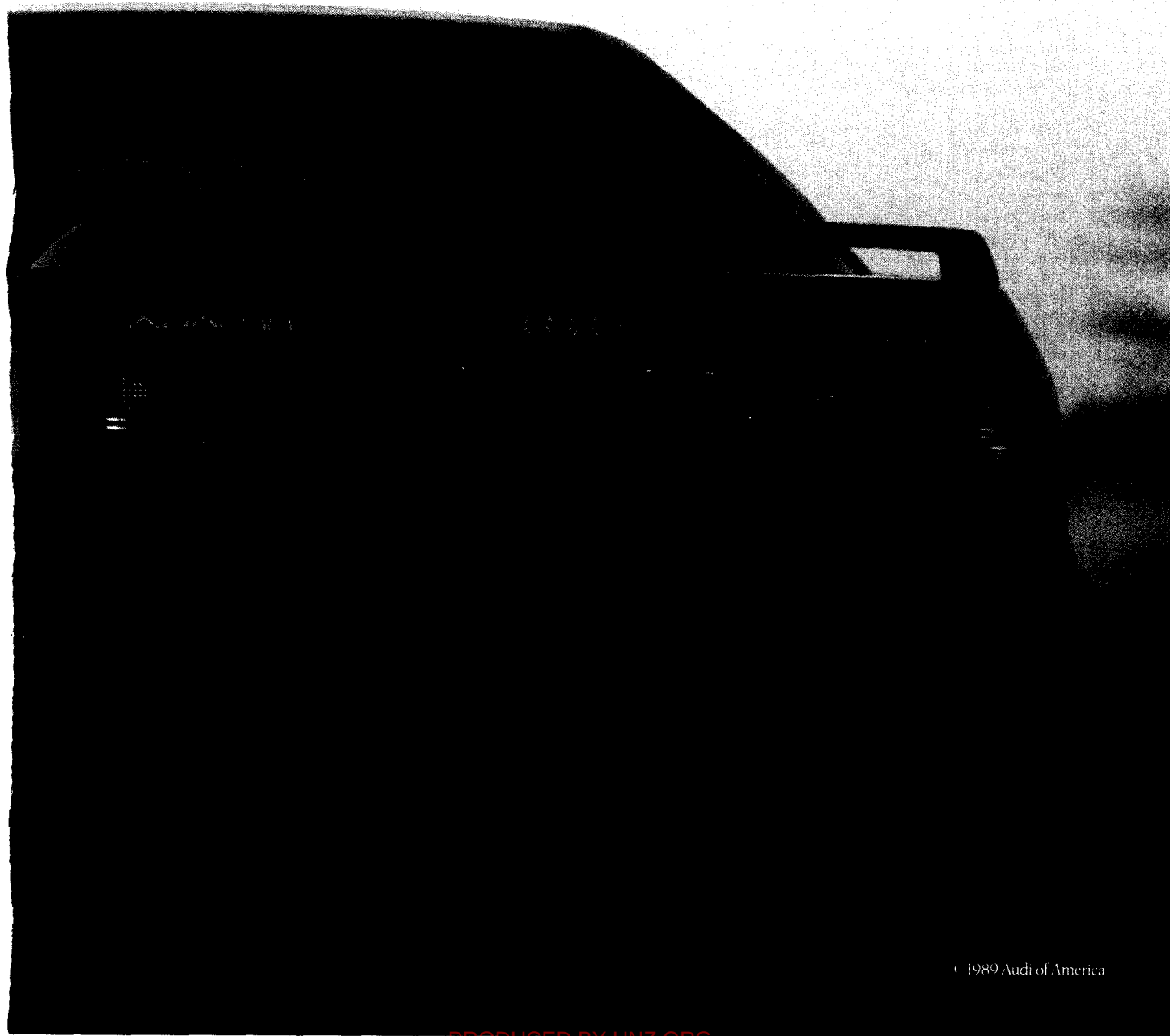
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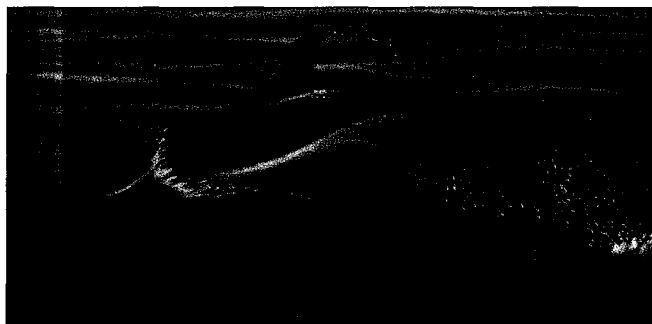
The Alternate Route.



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745 BOYLSTON STREET



ON THE OCCASION OF our fiftieth anniversary, in 1907, Bliss Perry, the seventh of *The Atlantic Monthly's* eleven editors, characterized this magazine as having achieved permanence amid transiency. The phrase came to mind recently, when we moved our editorial offices from 8 Arlington Street, in Boston, to 745 Boylston Street. *The Atlantic* had been lodged in an Arlington Street brownstone for so long—sixty-nine years—that many of us felt it had always been there, and always would be. In fact the magazine has had roughly as many homes as it has had editors.

The Atlantic's cradle was the Cambridge home (right) of its first editor, James Russell Lowell, who would walk along the Charles River to the printer with manuscripts stowed in his hat. The magazine soon moved across the river, to Boston, where it has remained ever since, though its street address at first changed with alarming frequency. After the Great Fire of 1872, which destroyed much of downtown Boston, *The Atlantic* settled in for four decades in a stately manse on Park Street, where the editor's office overlooked a Colonial cemetery known as the Old Granary Burying

Ground. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the fourth editor, derived a certain practical comfort from the view; in that sacred ground, he liked to say, reposed people who would never submit more manuscripts. In 1920 the magazine moved to Arlington Street. Today we are eight blocks away, on land in the Back Bay that was under water when the first number of *The Atlantic* appeared.



"The home of *The Atlantic* has almost invariably been an agreeable place," wrote one of the magazine's early historians, in 1919. It is an agreeable place now, in the penthouse of a turn-of-the-century building with views over the rooftops in all directions. We expect to be here for quite some time. And we will be using this page to give our readers information about the articles and the artwork we publish, about our contributors, about the way we report and edit stories, and about other aspects of *The Atlantic's* life that may be of interest.

One of them is the very aspect of the magazine in your hands. The new design, which builds on the old, is the work of our art director, Judy Garlan.

—THE EDITORS

CONTRIBUTORS

KENNETH BROWER ("The Destruction of Dolphins") is a writer specializing in wildlife and ecology issues, and a frequent contributor to *The Atlantic Monthly*. He is the author of numerous books, including *The Starship and the Canoe* (1974), *Wake of the Whale* (1979), and *A Song for Satarwal* (1983).

BRAJLDT BRAJLDS (cover artist) was born and educated in the Netherlands and moved to the United States in 1980. His work has been widely exhibited in the United States, Japan, Korea, and Holland. He has lectured extensively, and his paintings have received many prestigious awards, including the Society of Illustrators' Hamilton King Award.

GUSTAVO A. GORRITI ("How to Fight the Drug War") is a former senior editor of the Peruvian magazine *Caretas*. He has been covering cocaine trafficking as an international policy issue for several years. He was a Nieman fellow at Harvard University in 1985 and was awarded a Guggenheim Foundation grant in 1987. He is currently working on a book about the Shining Path guerrillas in Peru.

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DAVID MICHAEL KAPLAN ("Stand") is a writer who lives in Chicago. His collection of short stories, *Comfort*, was published in 1987.

PETER DAIVSON ("Generations of Swan") is *The Atlantic's* poetry editor. A collection of his poems, *The Great Ledge*, will be published next month.

JOHN UPDIKE ("Squirrels Mating") is the author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning book *Rabbit Is Rich* (1981). His book *Self-Consciousness* was published this spring.

JOYCE CAROL OATES ("Young Love, America") received the National Book Award in 1970 for her novel *Them*. Her latest book, *You Must Remember This*, was published in 1987.

RITA DOVE ("Used") is a professor of English at Arizona State University. She received a Pulitzer Prize in 1987 for her book of poems *Thomas and Beulah*.

W. S. MERWIN ("Mushrooms") won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1971 for his book *The Carrier of Ladders*. His many other books include *The Rain in the Trees* (1987) and *Selected Poems* (1988).

PAUL GOLDBERGER ("A Steely Humanist"), the architecture critic of *The New York Times*, was awarded a Pulitzer Prize in 1984 for distinguished criticism.

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WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN ("He Knew His Wagner") has written widely about music and is pursuing a doctorate in musicology at Brandeis University.

MARK SUMMERS drew our new colophon and the symbols that appear throughout the front of the magazine. He lives and works in Canada.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



ETHICS AND ANIMALS

Steven Zak's article "Ethics and Animals" (March *Atlantic*) incorrectly makes negative innuendos and allegations regarding Sema, Inc. Quoting from statements that have been superimposed over an illegally taken and misleading video could cause harm.

In early 1987, following allegations made after four chimpanzees were stolen from the facility, a committee consisting of both government and non-government scientists intensely investigated Sema. The committee noted in their report that

the facility is well-maintained, with adequate programs for the care and use of laboratory animals in place and apparently functioning well. Animals appeared in good health, with overall animal care and maintenance adequate at the time of observation. Nonhuman primates were examined specifically for signs of psychological disturbance. All chimpanzees were individually examined and were found to be attentive and responsive to the observers. Substantial numbers of nonhuman primates were housed socially and remarkably few animals exhibited stereotyped behavior. Those that did so did not display an intensity or frequency of abnormal behavior that could be accurately described as psychotic or even neurotic. The level and quality of veterinary care provided . . . appears to be sufficient to meet the needs of the animals.

All individuals are experienced and well qualified. Likewise, the support staff appears to be well trained, knowledgeable and dedicated. Procedures are in place for adequate observation of all animals during each work day [and] also in place to provide off-house, weekend, holiday, and emergency care and treatment for all animals.

Another report, prepared in 1987 by the American Association for Accreditation of Laboratory Animal Care, noted "the many excellent aspects of the ani-

mal care and use program at Sema, Inc." and described as "especially meritorious" the "program of maintenance of the physical plant and sanitation."

Sema and other research organizations are implementing programs that address the psychological and social needs of nonhuman primates. We are actively evaluating additional methods of environmental enrichment. Sadly, our critics do not seek constructive change. They are pursuing an agenda of extreme ideology and support of terrorist activities that is dangerous and unacceptable to most Americans.

JOHN C. LANDON

President
Sema, Inc.
Rockville, Md.

Like most animal-rights advocates, Steven Zak portrays the biomedical-research community as a monolithic machine, callously grinding up animals for its profit and pleasure. The description of the biologist gleefully flinging rats against the wall is undeniably disturbing, but incidents like this are the exception. Zak conveniently ignores the thousands of scientists who are appalled by animal abuse, who have great respect for the animals they use, and who treat them with the utmost care. These things come naturally to those who are attracted to the study of life by its beauty and its mystery. The fact that animals necessarily become "things to manipulate and observe" during the course of an experiment (much as a patient becomes to a surgeon) does not preclude a scientist's awareness of an animal's part in creation. On the contrary, studying nature only heightens that awareness. The post-Darwinian "sense of kinship with other creatures" that Zak admonishes us to acquire derives in large part from animal research.

Zak's call for increased use of alternatives to animal research is also a familiar theme among animal-rightists. Tissue culture is appropriate in some



Some enchanted evenings.

This summer, *Evening at Pops* will celebrate its 20th Anniversary on public television with 12 star-studded programs. Carol Channing, Sammy Davis, Jr., Loretta Lynn and Crystal Gayle, Andre Previn, Kathleen Battle, and Barbara Cook are among the headliners performing with John Williams and The Boston Pops Orchestra this season.

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circumstances, but brain cells in culture do not think, and heart cells in culture do not pump blood. The very function that is of primary interest is often lost when organs are removed from an animal. Computer models, another favorite alternative, are only as accurate as the information on which they are based, and so are effective only in combination with experiments. Although Zak implies the opposite, many researchers *are* zealous in their search for alternatives. Animal experiments are difficult, and in those instances where alternatives exist, the shift to them has occurred without prompting from moralists.

DAVID FERSTER
*Northwestern University
Evanston, Ill.*

I agree wholeheartedly with the efforts of animal-rights activists to ensure the control of pain and the provision of humane quarters. But Steven Zak carries his argument to a different level, by equating animals with human beings. He argues that we would not

kill one human being (his example is a kidney donor with only one kidney) for the benefit of another human being (one lacking both kidneys). This hypothetical situation does not represent the issue under discussion, because neither individual is a lower animal. A more reasonable hypothetical situation might propose that (owing to animal research) transplantation across species barriers became feasible. Would society then object to the transplantation of an animal's heart into a human being dying of end-stage heart disease?

ERNEST A. WEYMULLER, JR., M.D.
*University of Washington
Medical School
Seattle, Wash.*

Steven Zak enlightened me regarding ethical issues confronting animal experimentation. Despite his admirable discussion of the nuances involved, he has missed the reason why the more radical animal-rights protagonists have alienated many who consider themselves ethical persons.

The same general public that would be sympathetic toward animal rights is already concerned and overwhelmed by the multitude of human-rights violations, both national and internal. Zak would reply that my statement sets a double standard for living beings. I do not apologize for that. I can truly empathize with another human being's pain under false imprisonment and torture. There is no doubt that these horrors apply equally to some animals in scientific experiments. The reality of our world is that human beings do not even properly care for other human beings. Perhaps our energies should first be focused on this. The author derides an animal-research-institution spokesperson for "lack of impartiality" because of her question "Would [the ALF] really save an animal in exchange for the life of a child?" Zak too readily dismisses the importance of this statement. I would assert that this "lack of impartiality" is really mainstream thought. We ultimately care about ourselves (*ourselves* used both singularly and collectively) above all





else. If my house burns down, I will save my child first and then go back after my dog. The ethics for saving them are admittedly the same, but the priorities are different.

ALAN M. MUNEX, M.D.
Long Beach, Calif.

Since some of my current research deals with the ethical and legal treatment of extraterrestrial life, I found Steven Zak's article particularly interesting. Zak's urge, however, to translate "rights thought" into positive law is fraught with theoretical and practical difficulties.

First, Zak suggests that "the protections of the Constitution" must be extended to animals. In support of this bizarre proposition, he cites part of a sentence from a dissenting opinion by the late U.S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. Zak does a great disservice to the justice. While Douglas was perhaps the Supreme Court's greatest environmentalist, he did not harbor the blatantly animistic sentiments Zak seems to attribute to him.

The quote is from the 1972 case *Sierra Club v. Morton*. This was a suit by the Sierra Club over a decision by the Secretary of the Interior to grant permits to Walt Disney Enterprises, Inc., for construction in California's Mineral King Valley of what is now known as Magic Mountain. The issue before the Court dealt with the legal arcanum of "standing"—that is, whether under the relevant federal statutes the Sierra Club itself had suffered such an injury by the Secretary's decision as to allow the club to maintain the suit. The Court decided that the Sierra Club was not the proper plaintiff to bring the suit. Douglas, dissenting, suggested no more than that the suits be allowed under the federal environmental statutes without the necessity of alleging a particular injury to a particular human plaintiff. This is a far cry from granting constitutional rights to animals. As a lawyer, Zak should know better.

HAROLD CRAIG MANSON
*Associate Professor of Law
United States Air Force Academy
Colorado Springs, Colo.*

"Ethics and Animals" is surely one of the most intelligent and thoughtful pieces on the subject that I have read. The brutal exploitation of animals reflects the dangerous and mistaken belief that we are the owners of rather than the caretakers of all that the earth offers.

KATHLEEN WILLIAMS
Blandford, Mass.

Steven Zak replies:

I mentioned the National Institutes of Health study that found Sema's housing of primates, some in sealed isolation chambers, satisfactory. But as I pointed out, the NIH is hardly disinterested: it both funds and conducts the experiments at Sema. As for the American Association for Accreditation of Animal Care, its member organizations all perform or endorse research on animals. A contrary opinion was offered by Jane Goodall, who toured the facility while the NIH investigation was going on. "It was a visit I shall never forget," she wrote in *The New York Times*. "Room after room was lined

Sheila Elias



A suite at L'Ermitage Hotel as interpreted by Sheila Elias, Los Angeles.

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with small, bare cages, stacked one above the other, in which monkeys circled round and round and chimpanzees sat huddled, far gone in depression and despair." Even government inspectors have not been welcome. A 1987 United States Department of Agriculture document reports that Sema's attending veterinarian tried to "intimidate and threaten" two USDA inspectors with lawsuits to prevent them from leaving with photographs they had taken; the security guard blocked their car with his truck in an attempt to force them to give up their cameras and film. According to *The Washington Post*, John Landon denies those charges.

David Ferster contends that the deplorable conditions in some labs are not representative. But as I have argued, the use of animals as mere means to human ends is itself indefensible, notwithstanding the "great respect" some researchers may feel for their victims. And as long as animals are treated as commodities—in labs, on farms, and in countless other settings—the egregious abuses that anyone would deplore are inevitable.

Dr. Weymuller moves from his characterization of animals as "lower" than human beings to the conclusion that they may properly be used to serve human needs. His conclusion doesn't follow from his premise—would he favor the use of certain human beings, deemed lower by whatever measure, to benefit those who are higher? But his premise is itself unsupported. As I argued, human and animal lives ought to be respected for their qualitative differences, not ranked. Human life is not the standard against which all lives ought to be measured.

A fair reading of Justice Douglas's dissent is that the law ought not to require a showing of injury to any human plaintiff before halting the destruction of animals' habitats, because animals are themselves worthy of moral concern. Douglas's position is not so far from the idea of constitutional rights for animals as Professor Manson suggests: to have such rights means, most broadly, that one has moral standing.

MARRED BLISS

Weirding "Marred Bliss," by Mark O'Donnell (April *Atlantic*), was a real treasure. The loose of language

was ingenuous, and the play in which the trouble meanings wept a dark undertone was ink-edible. I hop to seed more offbeat and punny perks in future tissues. Wit is a great charge of space!

STEPHEN MATTOX
Brighton, Mass.

I holy enjoined "Mired Blush," by Murky Tunnel. But now I have a problem: my fumbly clams I'm knots, my vourse is ruddy to fryer me. Why? Because I hallways torque like this. I've been broomwished!

ALEX F. ROSE
Auburndale, Mass.

I was benighted when I read Mark O'Donnell's one-hacked play, "Marred Bliss." I wink it was cleaver, inciteful, and udderly churning. Heads off to *The Atlantic* for muddle-ishing it!

Let's halve more of this ex-spearmental fiction. I mean to say sharply that I really did love it. Hone-est!

VALERIE KANE
Sarasota, Fla.

Mark O'Donnell replies:

I was deeply mauved by these coined complements, and I drank all litter writers. My hard-corn devotees might lick my collection of cosmic pieces, *Elementary Education*, polished by Knopf and Faber & Faber.

AMERICAN PERESTROIKA

George C. Lodge ("It's Time for an American Perestroika," April *Atlantic*) makes two assertions: that our economy is not now competitive with Europe's and Japan's, and that a government-business partnership is the solution. Neither seems likely.

The specific problems mentioned do not stem from rigid ideology. Keynesian economics gave reasonable grounds for an emphasis on consumption over savings, encouraging politically attractive policies that worked over the short term. The ideological changes Lodge proposes are not substitutes for good economic theory. And education (outside our inner cities) is primarily a governmental problem, a failure to achieve results despite our high total per capita spending on education (spending above that of our major trading partners).

A partnership of government and

business is unlikely without labor's participation. In the real world this partnership of government agencies, large corporations, and unions will be an aggrandizement of the power of our least accountable and efficient organizations. How will this collaboration produce policies that benefit the nation as a whole, as distinct from our corporate, governmental, and union elites?

Not only is Lodge's prescription defective but also his diagnosis is suspect, justified by a simple extrapolation of national growth rates. Overall economic trends are not as unfavorable for the United States as the quote from Paul McCracken implies. More important, the Big Seven nations have similar economic, governmental, and social systems; we draw on the same knowledge base. Therefore neither Japan's overperformance nor Europe's underperformance is likely to continue. Slow economic growth is forcing revitalization and investment in Europe, while success encourages increased consumption in Japan.

LAWRENCE N. KUMMER
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Radar operators know that they can get a "reciprocal bearing," which causes them to report planes as coming in 180 degrees from their true approach. George C. Lodge has made an analogous error: his suggested cure for our economic ills is exactly wrong.

It is ironic that Lodge should call for an "American Perestroika"; at a time when the Soviets are discovering the virtues of decentralization, he presents us with a prescription for greater concentration of power. Moreover, if we follow his advice, we shall undoubtedly see that concentrated power placed in the hands of the same business elite that has presided over the American economic debacle of the past two decades.

Low productivity, poor quality control, and lack of innovation are the result of enterprises that are too large, rather than too small. The auto industry is an example. As long as the Big Three dominated the market, they continued to make shoddy, relatively primitive cars. Only the advent of competition—necessarily from foreigners, because the American companies were engaged in a shared monopoly—induced change.



If American business refuses to plan for the long term, it is not because we lack cartels but because executives lack vision. Changes in the mix of the economy do not suggest that we must change the principles on which the economy is based. Relatively speaking, the capital demands of developing supercomputers or fusion reactors are no greater than those of building railroads and steel mills a century ago.

If we must have government subsidies to business, they should be made on a businesslike basis—in the form of loans or equity investments—and designed to encourage domestic competition, which will lead to renewed ability to compete abroad. We might, for instance, require that licensing to American companies be mandatory for government-funded technological innovations, and that foreign licenses be denied or strictly controlled.

We got fat and flabby after the Second World War. It has taken us a decade even to realize that. It will take longer to do something about it. Any shape-up regimen requires dedication, discipline, and even discomfort to be effective. Lodge suggests an easy path; like a wonder diet, it may bring short-term results but long-term distress.

JONATHAN J. MARGOLIS
New York, N.Y.

George C. Lodge crosses the bounds of evidence, reality, and credibility in stating that “most of the problems of our high-tech industries derive from America’s traditional ideology of individualism.” He then describes the loss of stockholder control in our corporations, which seems a result more of bureaucratic bloat than of individual impulse.

Professor Lodge holds up Sematech, the large semiconductor-manufacturing R&D partnership, as an example of the cooperative efforts needed to save the American semiconductor industry. But as a professional engineer who grew up working in “the American semiconductor industry [of almost] fifteen years ago,” I see things quite differently; in fact individualism is a precious resource that has been all but destroyed in most of our larger corporations. Our problem is not individualism but the *lack* of it, since that translates into fewer American high-tech patents: corporations do not invent things, individuals do.

Our government can take significant steps to improve American competitiveness by actively discouraging fat, lazy, and inefficient big business. One might be a federal tax policy based on gross income, rather than one that (as now) taxes the profits left after middle management has spent everything it possibly can. A direct consequence would be drastic reductions in management and accounting, and a redirection of resources away from tax benefits and back into profits based on technology. Another step might be some sort of government support for the enforcement of patent and copyright law, thus making high-tech patents a worthwhile goal for small businesses, which must now take on the full corporate legal resources of any infringer.

TERRY RITTER
Austin, Texas

George C. Lodge replies:

Lawrence Kummer should note the continuing U.S. trade deficit of \$150 billion or so, which defies the economists’ predictions that the trade balance would right itself when the dollar lost value in relation to foreign currencies. He should also recognize continuing competitive losses in microelectronics, high-definition TV, and other high-tech industries on which tomorrow’s economy depends. He is, I fear, a wishful thinker.

Jonathan Margolis’s caution is well advised.

Terry Ritter is right that individuals invent things, but they don’t make them commercially competitive in world markets. That requires powerful corporations with a long-term view, often cooperating with one another and sometimes benefiting from a cooperative relationship with government.

All three letter writers seem to be angry with the messenger. I did not invent Sematech, after all. It was the brainchild of some of the most capable minds in American business and government. The transition I described is occurring; it is inevitable; it is necessary. Whether it is effective and good depends very much on us. These letters indicate, however, how slow and difficult will be America’s transition to a more competitive economy. Unfortunately, as a result, we can look forward to a long decline in our standard of living, as well as an erosion of our economic and political power in the world.

ADVICE & CONSENT

I read with great interest Fred Strebeigh’s insightful article “Training China’s New Elite” (April *Atlantic*). As an American-born Chinese who trained and worked at several major American medical institutions, where I have met many visiting Chinese scholars, I agree that cultural misunderstanding and minuscule stipends can limit their living experience, and create a “worm’s-eye view of America.” However, I feel that their greatest impediment is the language barrier.

Unfortunately, many of the Chinese physicians and scientists who come here have minimal background in conversational English. Their major language preparation before they arrive is usually a reading knowledge of the technical language used in their research area. The overall quality of their living experience in America, and their opportunities to meet and befriend Americans, depend on their ability to learn English and their confidence in using it effectively. The scholars who make a serious effort to learn English while they are here (as well as the fortunate few who have adequate preparation before they come) are the ones who have the most rewarding experiences, both socially and professionally. One way in which American institutions can improve the quality of the education of visiting Chinese scholars is to provide intensive language training in conversational English during the first few months after their arrival.

The same language barrier that exists for Chinese scholars in America exists for Americans visiting China. I have visited China several times, and studied several months at Shanghai First Medical College when I was a medical student at Johns Hopkins. I have found that American scholars who were able to speak conversational Chinese, even a minimal amount, were able to reach beyond formality and cordiality in their interactions with the Chinese. They were able to make “the formal visit to a Chinese home” that Strebeigh describes as so elusive, and share a meal with their hosts—a traditional act of true hospitality, friendship, and acceptance.

PAUL M. YEN, M.D.
*National Institutes of Health
Bethesda, Md.*

THE JULY ALMANAC



DEMOGRAPHICS

The number of Americans who are in prison or jail is expected to reach a record one million at some point this year, according to calculations by The Sentencing Project, and it could happen this month. The population of prisons and jails is growing fast—by perhaps 8 percent a year. One reason is mandatory sentencing laws, which have been enacted by all but four states. (A single law in California, stipulating that all persons convicted of second-degree burglary be given a mandatory four-year prison term, now swells that state's prison population by 2,500 inmates a year.) Parole is also being granted less often. In 1977 fully 72 percent of those being released from prison received their freedom from a parole board; the figure is now 41 percent.

FOOD

July is when watermelon is most plentiful. The fundamental social trends that are reshaping American society, such as smaller families and an increasing disregard for the lubricating value of patience, are reshaping the watermelon, too. The big, whole, oval watermelon is not yet a thing of the past, though it does seem to be used chiefly today for hollowed-out displays at hotel banquets. A growing proportion of all watermelon is now sold as pre-cut slices enveloped in clear plastic wrap, and a growing proportion of all watermelon comes without seeds, which were once a sa-



cred, if time-consuming, component of the watermelon-eating ritual. The watermelon that is sold whole these days increasingly tends to be the so-called ice-box watermelon, which is roughly the size of a rugby ball and weighs only about eight pounds.

ENVIRONMENT

July 1, as of today, for the first time, anglers in Florida will be able to keep some of the butterfly peacock bass they catch. This fish, a native of South America, was introduced into the canals of Miami in 1984 in an attempt to control another exotic fish, the spotted tilapia, which has become entirely too populous. Exotic species—species that have become established outside their natural ranges, by accident or design—often turn into a big problem; witness the rabbit in Australia and the kudzu vine in the southern United States. Florida, with its walking catfish and melaleuca trees, has an abundance of exotic species, among them 19 kinds of freshwater fish alone, most of which are “pollution” from the state's tropical-aquarium industry.

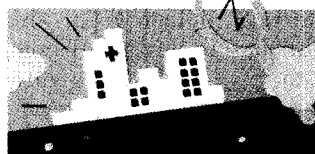


THE SKIES

July 3, New Moon. 18, Full Moon, also known this month as the Thunder, Hay, or Buck Moon. 20, the 20th anniversary of the landing on the moon by U.S. astronauts, and of Neil Armstrong's less-than-successful first utterance on that occasion. Armstrong had intended to say, “That's one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind,” but he left out the “a,” rendering the remark incoherent. The corrected version, incredibly, is the one that appears in the latest edition of Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*.

GOVERNMENT

July 9, deadline for all schools nationwide to implement a program to control asbestos in their facilities. This is the third deadline imposed by the Asbestos Hazard Emergency Response Act of 1986. The first required schools to accomplish a variety of preliminary tasks, including the training of maintenance personnel. The second required an inspection of all schools and the preparation of an “asbestos management plan.” 10, Congress reconvenes. 11, North Dakota becomes the thirty-third state with a mandatory seat-belt law. 30, the annual meeting of the National Governors Conference begins.



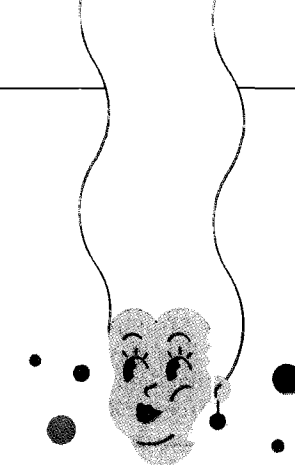
HEALTH & SAFETY

July 1, as of today the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Healthcare Organizations, a nonprofit corporation that evaluates and accredits some 8,600 hospitals and health-care programs, will begin to identify publicly any hospitals or programs that it regards as “marginal.” Previously the commission simply classified organizations as accredited or unaccredited and did not identify those that had only barely passed muster. Hospitals and health-care programs that earn a marginal rating are expected to do so primarily for the following reasons: poor plant maintenance and waste disposal, inadequate documentation of staff credentials, and an insufficient number of nurses.

Q&A

Does hair grow more quickly during some seasons than during others?

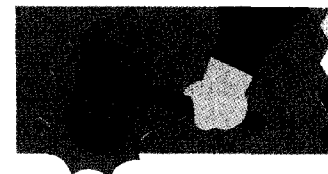
It does, but the correlation of season and rapid growth runs counter to intuition. Studies



indicate that the hair on our scalps tends to grow fastest not during cold weather, when the added hair might contribute to warmth, but during hot weather, when for most of us excessive hair is least welcome. There are no settled scientific explanations for why hair growth varies with the seasons. Beard growth adheres to a pattern different from that of scalp-hair growth. For men living in the Northern Hemisphere, beard growth begins to accelerate in February and peaks in June. In all probability, then, five-o'clock shadow will be appearing a little later this month than it did last.

100 YEARS AGO

Henry Loomis Nelson, writing in the July, 1889, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* on the office of Speaker of the House: “It is the great evil of the Speaker's power that the temptation to abuse it, for his party, is forever pushing him in the direction of extreme partisanship. When he yields to the pressure, or when he connives at the passage of an unsound bill or the killing of a popular measure, he does not stand in the open light, under the gaze of the country; he deals his blow from behind and surreptitiously. A good man in the Speaker's chair will decide fairly between his own party and its opponents, and will be a great aid to wise legislation; but the principle which enables him to give this aid is wrong, and will assist a bad man to forward the corrupt schemes always to be found on the calendar. . . .”



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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

Breakout

An odd locution has escaped its native habitat

WE ALL MAINTAIN filters to screen ourselves from this or that in the outside world, lest the clutter become unbearable. These filters can trap material you would think would crash right through. I am still amazed, for example, that I did not learn about The Beatles until the night they appeared on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Once a given filter is breached, however, it is almost impossible to repair. Doesn't it always happen that once you've been made aware of some person, place, or thing, you then encounter references to that person, place, or thing everywhere you turn? The answer is, Of course. This is just one of those mechanisms, like gravity, through which nature orders reality.

My attention was recently drawn to the phenomenon when a friend asked, "Have you noticed that people are saying *di't'n* instead of *didn't*? I don't mean people you might expect to say *di't'n* but educated people, and people not from the South." In fact I had not noticed any such thing, but over the next several weeks, inevitably, I heard *di't'n* on the lips of an investment banker, a corporate lawyer, a professor of Romance languages, a demographer, a salesman at Brooks Brothers, a radio-talk-show host, a person who called the radio-talk-show host, a player of squash, and a number of other people. I called Frederick Mish, the editorial

director of Merriam-Webster, the publishers of *Webster's Third New International Dictionary*, to ask if he had any information about *di't'n*, and he said to wait a minute while he looked to see if there was anything in the file. When he came back to the phone, he said, "It's pretty thin, but there's a note from one of our editors that says another one of our editors uses *di't'n* all the time." Beyond the evidence of my ears, and perhaps yours, there is no conclusive evidence that this locution is gaining in popularity, but I spoke to several specialists in American English who suggest that at some point during the past two decades *di't'n* achieved a successful "breakout" from its base in the South.

Didn't has long had a number of variants in the United States. *Didn* and *ditnt* can be heard everywhere, for ex-

ample, and many people use both, the choice at any moment depending on such factors as how fast they are talking and whether the word that follows starts with a vowel or a consonant. *Dint* is a variant form that can be heard all over greater New York, among other places. *Didna* is used primarily by blacks. As noted, *di't'n* is originally southern. William Stewart, a professor of linguistics at the Graduate School of the City University of New York, had this to say: "*Di't'n* is spoken by more blacks than whites, but it's still fairly common among whites, and it was probably a white variation to begin with. You see, the early black creole didn't have a *didn't*—only *didna*, from *did no*. I have no idea how long *di't'n* has been around, but it's been a long time, and you'll hear it now from people of all kinds. In the South non-

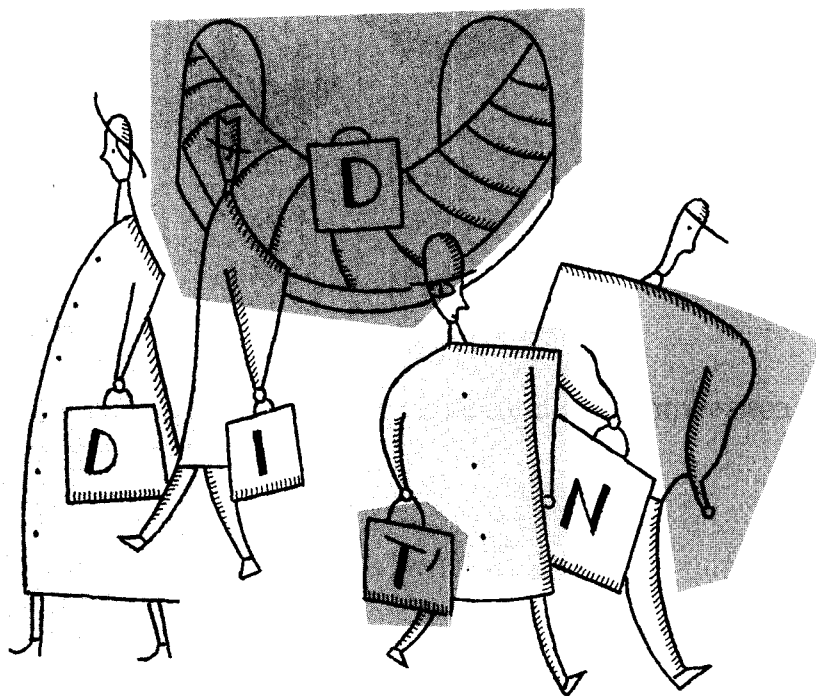


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standardisms are common higher up the social scale than they are in the North."

I brought up the matter of *dit'n* with James Hartman, a professor at the University of Kansas and the author of the pronunciation guide in the *Dictionary of American Regional English*. "*Dit'n*," he said, "is a result of the intersection of two speech practices that you used to find particularly in the South and can now find increasingly in the Southwest and throughout the urban North. One is metathesis, which is the switching around of sounds—saying *axe* for *ask*, that sort of thing. The other is the substitution of a glottal for an alveolar stop. Instead of ending up with the tongue behind the teeth-ridge on the roof of your mouth, where it is when a word ends with a *t* or a *d*, it ends with the closing of the glottis in your throat, like when you say *uh-oh* or *mount'n* or *fount'n*."

WHY IS *dit'n* spreading? The specialists I spoke to all came up with some version of the same answer: Since the 1950s the South has cycled millions of her sons and daughters through the rest of America, and the rest of America has cycled millions through the South. No such exchange of people, many of them transient, has ever before taken place in the United States on quite this scale. Naturally enough, some of the consequences have been, so to speak, pronounced. Rima McKinzey, the pronunciation editor of *The American Heritage Dictionary*, told me, "There are certain southernisms, such as *bidness* for *business*, or *Ah* for *I*, at which almost everyone not from the South will draw the line, either because the pronunciations are class markers or because they just don't fit with natural speech habits. But a lot of others are gaining currency. You hear *reckon* more these days, and many more people saying *hasten to say*. *Dit'n* is one of the easiest to slide into, since it fits the common glottal-stop substitution pattern of words like *kitten* and *button*."

Dit'n may not yet have achieved the potency of a virus at an airport, but it is likewise a pathogen whose presence frequently goes undetected. John Bolard, who was for many years the pronunciation editor at Merriam-Webster, told me, "The shift from *didn't* to *dit'n* is not something that is always con-

sciously noticed. People may use both forms without realizing it, and never really hear a distinction themselves. The change happens at what we call a subphonemic level of awareness. Sometimes you can even explain to people what they're doing and they still don't get it. A speech habit like *dit'n* is the most intractable kind there is."

I am willing to accept that the rise of *dit'n* is in some measure—in great measure—a historical accident, a product of broad, impersonal forces. But there's surely more to it than that. There are many people, I bet, who have affected *dit'n* because they find

the term curiously attractive: a way of dressing up the stolid contraction *didn't* by seeming to dress down. Many of these people, I suspect, think of themselves as having no accent, and yearn for some minor discordant note to lend character to their speech. Oh, I don't contend that considerations of this kind necessarily sway the multitudes. But as we entertain the familiar questions about linguistic change—about why, for instance, at some point in antiquity the Germans started pronouncing *p* like *f*, and the Irish started pronouncing *b* like *v*—we should at least set a place for vanity.

—Cullen Murphy



The arrest of Gavril Princip, the assassin of Archduke Francis Ferdinand

THE BALKANS

Europe's Third World

Poverty and ethnic strife in southeastern Europe will give the Russians a headache for years to come

THE VIOLENCE OF the twentieth century has derived in large measure from the ethnic hatreds of the Balkans. Bucharest, Belgrade, Sofia, and Adrianople: these were once the datelines of choice for

ambitious journalists—the Kabul, Saigon, and Managua of a younger world. Ernest Hemingway filed his most famous dispatch from Adrianople (now Edirne, in Turkish Thrace) in 1922, describing Greek refugees "walking blindly along in the rain," with all their worldly possessions piled on oxcarts beside them. Lawrence Durrell, Eric Ambler, and Rebecca West all found the Balkans to be fertile terrain. As late as 1938 the President of Czechoslovakia, Edvard Beneš, advised the future *New York Times* columnist C. L. Sulzberger, "Go to the Balkans, Cyrus. . . . That will be the most interesting place."

The curtain rose in 1912, when Bulgaria, Greece, Montenegro, and Serbia

declared war on the waning Ottoman Empire and stripped it of most of its remaining European possessions. A second war on the Balkan Peninsula was fought in 1913, over boundaries. Bulgaria attacked Serbia and Greece, leading to an invasion and a partial dismemberment of Bulgaria by its former Balkan allies and Turkey. The following year the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria, by a Serbian nationalist, Gavrilo Princip, brought on the First World War. The war was won and lost on a grand scale. The Austro-Hungarian Empire collapsed, and a sprawling new nation, Yugoslavia, was formed. It was tenuously dominated by Serbs, and the aspirations of Croats and other minorities were harshly suppressed. Romania was enlarged; Hungary and Bulgaria were reduced and envious. Large numbers of ethnic Hungarians found themselves trapped inside Romania. Meanwhile, the collapse of the Ottoman Empire left many ethnic Turks subject to the Bulgarians, and the first attempts at forging a new, homogeneous Turkish state in Anatolia resulted in the slaughter of around a million Armenians.

Following the First World War, democracy sank shallow roots in the countries of southeastern Europe, where the peasantry was illiterate and the middle class underdeveloped or, in certain areas, virtually nonexistent. Parliamentary governments rose and fell, undermined by corrupt and meddling monarchs and by ethnic passions that refused to subside. During the 1930s the British and French policy of appeasement placed the Balkans at the mercy of the Nazis and the Russians. It was Hitler's step-by-step subversion of Romanian independence, helped along by the Romanians' fear of the Russians, which was greater than their fear of the Germans, that attracted Sulzberger and other journalists to Bucharest in 1939.

The Russians eventually triumphed, and for four decades after the Second World War, communism virtually stopped the clock in Europe's poorest corner. Economies remained plundered and backward. Hungry peasantries exist today in Romania and Albania, where Stalinism still reigns. National disputes remained unresolved. Stalin, writes Milovan Djilas, a former Vice-President of Yugoslavia

and that country's leading dissident, "was far more interested in Balkan hatreds than in Balkan reconciliations."

Today, as the Soviet Union finally relaxes its grip on Eastern Europe, that attitude has come back to haunt Stalin's successors in the Kremlin. "With the erosion of communism, ethnic problems are bursting out all over Eastern Europe," says Rudolph Joo, a leader of the Hungarian opposition. "While borders are coming down throughout Western Europe, here they're going up." For years it was NATO that had to deal with a Balkan dispute within its ranks—the one between the Greeks and the Turks. Now, as the tiresome bickering of Athens and Ankara grows desultory, similar disputes threaten to fracture the communist world. George Konrad, another Hungarian dissident, suggests that the old fault line dividing East and West is changing in character: it now divides the East and the West not of the Cold War but of Byzantium and Rome—of Orthodox Serbs and Catholic Croats, of Orthodox Romanians and Catholic Hungarians.

In 1941, in her travel book about Yugoslavia, *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, Rebecca West stated flatly that "the Turks ruined the Balkans." When Turkish power in the region disintegrated at the beginning of this century, all the other national emotions exploded. Something similar is happening now. And once again refugees are marching in the rain and mud.

"OUR CHILD IS Magyar [ethnic Hungarian], and he has no future in Romania—that is the main reason why we fled," a thirty-year-old Magyar ironworker from Transylvania, a region that has been part of Romania since the end of the First World War, explained to me recently. The man insisted on anonymity in order not to endanger family members left behind. He and his wife and baby had crossed the border into Hungary at night on foot, evading Romanian soldiers, after being pressured by the Romanian authorities to christen their son with a Romanian name. All Hungarian-language secondary schools in Transylvania have been closed, he said, and Hungarian villages that have existed for centuries are being demolished, as part of President Nicolae Ceaușescu's brutal scheme of rural reorganization.



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Moreover, the man said, their apartment in Romania had no heating and frequently no running water. Their ration cards permitted them only one kilo of sugar and half a liter of cooking oil a month. The man added, "The only time there was enough food in the shops was the day Ceaușescu came to the local factory for a visit. The food arrived four hours before and was gone the next day. It was like a glass of milk that looked full only because it had been painted white on the outside."

This family was among the more than 12,000 refugees who escaped across the Romanian border last year, after the Hungarian government, un-

trines. The as yet relatively low number of Magyar refugees in Hungary can be attributed to the difficulty that Romanian citizens have in obtaining special permits to enter their country's frontier zones. According to Hungarian authorities, most of the escapees so far have come from villages located within a few miles of the border.

It is a commonplace that the Hungarian-Romanian frontier is one of the meanest borders in Europe. In 1983 I waited four hours in the middle of the night before being allowed to cross from Hungary into Romania by train, and had to bribe an official in order not to have my typewriter confiscated.

experienced observers have remarked to me that if television cameramen were allowed inside Romania, their pictures would have a dramatic impact, almost like that of the first photos of the Ethiopian famine. "All the correspondent would have to say is 'This is not Africa or Asia but Europe in 1989,'" a Western diplomat told me. "If only we had a little bit more food, it would be like wartime," goes one of many cynical Romanian jokes.

FOR YEARS WESTERN journalists labeled Ceaușescu a "bold maverick" with an "independent foreign policy." That characterization was never accurate. Even the most cursory look at Romanian history reveals that Ceaușescu is in many ways typical of the *voivods* ("princely chieftains") of Moldavia and Wallachia, who in centuries past preserved Romanian nationhood through a combination of brutal autocracy at home and subtle double-dealing abroad. But Ceaușescu has not been entirely successful.

With his theatrical cult of personality, he has come to resemble King Carol II, who ruled Romania from 1930 to 1940. In *The Balkan Trilogy* the novelist Olivia Manning described Carol's policies toward the Nazis and the Soviets: "He had been too clever. He had played a double game and lost." Similarly, Ceaușescu, far from achieving a significant measure of independence for Romania, has made it more dependent on Russian raw materials than most other countries in the Eastern bloc. And although in one sense his Stalinism is an embarrassment to the reformist Soviet leader, Mikhail Gorbachev, in another, more important sense Ceaușescu's policies suit Gorbachev perfectly.

Romania, which is the most populous Warsaw Pact satellite after Poland, with a population of some 23 million, is from the Soviet point of view potentially one of the most hostile of them all. The hatred between the Latinized Romanians and the Slavic Russians is great. And Romania's claim to territory annexed by the Soviets during the Second World War—especially to Bessarabia, a majority of whose people are ethnic Romanians—is strongly grounded. Yet Ceaușescu manages to keep Romania eerily quiet. Gorbachev, whatever the impression he gives, can only be grateful for that.

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In Ceaușescu's Romania, a deliberate tearing-down of the past

der public pressure initiated by dissidents, abandoned its policy of returning such refugees to Romania. Hungary thus became the first Warsaw Pact state to grant an official status to escapees from an allied communist state. There are between 2 million and 2.5 million Magyars in Romania, making them the largest ethnic minority in Europe. (They are equal in number to the Palestinian refugees throughout the Middle East.) A Western diplomat I spoke with in Budapest described the treatment of Magyars and others in Romania as "outrageous and horrific," and observed that the villages being destroyed were being replaced by unlivable apartment blocks, many with communal kitchens and outdoor la-

Since then, like many other journalists, I have consistently been denied an entry visa by the Romanian authorities. It is this border, not the one between capitalist Austria and communist Hungary, that constitutes the real line of demarcation between West and East in Central Europe.

President Ceaușescu has steered Romania into a dead end where Third World poverty combines with Albanian-style isolation. Those who have recently visited Bucharest, the Romanian capital, describe it as a kind of vast outdoor museum on the theme of European life at the end of the Second World War, with empty shops, dark, rubble-strewn streets, and pallid, malnourished faces. Diplomats and other

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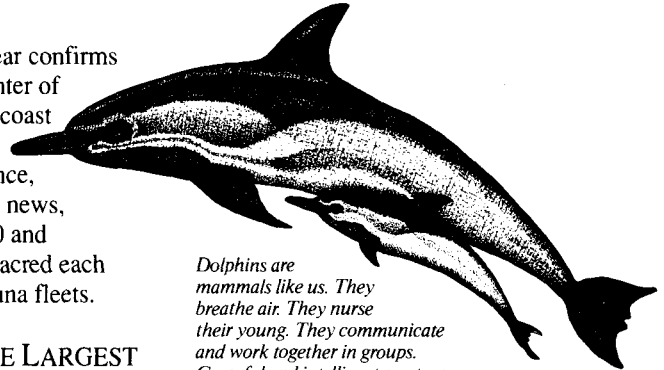
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Speed is of the essence. Every day you delay, a thousand more wild dolphins may be trapped and drowned in the nets.

To stop this crime against the dolphins ...and against our own humanity...please act immediately.



These are the most common kinds of canned tuna you'll see on grocery shelves. You may also see "house brands" and higher-priced bonito and albacore. Keep it simple. Boycott them all.

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Secretary of Commerce
Commerce Building
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We can't allow the massacre of the dolphins to go on. Renew and enforce the federal Marine Mammal Protection Act and bring the kill down to absolute zero. Future generations won't forgive inaction.

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(we'll forward this portion to Sec. Mosbacher)

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As poverty in Romania increases, repression worsens. Since 1987, according to more than a dozen refugees I interviewed separately, the efforts to force Hungarian parents to christen their children with Romanian names have intensified. This is just one aspect of a highly explosive ethnic issue. The Hungarian Rudolph Joo, whose opposition group, the Democratic Forum, has been prodding Karoly Grosz's Communist regime in Budapest to adopt tougher measures against Ceausescu, said to me with considerable emotion: "If there are to be pogroms in Romania, this time they will be against the Hungarians rather than the Jews. And what will the Russians do about it? What will Grosz do about it?"

An attempted reconciliation between Hungary and Romania failed in August of 1988, when a summit between Grosz and Ceausescu, which reportedly the Russians had helped arrange, ended with the public humiliation of the Hungarian leader, who was lectured by the increasingly eccentric Ceausescu on "the retrograde aspects of the Hungarian economy."

The ethnic dispute "has taught Hungarians who their real friends and enemies are," Joo said. He asked, "Are you going to tell me that the Romanians are our allies and the Austrians are our enemies?" Zoltan Gal, the Hungarian deputy interior minister, told me that the ethnic issue is one on which the dissidents "can criticize the Party on a continuous basis." Last March, Hungary co-sponsored a United Nations resolution to investigate alleged human-rights abuses in Romania. This was the first time such a step was ever taken by one Soviet-bloc country against another.

ETHNIC DIVISIONS that date back to the breakup of the Hapsburg Empire not only threaten relations between Hungary and Romania but also threaten to tear up another Balkan state, Yugoslavia, from within.

The Yugoslavia that emerged from the First World War was dominated by the Serbian royal house of Karadjordjevic. In 1934 an assassin linked to the Ustashi, a Croatian terrorist group, killed King Alexander, aggravating a climate of communal hate between the Orthodox Serbs and the Catholic Croats which Hitler proved quick to

take advantage of. During the Second World War, Ustashi gangs, which had been granted legitimacy by the Nazi puppet state of Croatia, massacred whole villages of Serbs (as well as villages of Jews and gypsies). The Serbs were not particularly enamored of Josip Broz Tito, the half-Croat, half-Slovene resistance leader who ruled Yugoslavia during most of its postwar existence. The miracle of a cohesive Yugoslavia under Tito was due in no small measure to repression. Purges were harsh and frequent. The most famous of the victims was Milovan Djilas, a Montenegrin and therefore a close kinsman of the Serbs, who was expelled from the Communist Party's Central Committee in 1954 and jailed in 1956. With Tito's death, in 1980, a gradual process of liberalization ensued in Yugoslavia. Djilas himself has been partly "rehabilitated" and allowed to travel abroad and speak publicly. At the same time, the very process of liberalization has resulted in a resurgence of the Serbian nationalism that Tito had managed to contain.

A photograph of Slobodan Milosevic, a Serbian nationalist, adorns a wall in many a Serbian household. Milosevic, a plump, baby-faced man in his mid-forties, is the first charismatic figure to emerge in post-Tito Yugoslavia. Like Tito, he is considered by many in Belgrade to be a ruthless strong man. Observers believe that Milosevic is at present attempting to use his position as the leader of the Communist Party in Serbia to take over the national Yugoslav Communist Party, currently headed by a Croat, Stipe Suvar.

ALTHOUGH MILOSEVIC's aims have brought Yugoslavia's 8.6 million Orthodox Serbs into head-on conflict with its 4.6 million Catholic Croats, a situation that could lead to widespread civil disorder, the most immediate consequences of his rise to power involve the 1.7 million Muslim Albanians in the southern province of Kosovo, within Serbia. Serious Serbian-Croatian political enmity goes back, after all, only to the First World War; the conflict between the Serbs and the Albanians has its roots in the Battle of Kosovo Polje, in 1389, when the Serbian hero Lazar lost his kingdom to the Ottoman Turks, a circumstance that would eventually encourage the settlement of large num-

bers of Albanians in what had been Orthodox Christian territory. The 600th anniversary of the most tragic day in Serbian history was marked this June.

The first ethnic Albanian riots in Kosovo since Tito's death occurred in 1981, with protesters demanding that Kosovo, an autonomous province within Serbia, be made a full republic. Since then tens of thousands of the province's 200,000 Serbs and Montenegrins have fled to other parts of the country, alleging ill treatment at the hands of the more numerous Albanians.

The birthrate among Albanians in Kosovo is the highest in Yugoslavia, and the Serbs are clearly afraid of being engulfed. Miroslav Markovic, a high-ranking Serbian official in the federal government, said to me in a recent interview, "The Albanians have seven children per family and they demand we give them aid. The Constitution says you have the right to have only as many children as you can feed. This [the high Albanian birthrate] is an Asiatic mentality that the most well-heeled of Western governments couldn't cope with." My interview with Markovic took place in the headquarters, in Belgrade, of the Communist Party's Central Committee. Previous experience with Yugoslav Party officials, in the early 1980s, had led me to expect a sterile discussion, in which real problems would be masked by evasive, bureaucratic answers. The fact that a high-ranking official would make such remarks was an indication of how inflamed ethnic passions have become in just a few short years.

Recent riots among Kosovo's ethnic Albanians were sparked by changes to Serbia's constitution, which represent a major triumph for Milosevic. After months of heated demonstrations by Serbians throughout the republic, Serbia's parliament voted, last spring, to bring Kosovo's judiciary and its security and defense forces under Serbian control. It was a move that the Croats and Slovenes opposed, because (among other things) it adds to Serbian strength within the national Communist Party.

In order to stoke Serbian nationalism, Western diplomats say, Milosevic is bringing the Serbian Communist Party and the Serbian Orthodox



Church into a kind of alliance. After years of delay, construction is proceeding apace on the new Saint Sava Cathedral, in downtown Belgrade, which will be the largest functioning Orthodox church in the world. The Serbian Communist publication *Interju* recently devoted an entire issue to Saint Sava, the patron saint of the Serbs, and put a picture of the new cathedral on the cover.

MORE SO EVEN than the Serbs, the Bulgarians shoulder a morose sense of lost national destiny. Since its re-emergence as an independent nation, Bulgaria has failed to realize its historical claim to Macedonia (now a Yugoslav republic), and almost all of its outlying territories were annexed as a result of unlucky alliances in the two world wars.

At points in its early history Bulgaria was among the most powerful and advanced kingdoms in all of Europe. In the ninth century, and again in the thirteenth, Bulgaria stretched from present-day Albania in the west to the Black Sea in the east, and from the Carpathian Mountains in the north to the Aegean Sea in the south. Unlike nations whose empires faded gradually into oblivion, Bulgaria was cut down summarily by a series of invasions that culminated in a 500-year-long Ottoman Turkish occupation. "The Turkish slavery is still our biggest national obsession, in relation to which the struggle of the superpowers is a mere passing phenomenon," a Bulgarian official once said to me. One of the most important dates on the Bulgarian calendar is the holiday, celebrated on February 19, that commemorates the execution, in 1873, of the Bulgarian guerrilla leader Vasil Levski by the Turks.

With respect to the Turks, the Soviet Union has served Bulgaria like a weight-lifting older brother. In its dealings with Bulgaria, the Turkish government must be cautious. The Bulgarian regime of Todor Zhivkov was able to act with virtual impunity when, in 1984, it stepped up a campaign to require the country's 900,000 ethnic Turks—who make up nearly 10 percent of the Bulgarian population—to Bulgarianize their names. Eyewitness accounts told of people being forced at gunpoint to sign documents. Entire

villages were sealed off, and reportedly, scores of executions occurred. Bulgarians claim that Bulgarianization has been a voluntary program. When I last visited Bulgaria, in late 1986, Nikolai Todorov, the vice-president of the Bulgarian Academy of Sciences, told me, "The state has to protect the interests of the nation, and in the Balkans a nation means one particular ethnic group." He went on: "Keeping the peace in the region means every minority has to be completely assimilated into the majority. It's a pity to say, but it's true." Another Bulgarian was more blunt: "If it weren't for the Turkish invasion in the fourteenth century, we would be eighty million now. The Turks still have an invoice to pay."

If the Soviets have been pleased with the Bulgarianization drive, however, they certainly haven't shown it. In contrast to their reaction when the Bulgarian regime was accused of involvement in the attempt on the Pope's life, presumably on Soviet orders (Tass issued firm statements of support for Bulgaria), Soviet spokesmen have never publicly defended Bulgaria against attacks from the West about disregard for the human rights of ethnic Turks. The Bulgarianization program has focused the kind of attention on the Communist bloc that the Kremlin can do without. And yet, faced with a similar demographic time bomb, the Russians may well empathize with Bulgarian fears of a fast-breeding Muslim Turkish minority.

MOSCOW'S MOST pressing problem of a Balkan kind is not in the Balkans themselves but about a thousand miles to the east, inside the Soviet Union, in Transcaucasia. Situated between the Black and Caspian seas, east of Turkey and north of Iran, this southern outpost of the Soviet empire exhibits many Balkan characteristics: a diverse ethnic mix, a Third World pattern of development, and communal hatred that often pits Christians against Muslims.

Christopher Walker, a London-based expert on the Transcaucasian dispute between the Armenians and the Azeri Turks of Azerbaijan, and the author of *Armenia: The Survival of a Nation*, told me recently that "the ethnic feelings of the Armenians are of a Transylvanian intensity." Armenian national awareness in the modern era,

Walker said, has been heavily influenced by, as well as patterned after, the various national movements in the Balkans throughout the nineteenth century. In fact, the Transcaucasian problem is derived from a specific Balkan problem: the conflict between indigenous Christians and conquering Turks. In the aftermath of the First World War there were episodes of extreme ethnic violence between Azeri Turks and Armenians in many places in Transcaucasia—a small-scale version of the holocaust that had taken place across the border, in Turkey, a few years earlier.

In February of 1988 widespread demonstrations and unrest suddenly erupted in the Soviet Republic of Armenia, after years of calm. The crowds demanded the return of the enclave of Nagorno-Karabakh from the neighboring Soviet Republic of Azerbaijan. In 1921, following the consolidation of the region by the Red Army in the wake of the Russian Revolution, Nagorno-Karabakh, whose population is 80 percent Armenian, was awarded to the Muslims of Azerbaijan. Armenian demands for the return of Karabakh have enraged the Azeris, occasioning violence that has left, according to some estimates, hundreds of ethnic Armenians dead and has prompted a large exodus of Armenian refugees from Azerbaijan.

Glasnost has obviously unleashed an ethnic problem that pre-dates Soviet Russia. Gorbachev reacted by sending troops to the region, arresting demonstration leaders, and transferring administrative control of Nagorno-Karabakh to Moscow. Under the colonial-like Azerbaijani dictatorship, Armenian Church worship and the use of the Armenian language in schools were suppressed. Now, under Moscow's more lenient rule, there will likely be a dramatic resurgence of the Armenian language and culture among the Armenians of Karabakh. Few nationalisms are as intense as the Armenian brand; it is fueled by the memory of a great empire in antiquity, a strong devotion to church, and memories of massacres, including the holocaust in this century. In coming years the pressure to unite Karabakh with Armenia and once again transfer power, this time from Moscow directly to the Armenian capital of Yerevan, will be great.

The Azeri Turks will not easily con-

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Israel and the Media

Are current events in Israel getting fair coverage?

In December of 1987, an Israeli civilian was stabbed by Arabs in the Gaza territory, administered by Israel. On the following day, four Gaza Arabs were killed by an automobile driven by an Israeli. The two events were totally unrelated. Yet, the rumor spread that the Arab deaths were revenge murders by the Israelis. Rioting broke out and spread into Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank"), also administered by Israel. It was the beginning of the "intifada," which still goes on. The media have covered and continue to cover this uprising extensively. Are they doing it fairly?

What are the facts?

■ The conflict between the Israeli government and the Arabs in the areas administered by Israel, the so-called "intifada," is essentially a minor regional one. It does not compare in scope, in violence and in the number of people killed or injured to the many other conflicts going on in the world right at this time, such as the conflict between the Basques and Spain; between Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland; and between Moslems, Hindus and Sikhs in India. And there are many more. Just as with the Arab-Israeli conflict, no easy or early solution seems at hand.

■ Yet, while the "intifada" is only one of many regional conflicts, the volume of its coverage in the media has made it appear to be a major world event. There are over 250 press and t.v. reporters accredited in Israel, a tiny country the size of New Jersey and with only half the population of New Jersey. This large media contingent is second only in number to that of Washington and Moscow—and less than that of such key news centers as London, Paris, Bonn, New Delhi, Peking or Tokyo. Naturally, all of these reporters must produce daily stories in order to justify their presence. This results in much journalistic overkill. *The Washington Post*, for instance, reports in an internal audit that . . . during a 5-month period in 1988, they published over 300,000 words on the "intifada," more than two articles daily, one-quarter of which appeared on the front page. That was the most intense coverage by the *Post* of any continuing story. In contrast, when in one day 65 Shi'ites were killed in one of the brotherly battles in neighboring Lebanon, the *Post* gave that only 600 words, in an article on page 15.

■ But it isn't just the intensity of coverage that casts serious doubt about the fairness of the media. It's primarily the slant that is being given to the news, both in the print media and on television. Television, especially, thrives on "action bites," short dramatic scenes with potential to get the viewer involved. For instance, we see over and over again pictures of

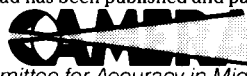
teenage boys throwing rocks at Israeli soldiers, and the soldiers chasing those teenagers with guns and clubs. That inevitably creates the impression of Israel as the bully or the Goliath, and of the "Palestinians" as defenseless Davids. The opposite is true, of course. Israel is a beleaguered country surrounded by implacable enemies, who incessantly plot its destruction. The "intifada" is part of that never-ending war.

■ The media do not show the hundreds of Israeli soldiers and civilians who have been grievously wounded and in some cases killed by rocks and gasoline bombs. They do not show the Arabs setting countless arson fires, in which over 25,000 acres of forest—every tree having lovingly been planted by hand—have been destroyed. They do not show the attacks on Jewish farms, the wanton destruction of industrial and public service facilities, the fire bombing of hundreds of buses, and the ruthless killing of livestock. They do not show the PLO terror aimed at the "Palestinians" themselves. In the last seventeen months of the "intifada" dozens of Palestinian Arabs have been murdered by the PLO, hundreds injured, many critically. This campaign of intimidation has increased since Yasir Arafat allegedly renounced terrorism.

■ In the few cases in which fuller coverage of the conflict was attempted on t.v., such coverage usually did turn out to be more "show-biz" than serious reporting. ABC's reportage "Six Days Plus Twenty Years" was so blatantly anti-Israel in tone that Arab countries rushed to use it as a propaganda film. Peter Jennings on ABC insistently perpetuates the odious comparison of Israel with South Africa. TV interviews with people in the territories invariably show reasonably middle class intellectuals and professionals with whom the American viewer can identify—never the arsonists, the bus bombers and the throwers of Molotov cocktails. The occasional Israeli spokesman that gets trotted out is almost always a member of the radical left or of the so-called "Peace Now" movement, quite unrepresentative of mainline Israeli thinking.

The media do not give the "intifada" fair coverage. It's partly the sheer volume of the coverage, which gives this minor regional conflict perceived importance that it doesn't have. It also lies in the persistent anti-Israel slant that permeates the reporting in all media. Finally, the media, almost without exception, focus on the immediate "drama" and do not explore the history and background of this conflict. The most important point, always omitted, is that the conflict between Israel and the "Palestinians" is not the core problem in the area. The core problem is the unrelenting obsession of the Arab states to destroy Israel, their refusal to make peace with it, or to lift the economic boycott against Israel—regardless of what disposition may ultimately be made of the "West Bank." Israel, more even than other beleaguered pro-Western nations, is the target of disinformation and unfair reporting. Largely because it is a dependable friend and ally of the United States, the Jewish state is another victim of the "blame America first" bias in the media.

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cede, especially if there is a trend toward greater religious nationalism among the Muslims of Russia's southern republics. The danger, as Djilas points out, is that the Party bureaucracy risks being undermined by competing nationalisms—as is happening now in Yugoslavia.

WITH EACH PASSING year Mikhail Gorbachev's ability to project power, and thus influence developments, in the Balkans and Transcaucasia appears to lessen. A significant portion of the more than 60,000 Soviet soldiers that have been stationed in Hungary for four decades are being withdrawn, even as political liberalization, which includes the promise of multi-party elections in 1990, gains ground in that country. In Romania and Bulgaria, where there are no Soviet divisions, much of Moscow's leverage has depended on its ability to subsidize local economies through the supply of cheap oil, among other resources—an ability that has eroded in recent years, as the Soviet Union has been forced to send more and more of that oil elsewhere for hard currency. Even in Yugoslavia, which broke away from the Soviet alliance in 1948, the Kremlin's leverage can only dwindle. And in Armenia and Azerbaijan, whether or not an economic crisis persists, the rediscovery of ethnic awareness is likely to constitute a destabilizing element for years to come.

In his address in 1987 commemorating the seventieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, Gorbachev boasted that in 1917 "mankind crossed the threshold of real history. . . . we departed from the old world and irreversibly rejected it." As Djilas and others have pointed out, the "old world" is now striking back with a vengeance. The economic underdevelopment engendered by what Djilas calls Moscow's "industrial feudalism" simply aggravated ethnic hatreds and postponed the day of reckoning.

In the 1970s and 1980s the world witnessed the limits of superpower influence in places like Vietnam and Afghanistan. In the 1990s those limits may well become visible in a Third World region within Europe itself. The Balkans could shape the end of the century, just as they did the beginning.

—Robert D. Kaplan



Toxic waste has taken a definite toll on homes in Love Canal, an uncertain one on the people who used to live there

ENVIRONMENT

A Toxic Ghost Town

Ten years later, scientists are still assessing the damage from Love Canal

MORE THAN ten years have passed since a leaky dump in Niagara Falls, a city in upstate New York, became infamous as Love Canal. The site became a matter for public concern during the summer and autumn of 1978, when Governor Hugh L. Carey and President Jimmy Carter declared an emergency there and arranged to evacuate helpless families who had watched industrial sludge invade their back yards. Overnight a blue-collar community six miles from the cataracts of Niagara Falls became America's first toxic ghost town.

Love Canal, about which I reported

in the December, 1979, *Atlantic*, was the harbinger of America's toxic-waste crisis. The situation led to the identification of many similar problems nationwide and to the creation of a \$1.6 billion federal Superfund (now valued at \$10.1 billion) for their remediation. At last count, 1,030 families had evacuated the Love Canal area during two separate emergencies, one in 1978, for the 238 households closest to the dump, and a second just a few months after publication of the *Atlantic* article, for 792 households on the periphery of the original danger zone. Roughly \$150 million has been spent to sample the air, groundwater, and soil; survey health problems in the area; pay residents for their homes; move those residents to new homes; and halt and clean up the pollution. The costs were split between the state, which used emergency allocations as well as major shares of its health and environmental budgets, and the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, which relied on Superfund money and funds administered by the Federal Emergency Management Agency.

Yet even after such expensive measures questions remain, not the least of which is precisely what happened at Love Canal? Though a decade has passed since it first made national headlines, the canal is still a hot topic locally (articles appear in the local newspapers nearly every day), and it is—as it always has been—the focus of bitter dispute. Were all those people really made sick by the chlorinated concoctions? Or was the health crisis they complained of a case of botched science and mass hysteria?

Today Love Canal is a forty-acre mound of clay ringed by warning signs, a high chain-link fence, and a drainage trench. The clay was heaped on the dump to stop rainfall from percolating through the wastes and carrying any more of them outward. The clay cap is reinforced by a high-density polyethylene membrane that is believed to be resistant not only to rainwater but also to the chemicals themselves. The drainage trench, ranging in depth from eight to twenty-one feet, intercepts chemical-laden groundwater and funnels it to a treatment plant, where the



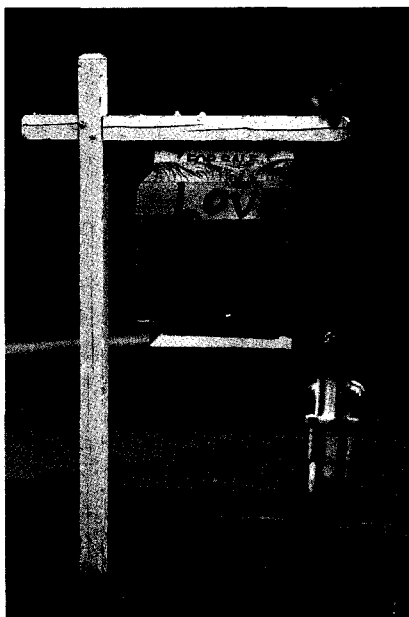
toxic substances are removed by carbon filters. The two streets closest to the chemicals, 99th and 97th streets, have ceased to exist; the homes that stood there were bulldozed under the clay. The more distant homes that were evacuated during the second emergency, in 1980, are boarded up and dilapidated.

At the root of the problem are 43.6 million pounds of process slurries, waste solvents, and pesticide residues that the Hooker Chemical and Plastics Corporation dumped in an abandoned canal from 1942 to 1953. The company trucked much of the waste material from its nearby plant to Love Canal in metal drums that eventually rusted open. Melting snow and spring rains washed the wastes up and outward. The wastes pooled on the surface of the poorly covered canal, causing a stench to envelop the vicinity. In May of 1978, as a reporter for the local newspaper, the *Niagara Gazette*, I took an informal survey of people who lived on 99th Street and logged numerous complaints ranging from loss of fur among household pets to dizziness, respiratory problems, and breast cancer. Residents blamed the fumes. Responding to the growing public alarm over possible health repercussions, and having already obtained hard evidence that the carcinogen benzene was infiltrating household air, the state Department of Health (DOH) moved in with its own survey, finding four birth defects among thirty-nine babies born to families on 99th Street, where waste sludges were seeping through basement walls. That translates into a 10.3 percent rate of birth defects, compared with the 7.3 percent rate in a control group farther from the chemicals. The rate of miscarriages was 3.5 times the normal rate in one age group of the women living near the canal's southern end, and as the DOH began collecting what would eventually total 4,386 blood samples from 3,919 people, indications were also found of incipient liver damage.

The most dramatic study was conducted in 1980, by a private medical contractor for the EPA and the Department of Justice, which was building a legal case against Hooker—as was State Attorney General Robert Abrams—and thus was interested in proving that there had been a harmful effect. The Justice Department con-

tractor, the Biogenics Corporation, of Houston, studied blood samples from thirty-six residents and concluded that eight of the people had a rare aberration it called “supernumerary acentric fragments,” or extra pieces of genetic material. Dante J. Picciano, of Biogenics, claimed that such fragments should appear in only one out of a hundred people and might well forewarn of cancer and birth defects. An uproar ensued among the tested residents, who lived just beyond the 1978 evacuation zone and who now wanted to be evacuated. In May of 1980 their communities were promised government-sponsored relocation.

In the years since, several follow-up



Soon after the first headlines

studies have supported the initial findings of adverse health effects. In 1984 the DOH reported that 12.1 percent of infants born in a “swale” area (where contaminated water may have drained from the canal) experienced low birth weight, as compared with 6.9 percent in other parts of upstate New York. That was followed by a DOH report that found a statistically significant excess of congenital malformations in the swale neighborhoods, primarily from 1955 to 1964, just after the chemicals were dumped. This time 10.9 percent of 174 infants were found to have birth defects. Beverly Paigen, then a biologist at Roswell Park Memorial Institute, in Buffalo, who compared 239 children exposed to Love Canal during gestation with 707 children in an unex-

posed control group, found an even greater effect. In 1985 she reported that 17.9 percent of those who had lived in drainage areas were born at below-normal weights and that Love Canal children in general suffered a 12.1 percent rate of birth defects—both figures about twice those for the control group. The same year she reported in another study that Love Canal children experienced 2.45 times as many seizures as a control group, 2.25 times as many skin rashes, and 2.95 times as much hyperactivity. In 1987 Paigen, who has served as an unpaid consultant to the residents, released yet another study, of 493 children who had once lived near the dump. The children not only weighed less but were shorter than the control children, she asserted.

While the more recent data have not yet been carefully examined, the early studies conducted by Picciano and Paigen have been pointedly criticized. In 1980 a special panel headed by Dr. Lewis Thomas, then the chancellor of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, in New York City, and a best-selling author, described a report issued by Paigen in 1979, which claimed to have found a multitude of disorders among canal-area residents, as falling “far short of the mark as an exercise in epidemiology,” inasmuch as it relied on “largely anecdotal information provided by questionnaires submitted to a narrowly selected group of residents.” Meanwhile, a follow-up chromosome study conducted for the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services from December of 1981 to February of 1982 on forty-six neighborhood residents—including seventeen whom Picciano had tested—failed to confirm Picciano’s claims of supernumerary aberrations.

“We should have known at the time what Picciano was talking about when he used the term ‘supernumerary acentric fragments,’” says Michael A. Bender, a senior scientist in the medical department at Brookhaven National Laboratory. “Several papers from the 1970s had noted similar phenomena. We just never had seen it put in those terms and, unfortunately, failed to recognize what we were dealing with, partly because we never got to see Picciano’s material. If we had, I think we would have immediately known. Such aberrations are a natural phenomenon, which is seen particular-

A POWERFUL PRESCRIPTION

By Bob Bergland

There's something special about living in America's wide open spaces. But when the nearest hospital is 45 miles away—like it is for people around Center, North Dakota—having an ambulance to narrow the distance can be a matter of life and death.

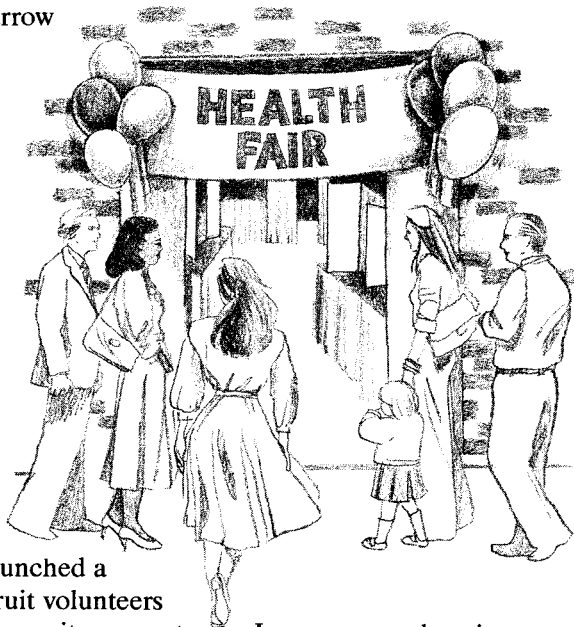
Last year, when that town nearly lost its ambulance service, the local electric cooperative did something about it.

Working with the local district health nurse, Oliver Mercer Electric Co-op quickly launched a campaign to recruit volunteers and mobilize community support. Today, people around Center have the comfort of knowing their ambulance service is ready to go in case of an emergency.

This kind of community action and leadership is what rural electrification is all about. Owned by the people they serve, the nation's 1,000 rural electric systems are "people" organizations, working with others to keep community foundations strong.

It's a given that adequate health care is a necessity, no matter the geographic location. But

in many parts of rural America, health care systems are in critical need of attention. Rural hospitals are closing at alarming rates. Health care delivery services are severely strained.

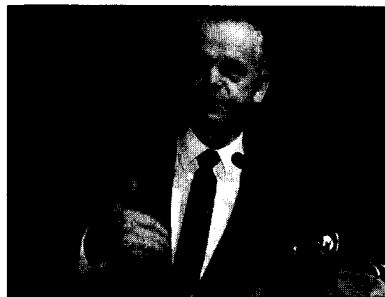


In response, electric cooperatives are helping health care providers galvanize local resources to meet those problems head-on. That's why in Arkansas, Carroll

Electric Co-op sponsors a "wellness" program that augments the local hospital's services. Health "fairs" conducted by Randolph Electric in North Carolina and Farmers Electric Co-op in New Mexico bring together health professionals and trained volunteers. They provide local residents with screening, referral and information services for health concerns like blood pressure, cholesterol, and cancer. And to help electric co-ops initiate and coordinate local activities, their national association now operates the National Rural Health Network.

Multiply these local efforts all around the country and you can see how electric co-ops are agents of progress . . . organizations whose helping hand and can-do spirit touch the lives of millions of Americans.

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Bob Bergland is Executive Vice President of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association.



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ly in females and which increases with age. They appear in the form of extra X-chromosomes, which have no known association with exposure to anything nasty. It's just something that happens as an odd spontaneous event."

Other follow-up studies, by the DOH, have shown few effects on health that can be attributed to the chemicals, which included the notorious dioxin, an unwanted by-product of the manufacture of Agent Orange and other herbicides. In 1981, when the DOH checked data from its cancer registry for a census tract that includes the Love Canal area, it failed to find elevated rates of liver cancer, lymphoma, and leukemia. Lung cancer was higher than average (twenty-five incidents in males, versus the fifteen that an actuary would have expected), but the rate of respiratory disease was high throughout the region, where industry was once concentrated and air pollution was severe.

Most of Paigen's and Picciano's work involved residents who lived outside the 1978 evacuation zone, in an area where contaminated creeks flowed. While few officials doubt that the 1978 evacuation was necessary, the second evacuation—sparked in large part by Picciano's findings—is more questionable. Chemical levels were far lower in these homes, but the EPA began relocating their occupants after a group of activists, led by the housewife Lois Gibbs, held two EPA officials hostage at the activists' headquarters to protest what they saw as government inaction. Gibbs, who has since founded a national clearinghouse for citizen protests involving hazardous wastes, is an increasingly controversial figure, especially among people who lived near Love Canal and did not want to leave. They accuse her of exaggerating the health problems and seeking celebrity by playing to television cameras.

Former Governor Hugh Carey makes the same assertion about Gibbs, and the district's congressman, John LaFalce, has come to the conclusion, as have many others, that the second evacuation may have been too extensive. "You had a very, very serious problem," LaFalce says, "but then judgments were made on soft data or no data at all. The evacuation of 1978 clearly should have taken place, but the second crisis, in 1980, got out of hand."

THE PROTESTS AND emotional uproar have caused state and federal officials to think twice before declaring similar emergencies elsewhere. Caught between residents who accuse it of understating the health effects and scientists who believe the effects were overstated, the DOH has grown wary. Peter Slocum, a DOH spokesman, says, "I think a lot of our health people feel they went out on the front line and got burned."

What the chemicals at Love Canal did or didn't do is of consequence not only for those who lived there but also for the uncounted others nationwide who live near any of the 29,463 potentially hazardous waste sites identified by the EPA. If Love Canal one day proves to be less of a threat than originally thought, other problems might be taken less seriously in the future, and support for the Superfund, which was established during the Carter years (and, ironically, greatly expanded under President Reagan), could wane as a result. Some suggest that science is simply not up to the task of proving a toxic cause and effect. Because residents move in and out, because families suffer multiple ailments (not just the illness that serves as the subject of a given study), because the effects of chemicals when they interact with one another are all but unknown, and because the survey populations are quite limited, attempts to prove a statistically significant effect may be doomed to failure. "It's very hard in a small population of a few thousand or so to demonstrate a five or ten percent increase in miscarriages or birth defects," says Dr. Arthur Bloom, a geneticist who helped evaluate Picciano's study for the Department of Health and Human Services. "The best studies were done by the DOH, and those related to an increased incidence of spontaneous abortions [miscarriages]. Those studies were the most definitive, positive studies—the only ones that stood the scientific tests."

The DOH, in an attempt to settle the matter of other health problems, last year began a comprehensive two-year health survey that will eventually include 5,000 to 10,000 people who lived at or near Love Canal between the 1940s (when dumping began) and 1978. But Beverly Paigen believes that the state is hoping not to find anything. Health studies already done by

the DOH and the Centers for Disease Control, Paigen says, are riddled with misrepresentations and procedural holes that make the situation seem less serious than it is. Paigen, who now works in the research laboratory at Children's Hospital in Oakland, California, cites the follow-up chromosome tests and the state's cancer study as cases in point. The chromosome test that found no damage among Love Canal residents, she argues, was conducted after those residents had left the area; such tests use the short-lived white blood cells, so few of the chromosomes examined had been exposed to toxic chemicals. And the survey that failed to show elevated cancer rates in the entire census tract, Paigen says, included hundreds of unexposed people, who diluted the statistics.

Paigen claims that the state tried so hard to suppress panic at Love Canal that when she started reporting ailments there, her travel was restricted (Roswell is a division of the DOH) and she was prohibited from applying for grants. She also says that her office was rifled. That was when she moved to California, where she maintains a keen interest in Love Canal developments.

Another party deeply interested in health effects is Hooker Chemical, which, since all the bad publicity occurred, has changed its name to Occidental Chemical (it is a subsidiary of Occidental Petroleum Corporation). Occidental has steadfastly maintained that no adverse health effect can be proved to be a consequence of the wastes it disposed of in Love Canal and that government overreacted at just about every stage. It also maintains that, in any case, the problem wasn't its fault, because in 1953 it sold the Love Canal land for the token sum of one dollar to the Niagara Falls school board as the site for an elementary school, freeing the firm of legal responsibility. The corporation has never changed this stand. Once the Love Canal problems began to be heavily publicized, Occidental embarked on a nationwide campaign—involving thousands of glossy pamphlets and a traveling two-man "truth squad"—to convince the press that the problems at Love Canal were not its fault.

In February of last year, however, John T. Curtin, a federal judge in Buffalo, found Occidental liable for whatever is finally deemed to be the justifi-

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able government costs at Love Canal. Curtin ruled, in a partial summary judgment, that the company handled its wastes in a way that would eventually result in chemical seepage. It was one in a series of legal blows to the firm. In 1984 Occidental had settled a suit filed against both the firm and the city by 1,328 residents, who collected \$20 million. The payments ranged from \$2,000 to \$400,000 per plaintiff, though Occidental continued to maintain that it could not be shown to be responsible for adverse health effects. Other suits over Love Canal remain unresolved. Attorney General Abrams calls Hooker's conduct in "foisting" the canal upon the school board "extreme selfishness" under the guise of munificent corporate citizenry. Occidental is expected to appeal Judge Curtin's decision.

THE PEOPLE? In addition to whatever they were awarded by Occidental, the victims received fair market value for their homes. At the time, the Niagara area was economically depressed and home values at Love Canal hovered around \$50,000. Most recipients spent the money buying or building new houses in the area. Lois Gibbs has moved to Virginia. Karen Schroeder, one of the first residents to demonstrate against the pollution, has moved to the center of Niagara Falls with her daughter, Sheri, who was born with a cleft palate, deformed ears, a hole in her heart, impaired learning ability, and deafness, and who later developed a double row of bottom teeth. Now twenty years old, Sheri is in a special-education program and is planning to attend college. She received the highest settlement from Occidental, and plastic surgery has repaired some of her problems.

Schroeder's mother, Aileen Voorhees, whose home, on 99th Street, was where the highest chemical reading was taken, now lives about six miles from Love Canal, in an impressive new brick home she had built. But she misses the old community: Voorhees says she longs for her children's first shoes and her cedar closet and other things she had to leave behind because of the contamination.

Others have sought solace in rural parts of Niagara County. Many complain that they were not given enough to buy comparable houses elsewhere,

and some of them—sixty households in all—stayed behind in the boarded-up neighborhoods. Ironically, the depopulation has turned the area into a wildlife refuge of sorts. Those who still live there tell of seeing deer, rabbits, snowy owls, and even a bald eagle. Birds were scarce when I first tramped the canal in the 1970s, but now at least eighteen species can be spotted there, according to Florence Best, a bird watcher who has stayed in the area because, as she sees it, "the whole world's polluted, no matter where you go." Last year the DOH commissioner, Dr. David Axelrod, concluded after a \$14 million study funded by the EPA that once creeks and sewers are



Was the second evacuation necessary?

cleaned, homes to the north and west of the canal—those abandoned during the second evacuation—can be re-inhabited if local authorities so desire. The study said that of 562 homes and churches sampled, only one showed the presence of chlorotoluene, a solvent found in the canal and used as an indicator that other chemicals may be present. The level was 18 micrograms per cubic meter—a negligible amount compared with the 6,700 micrograms found in Aileen Voorhees's home in 1978. "The clay cap works, the leachate-collection system works," Stephen Luftig, of the EPA's regional office, says. "It seems like the mother lode has been contained."

Though dioxin is still detected in some spots, the levels are below the

one-part-per-billion threshold that the CDC has set for emergency action. Contaminated creeks are being dredged and the tainted sediments stored for incineration, at a cost of \$20 million. The outlying homes evacuated during the second emergency may soon be sold to bargain-hunters. The mayor of Niagara Falls, Michael O'Laughlin, would like to forget the whole thing and rename the canal area Sunrise Park. Love Canal has no place in the image of a tourist town.

BUT NONE OF those who abandoned their homes can forget. "My daughter had rheumatoid arthritis that used to flare up, and a tumor on her knee so rare it was sent to clinics in Cleveland and the Soviet Union for analysis," says Patricia Brown, who lived on 99th Street and now works for a task force in Niagara Falls that helps the city locate and clean up local pollution. "Since we got out, she has improved. The arthritis has only flared up twice since we left; before, it was far more frequent."

Luella Kenny, another former resident, administers a \$1 million medical fund set up for the beneficiaries of the Occidental settlement. One of her sons died from a mysterious kidney ailment after playing, according to Kenny, in one of the dioxin-laden creeks. A medical researcher by profession, Kenny saw strange rashes and warts on another son, headaches in the rest of the household, and immune problems in her husband. All the symptoms have diminished or disappeared since they moved away. "The improvement of rashes and allergies," she says, "has been seen by almost everyone."

While neither the DOH nor any other health agency has warned that the residents may one day fall victim to latent disease—indeed, the DOH has said that no abnormal incidence of cancer is likely—these residents, deeply suspicious of government reassurances, worry about ailments that can take years or decades to show up. "There's not a night you put your head on a pillow and don't wonder, Who's next?" Patricia Brown says. "Will it be me? My husband? My child? I keep seeing repeated cases of cancer among those who lived there. This is the type of fear you'll live with the rest of your life."

—Michael H. Brown

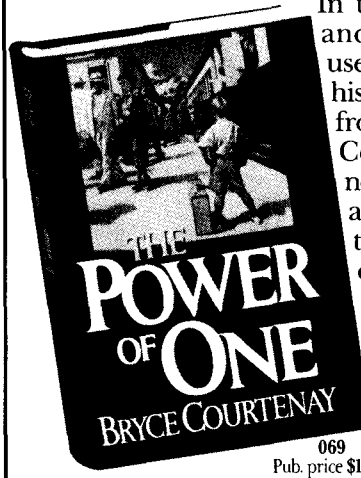
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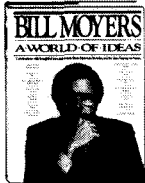
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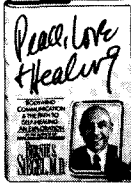
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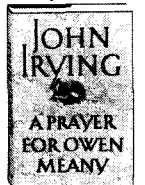
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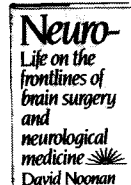
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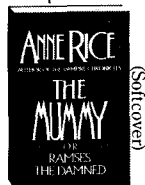
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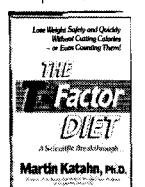
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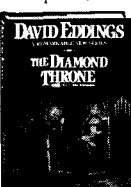
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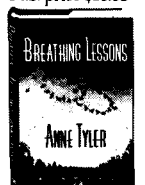
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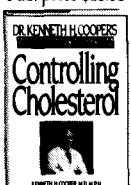
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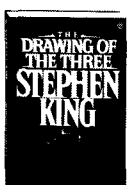
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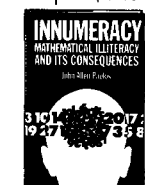
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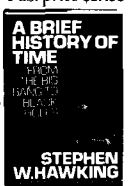
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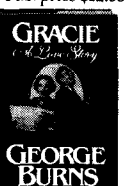
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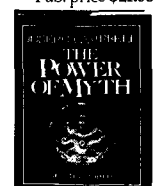
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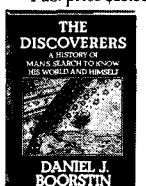
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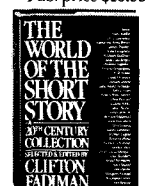
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HAIRLD! GUESS WHO'S here to visit.
It's Aileen!

I was telling Lylah Battle about Mary Alec Poole—you know how Mary Alec is, she makes her children all go out the door in the morning in the order of height? Well, age.

Hairld! We're in the den. Come see Aileen!

And I looked over at Mama and I said, "Mama, what are you doing?"

"Nothing," Mama said. Like a child.

Hair-ullld!

And, Aileen, she was taking notes!

She didn't want to let me see them. I said, "Now, Mama, I have a right to see that," and she said, "Why?"

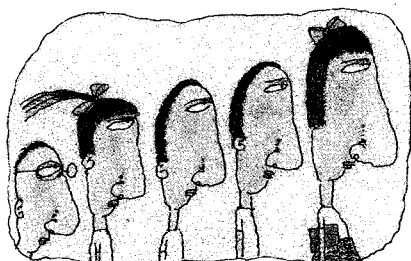
I said, "Honestly, Mama!" I believe if she could get up from a chair quick as she used to, I believe she would actually have run off into the next room. I went over there and made her show me what she'd written down.

Hairld! It's Aileen. You know Aileen. Aileen Loach! Hairld!

She had written—scribbled, you know, but I know Mama's writing, it's the first I ever saw. She doesn't cross her *t*'s. Never has crossed her *t*'s, and never will. It's a wonder I cross mine. She had written, "I thought I was bad because I alphabetize my spices."

I said, "Mama, I didn't say that."

"What is your trouble with it, then?" she said. That's the way she talks now. Either gets it from the children or from television. And the *tone* she uses! She's gotten right snippy. I mean, you know Mama, she would always come out with the strangest things, but it's bad enough to talk to children the way they are, without your mother getting just as snippy, or I believe worse. And there's nothing you can do to your mother.



Hairld! Where are you?

You know how it started. Aileen! You don't know about this? I know you know about it, you just don't want to say you know about it because you know how torn up I am that everybody in the *world* knows about it.

Well, you're sweet. I think you're just *being* sweet, but you're sweet to be that way. I know I can tell you things, Aileen. Because you have good sense about what to repeat. That is exactly what Mama has lost every least speck of. I lie awake at night, worrying. What has Mama told today. What is she getting ready to tell. To an *audience*.

Hair . . . uld! Aileen and me are in the den!

That's what I'm telling you. Aileen, you just don't *know*. It's . . . I don't know. Mama is so *quiet* at home, can't get a word out of her. I wouldn't mind a little adult conversation from her. She's as bad as Hairld.

Hair-ullld!

Mama could be company to me. But no, she sits there saving it up.

Of course, I know you know she got down so low when Lily died. That cat and her used to be like they were almost the same person. They'd rock and watch television, rock and watch television, Mama and that cat. Lily would not sit on anyone else to save her life, just Mama. But every now and then she would go out and get little birds and chipmunks and things—

What? No, *Lily* would. Honestly, Aileen, you're as bad as Hairld.

Hairld!

Hairld has decided to be Hairld tonight, I'm afraid.

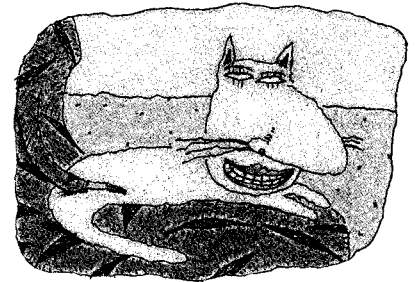
And what the vet believes is that she got ahold of a mouse or a bird or something that had died from getting ahold of something. Mama said Lily wouldn't get ahold of anything that wasn't moving, but the vet said, well, it might have been some little animal that had *just* got ahold of something. Mama would never accept that explanation. Just would not accept it.

Hairld!

He can hear me.

You can hear me, Hairld!

Anyhoo, Lily came in and tried to



throw up—when that cat couldn't throw up, you knew she wasn't herself. And died. And Mama was left—well, I know it *was* hard on her, but . . . She sat there on that rocker and said, "I haven't got anything to hold."

I said, "Hold the children, Mama."

She said, "They hurt my lap."

Well, I know they do squirm. "But, Mama," I said—

Hairrrrld!

She didn't seem to have any heart for TV anymore. She wouldn't even want to get up in the morning; you'd have to send the children in there right after breakfast, when they had jelly all over them. Even that didn't get her up one morning—I had to let them go out and play in the pouring rain and then run jump in bed with Mama wet as little drowned rats.

So I told Hairld to take her down to the senior center. Maybe I was wrong. But I thought maybe they'd teach her to crochet. I said to Mama the other day, I said, "Mama, why don't you *crochet*?" Other people's mamas crochet—or dried arrangements. But no.

Mama took a course in storytelling.

That's what I'm telling you, that's what the *problem's* been.

Hairld! Hairld!

SHE GOES TO festivals. They have *festivals* in it. All over the state. She wears an old-timey hat. And she tells stories.

And Mama doesn't tell stories about princesses and bears. No. Not Mama. She tells stories about *us*. *Yes*.

She wins *awards*.

She was in the paper about it. You didn't see it? Well, it was the Spartanburg paper. Somebody sent it to us. Aileen, I opened that paper up and I said, "Oh, my Lord." They quoted her

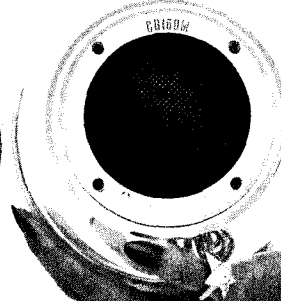
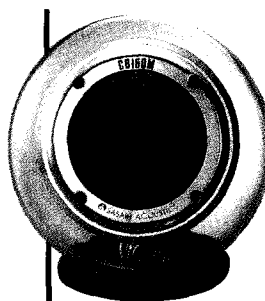
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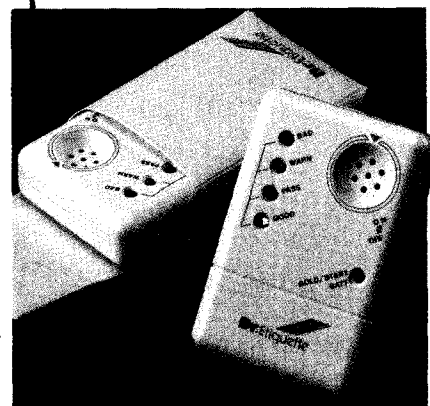
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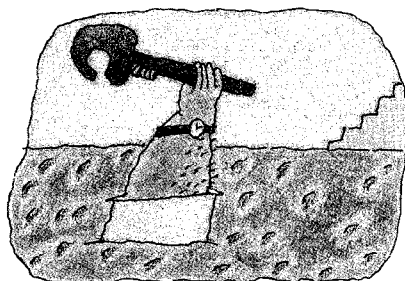
**30 DAYS MONEY BACK
GUARANTEE**

stories in the paper. Stories about me and Hairld, stories about the children—and stories about nearly everybody we know.

And there just doesn't seem to be any stopping her. People come by and pick her up and drive her to these festivals. She's so popular. I guess she is. I could be popular too if I told everything I knew, but I wouldn't have any friends left.

Hairld! You know what he's doing. He's upstairs looking at television. And if he was sitting here he'd have that one right there on and be sneaking looks at it, if I was to beg him till I was blue in the face. Television has just about killed the art of conversation.

I said to Paula Dale Lovejohn yesterday, I said, "Paula Dale, you are going to hear about this. If I don't tell you about it, sure as the world somebody is going to tell you about it, so I'm going to tell you about it. I'm just as embarrassed as I can be, but my mama is going all over the state telling about how that washing-machine repairman



showed up to fix your washing machine in your basement with a cast on his leg and went downstairs and it was so flooded from the washing machine that you kept worrying that his cast was going to melt, and then you looked down and the water had floated up all those cat BMs all around him from back behind the furnace where you didn't know the cat had been going? And he didn't want to say anything about it and you didn't want to say anything about it and finally he said he believed his cast *might* melt and he thought he'd come back when the basement had had more time to drain and you were so mortified about it. Only the way Mama told it, she made it even worse, because—"

You didn't hear about it? Oh, Aileen, I wish you could have seen Paula Dale's face. When she told me and Mama about it. You know how Paula Dale is, how just-so she is about every-

thing, and then to have cat BMs—it wasn't even her cat. No. She doesn't have a cat. For that reason—that she's so just-so. Oh, Paula Dale can't even stand to have cat *hair* in her house. But the washing-machine repairman didn't have any way of knowing that. I thought Paula Dale was going to *die* when she came over and told us about that repairman and the expression on his face and all—and he was so *nice* about it, that's what made it worse, and his cast had a little child's writing on it.

And of course Mama just sitting there. But we didn't know Mama would *repeat* it. And make it *worse*. Because—

No, see, we didn't know then. We knew she was telling stories but none of us had had time to go hear her and of course she hadn't let on to us what the stories were about. And she wasn't *writing down* notes then. Now she is. She doesn't even care really if you catch her at it, she just doesn't want you to take them away from her.

Hairld!

But I told Paula Dale, I said, "Mama is not the same person she was. We do not know what to expect of her any longer."

I told Mama, "Mama, when we were children you didn't tell us stories." Mama said she was too busy raising us. She said we wouldn't sit still long enough. She said she didn't realize she knew any stories back then. I just gave up trying to reason with her.

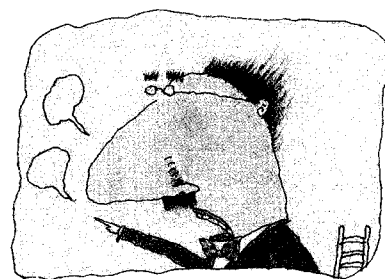
I finally felt like I had to go hear her perform. I went to the big state finals of storytelling, which Mama came in second in, which I thought she should have won against the old man who did win—he just went on and on about outhouses and snakes.

Hairld! Hair-uld! I could cheerfully kill him.

IT WAS A FOLK-STORY festival, they called it. Now, Aileen, we are not folk. You know that. We weren't *ever* folk. We children may not have had every *advantage* when we were coming up, but we were not folk. I have seen the way folk do a drawing, and from the time she was thirteen my sister Janelle could draw a horse or a deer all to the life. It would be as if it was standing in front of you.

Hairld! You are being rude to Aileen!

But I listened to Mama hold forth on that stage, Aileen, and she could have



just as well been somebody else entirely. And people just applauding, and laughing, and their eyes getting wide. And my face burning. And of course afterward Mama is just in a world of her own. She doesn't want to talk to *us* about it. It's as if we don't have any say over what she thinks or does.

And Mama talks about what people *look* like. Like you know how Lloyd Salley is always looking like he's just getting ready to say something? Kind of beginning to smile and lean forward and even just barely open his mouth so you keep leaning forward to hear whatever it is that he has just thought of to say, until you realize that he isn't ever going to say anything, that's just Lloyd? Mama describes things like that. And if that ever gets back to Lloyd, I don't know *what* he will think. Course I guess we'll never know, if we have to hear it from Lloyd.

Hairld! I know what you're doing! Sitting at that TV, and every now and then burping, or whatever it is that he does—it's more like a hiccup than a burp, but frankly I don't know what it is. Hairld and I have been married for eighteen years and I still don't know what it is. I don't think he knows.

Paula Dale of course is just as hurt as she can be. But she doesn't know what to say to Mama. I try to talk to Mama about it, and she says it's a free country. I say, "Mama, that's what we all say. But you know, and I know, that when it comes to talking about people we know—people can stand being talked about behind their backs, as long as it *is* behind their backs. But when you do it out where all they have to do to hear it *themselves* is join the crowd, it's treating them like they're not right real."

Mama says let them sue her.

I say, "Now, Mama, you don't want to start talking like that, because people *will*." And not only that—Hairld says old ladies can get away with a lot, but they can go too far.

Hairld! Come in here! Aileen is going to

get her feeeeelings—no, Aileen, he *knows* he ought to at least stick his head in here. I take up time with his old sour friends. Well, I do. I make it a point.

Hairld says it is not out of the bounds of possibility, even in this day and age—Hairld says there have been *fires* in this town that haven't been investigated as hard as they might have been. Like, the Metzses. Oh, yes. The firemen theorized it started in their Parcheesi set? Nobody believed that.

Because—and it's not just *telling* stories about people. It's—that's what I was telling you. Mama makes them worse.

Hairld! It wouldn't hurt you one bit in the world to just—

Hairld!

The way Mama tells the story about Paula Dale and the washing-machine man and the cat BMs: it was Lily that did them behind the furnace.

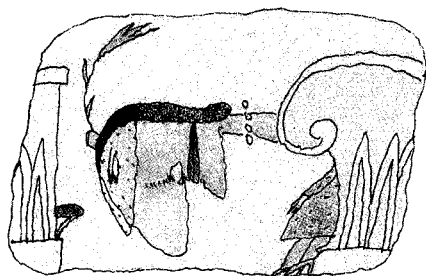
Of course maybe it was, but the way Mama tells *every* story, it involves Lily. Lily being sent out by Mama. To do things.

Hairld!

Hairld and I are going to have a knock-down-and-drag-out when you go home, Aileen. No, no, don't *you* feel bad—it's Hairld. He won't even watch TV with me anymore. Because we agreed that when one of us wants the other one to look at them, then he has to look away from the TV and look at the one who's talking and listen. And to Hairld that's like—you'd think he was taking poison.

Mama says storytelling is an art form. She says it's her art. I say, "Mama, we are *happy* for you to have an art. That is not the point."

Mama just looks at me like—you know how a toddler will get sometimes, all of a sudden in a crowded grocery store or somewhere just get to bucking you so hard they lay flat out on the filthy floor wallering and actually kind of grinding themselves down into the floor yelling when you try to pull them up? Mama looks like she is just



literally about to do something like that.

Hairld! You might as well make your mind up, I am not going to stop calling you until you come down here and see Aileen!

Aileen, I don't know what to do. If we'd been better about going to church I'd take Mama in to counsel with the pastor but I don't know what the new pastor's name is and I hate to ask, because you know the last one was Reverend Tinkle and they've been accused of not renewing him because of his name and they're sensitive about it. And if there is anybody in First Melrose Church who has heard the story Mama tells about the last time she went to church there—Lord . . .

That lady was there that Sunday, you know I've told you about her, poor soul, she's not all right, wandering in the aisle peering under the pews like she was looking for something and muttering in the middle of the sermon and getting closer and closer to the altar, and the preacher didn't know what to say and finally he said, sort of smoothly but with a little nudge of his head so that maybe somebody would get up and lead her somewhere without him having to say right out, you know, that he wasn't so enthusiastic about suffering her to come unto him—he said, "We are *all* searching here, together, as one, that the holiness of God's word be *heard* and *paid attention to*," and somebody in the Board of Stewards caught his meaning and took her arm as she was bending over peering and she looked up surprised and said in that right-out-loud voice like people who aren't all right don't know any better than to use, she said, "*Somebody's sitting on my dollar*. Cause I didn't *put* it in the collection. Cause I *got* that *dollar* from Mr. *Lef'*—wich for being *sweet* to him." And everybody turned to look over at the Leftwich family. And with that Lily jumped through an open window right into Mr. Leftwich's lap. Which is all true except for the part about Lily, which just makes it a better story—to Mama.

Hairld! You're going to miss Aileen!

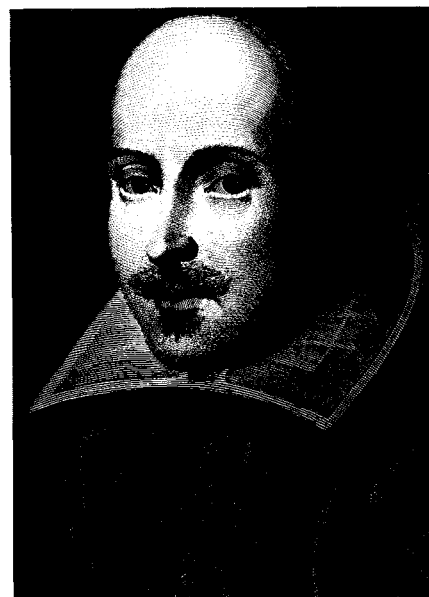
Mama always, I don't know, puts such a *point* on her stories.

Hairld! Aileen's going to have to leave!

Hairld!

Hairld—

Hairld, a bear ate you! A great big bear got you and ate off your legs! □



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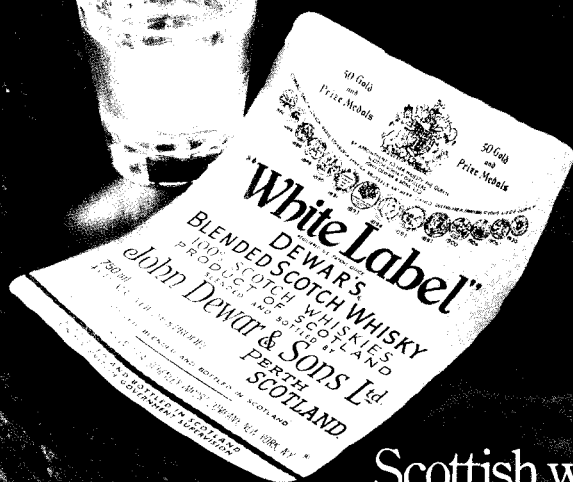
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*In spite of laws intended to protect them,
federal indifference and cruel fishing methods once again endanger dolphins*

THE DESTRUCTION OF DOLPHINS

BY KENNETH BROWER



"The hunting of Dolphins is immoral and that man can no more draw nigh to the gods as a welcome sacrificer nor touch their altars with clean hands but pollutes those who share the same roof with him, whoso willingly devises destruction for the Dolphins. For equally with human slaughter the gods abhor the deathly doom of the monarchs of the deep."—Oppian

OF THE THIRTY-ODD SPECIES OF OCEANIC DOLPHINS, NONE MAKES A MORE striking entrance than *Stenella attenuata*, the spotted dolphin. Under water spotted dolphins first appear as white dots against the blue. The beaks of the adults are white-tipped, and that distinctive blaze, viewed head-on, makes a perfect circle. When the vanguard of the school is "echolocating" on you—examining you sonically—the beaks all swing your way, and each circular blaze reflects light before any of the rest of the animal does. You see spots before your eyes.

The habitat of the spotted dolphin is clear, deep, tropical ocean. Its home waters are warm, lovely to look at, sparse of life—a marine desert. Spotted dolphins roam that country like Bedouins. Their oases are the plumes of upwelling and nutrients in the lee of islands; their ululations are cries rising high above the hearing range of human beings; their dunes are the blue swells. They gather occasionally in herds of a thousand or more—several schools in a temporary federation—but more often they are seen in bands of a few hundred. Like many of the ocean's hosts, they are fewer than they once were.

Awaiting a tribe of spotters in their element is a peculiar experience. You hang from the surface by your snorkel, marking time with a slow churning of your fins. The swell lifts you by the hair, drops you, lifts you again. Beneath you lie two miles of ocean—a bottomlessness, for all practical purposes, an infinity of blue. When you are new to it, the blue void has a pull. It wants you, tries to call you down. A thousand coruscating shafts of sunlight probe it, illuminating nothing. Nothing is there to illuminate, nothing to establish scale or distance. A tiny gelatinous fragment of salpa, drifting up ten inches from your faceplate, startles you. For an instant it could be anything—a strange man, a whale, a shark.

From that lambent blue field, featureless yet somehow forever shifting, empty yet pulsing with all the imagined sharp-toothed things that might come out of it, come the spots indeed. You blink behind your faceplate, but the spots remain. They are real, not hallucinations. Around each white dot a gray dolphin materializes. Five or six quick strokes of the flukes and they are upon you, sleek, fast, graceful legions. They come a little larger than life, for water magnifies. They animate the void. With barages of clicks and choruses of high-pitched whistling, with speed and hydrodynamic perfection, with curiosity, mission, agenda, and something like humor, they fill up the empty blue.

The first rank of dolphins race past. Behind them a second rank of dots appear, doubtful at first, like the first stars of twilight. The dots jiggle oddly as the beaks cast about for you, and then hold steady when they have fixed on you. Another rank of dots, and then another: the society of *Stenella attenuata* sprints by in waves, the squads of adult males, the gangs of juveniles, the nurseries of females and calves.

The squads of adult males execute close, synchronized flybys and pummel you with sound—loud bursts of echolocation that are both a threat and a piercing sonic look at you. The males acoustically “see” the air spaces of your lungs, watch your skeleton articulate. The clicks of their echo-sounding proceed from the amplifier in the “melon”—the dolphin's bulbous forehead—but the beak tip is so white and prominent that the sound seems to come from that. The beak is the Geiger counter; you are the uranium. As the white tip swings in line with you, the clicks come louder and faster, reach crescendo as the

beak draws its bead, and then recede as the beak swings away again.

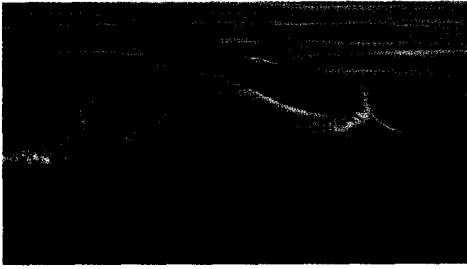
Tick tick tick tick ticktickTICKTICKTICKTICKtick tick.

When a squad of males sounds you out in unison, the sensation is like equatorial rain on a tin roof: first a few scattered drops, then the downpour. You don't hear the echolocation so much as feel it. Your whole body becomes tympanic membrane. You really are, for once, all ears.

The gangs of juveniles are curious but don't come so close. They fake boldness. The nurseries keep their distance, small calves nursing on the move or swimming at their mothers' backs, stroke for stroke in perfect synchrony, holding position just above and behind the maternal dorsal fin. Occasionally a larger calf strays off to swim with a rhythm of its own. Now and again a whistling dolphin emits a long, thin stream of bubbles from its blowhole. This seems to signify mild distress, or a low-grade warning. Now and again a dolphin defecates, a slightly grayer stream of bubbles. From a distance the two sorts of contrail are hard to tell apart. If the dolphin is gliding at the moment of emission, the bubbles run out straight behind. If the dolphin is swimming, the action of the flukes beats the contrail into a wavy line.

Dolphins have no shame. They have no private moments. In courtship, foreplay, and sex they are public, and as they pass you see snatches of dolphin intimacy, if that's the word. One dolphin in a pair will yaw sideways, its pectoral fin pointing to the surface, and then, slowing to let its partner pass above, will allow the tip of its pectoral to trace delicately the length of the partner's belly, past the genital slit. Sometimes the romance is cruder. The amorous dolphin will jam its pectoral into the vicinity of the genital slit and impatiently, with stiff-shouldered jerks, work that area over hard. Mock fights occur, irritations, moments of play. You see only fragments, bits of behavior, for the school never lingers. To the sirens of their whistling (inaudible in the higher ranges even to dogs), to the klaxons of their clicks, they race for that distant fire that oceanic dolphins are forever chasing.

The last dolphin of the last wave pumps by, glances at you in passing, hurries to catch up. Its flukes dematerialize in the blue. The bubbles hang for a while, like vapor trails after the jets are gone. Often a faint whistling is audible, diminuendo. Sometimes, when the dolphins have been feeding, a few silvery flurries of fish scales drift in their wake. The scales catch the sunlight and go incandescent. They are subject to sudden, fitful dances and accelerations, caught up in vortices of turbulence that the dolphins have left behind. They are evidence that a tribe of dolphins really did pass this way. Then, settling away from the surface brightness, the scales go into eclipse. The sunlight ceases to glint from them. The whistling lingers on in the imagination. It haunts, briefly, the higher wavelengths of memory, and then goes silent even there. The contrails fizz out and dissipate. The ocean is empty blue again.



LaBudde stepped forward with his shipmates and began disentangling dead and dying dolphins from the mesh. The dying trembled in their death throes. The dead stared with eyes wide open.

The Undercover Man

THE BEAKS OF SAM LABUDDE'S FIRST DOLPHINS strained against the net that had formed a canopy over them. Their flukes churned the ocean white. They thronged at the surface, desperate to force slack in the net sufficient to free their blowholes for a breath. Their shrieks and squeals began high in the hearing range of humans and climbed inaudible scales above. LaBudde wanted to scream himself.

The net was brailled, or hauled in. Its red mesh was scarcely visible, and the dolphins snagged in it seemed to levitate from the sea. High above the deck the great spool of the power block, turning by fits and starts, raised and gathered the seine, conveying the dolphins—some drowned, some still struggling feebly—up toward the block's tight aperture. The net passed through the block, crushing the dolphins, and then slowly descended to the deck. LaBudde stepped forward with his shipmates and began disentangling dead and dying dolphins from the mesh. The dying trembled in their death throes. The dead stared with eyes wide open. LaBudde noticed that the hue of the iris was different in each animal—dolphins are individuals even in death. He noticed his own red arms. A dolphin, the first he had ever touched in his life, had left him bloody to the elbows.

Months later, on land, Sam LaBudde's sleep would be troubled by a recurrent dream in which injured dolphins spoke in cryptic tongues. He might have spared himself the dream, perhaps, had he given vent to his feelings at sea. He could not. LaBudde was not what he seemed—just another crewman on a Panamanian purse seiner in the eastern tropical Pacific. LaBudde was a spy.

For reasons unclear, schools of spotted dolphins, spinner dolphins, and common dolphins travel in company with schools of yellowfin tuna. The association is commonest in the eastern tropical Pacific (ETP)—the warm waters west of Mexico, Central America, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and northern Chile. Tuna fishermen have long made use of it, searching for dolphins in order to find fish. Until recently the presence of dolphins simply flagged the location of tuna. Dolphins are conspicuous travelers. ("Huzza Porpoise:" Herman Melville wrote in *Moby-Dick*, "I call him thus because he always swims in hilarious shoals, which upon the broad sea keep tossing themselves to heaven like caps in a Fourth-of-July

crowd.") Spotted dolphins, which are the greatest broad jumpers of all cetaceans, raise white fountains in the ocean on coming down. Spinner dolphins, whirling like dervishes as they exit the water, make centrifugal re-entries that scoop holes in the ocean. The holes collapse on themselves with a concussive splash that signals "Brother!" to other spinners and "Yellowfin!" to tuna fishermen.

Until recently the fish underneath the dolphins were caught by rod, line, and baitless hook. It was a fine old Stone Age method. In the Caroline Islands of Micronesia men in outrigger canoes have fished that way for millennia. The lures are iridescent pearl shell. The hooks are turtle shell or steel. No bait is necessary. The pounding outrigger and hull beat up a froth that attracts the tuna, bringing them right up under the stern. The outrigger pounds the sea, the captain mutters his fish magic, the crew yells itself hoarse, the poles dip and rise as the tuna bite at everything and fly aboard in silvery arcs. The dolphins accompanying the fish, too smart to go for baitless hooks, are not much inconvenienced—unless it is by the loss of their cold-blooded companions and whatever symbiotic advantages the relationship offers them.

All this changed in the early 1960s, with the application of purse-seining techniques to tuna fishing. Since then any dolphins sighted in the ETP have been rounded up with "seal bombs" (underwater explosives that originated in the days of the California sardine fishery, when they were used to discourage seals from raiding the nets) and speedboats and encircled by a mile-long fence of net, its upper edge buoyed by a line of floats—the "corkline"—its lower edge hanging several hundred feet deep. Cables draw the bottom of the seine tight, trapping the dolphins and any tuna swimming underneath. Toward the end of each "set" on dolphins the crew is supposed to follow a procedure called backdown, which is intended to allow the dolphins to escape over the corkline of the net, but often—in darkness or on high seas, from equipment failure, human error, or some unexpected panic by the dolphins—something goes wrong and dolphins die. As a rule only a handful drown, or dozens, but occasionally, in what are called disaster sets, hundreds die, even thousands.

The 1960s were catastrophic for dolphins. By the end of the decade between a quarter and a half million dolphins were being killed annually in the ETP. Hardest hit

were spotted dolphins, next spinner dolphins, and then common dolphins. Since 1960, according to the best available figures, six million dolphins have been killed by purse seiners in the ETP.

But the real number exceeds six million. National Marine Fisheries Service figures make no allowance for mortality among injured, exhausted, or separated animals. Those bloody dolphins Sam LaBudde pulled from the net, for example—animals with broken beaks, or with pectoral fins torn from their sockets—are not counted as dead if they show any signs of life. No allowance is made for shark attacks on hurt, exhausted, or disoriented dolphins as they leave the net, though such attacks are common. No allowance is made for the stress on and fragmentation of dolphin society after months, years, and now decades of repeated sets. “The moot point is, whether Leviathan can long endure so wide a chase, and so remorseless a havoc,” Melville wrote. His concern then was for the great cetaceans, but today the same moot point might be made about the small.

The magnitude of the dolphin slaughter of the 1960s, once it became known, was a driving force behind the Marine Mammal Protection Act of 1972. “It shall be the immediate goal,” the MMPA stated, “that the incidental kill or incidental serious injury of marine mammals permitted in the course of commercial fishing operations be reduced to insignificant levels approaching a zero mortality and serious injury rate.” To reach that goal in the ETP a schedule was established for decreasing the allowable dolphin kill each year, a research program was funded for the development of dolphin-saving gear and techniques, and an observer program was set up.

This is how things stand in the minds of many today—the legislation enacted, the problem solved.

In fact, before the ink was dry on the MMPA, the act was being compromised and eroded. The tuna industry has never ceased its direct assaults and end runs on the law. The government agencies charged with policing the fishermen have been shamefully negligent. The fishermen were given until 1976 before the first quota, an allowable dolphin kill of 78,000, took effect. (This was called a grace period, though that hardly seems the word.) Thus for the first four years of its existence the Marine Mammal Protection Act was nothing of the kind. For the next few years the dolphin kill did decline steadily, as stipulated by the MMPA. (In 1975, before quotas, 166,645 dolphins died in U.S. nets, by the conservative official estimate. In 1977 the official underestimate was only 25,452.)

Then came the Reagan era, and the decline ceased. In 1984, under tuna-industry pressure, the MMPA was amended so that the year’s kill quota of 20,500 would apply to every year from then on. The original goal, a dolphin kill “reduced to insignificant levels approaching zero,” was abandoned. Under Reagan, funds for research on dolphin-saving gear were greatly reduced, regulations

were relaxed, enforcement was softened. Since the MMPA’s passage at least 800,000 dolphins have died in U.S. nets alone. The dolphin kill by tuna fishermen in the ETP continues to be the greatest slaughter of marine mammals on earth.

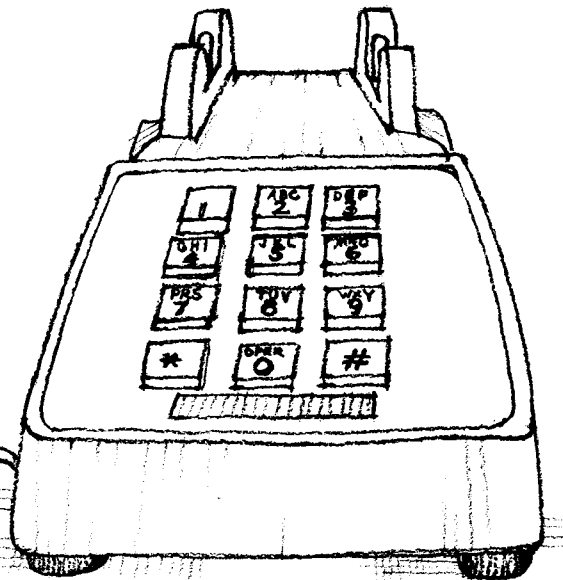
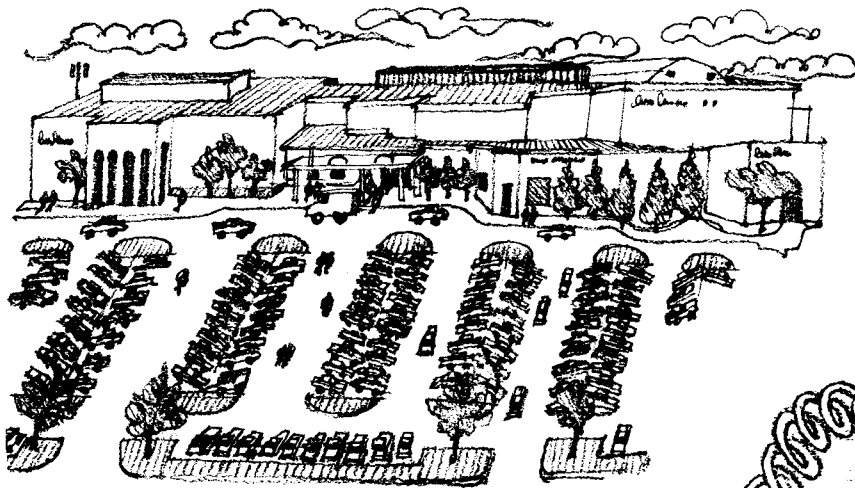
The tuna-dolphin dilemma demonstrates, better even than the archetype, the inexorable dynamic of what Garrett Hardin has called “the tragedy of the commons.” The renewed controversy is a nice lesson, too, on the tenuousness of conservation victories. (Environmental battles are won sometimes, but never the war.) The decline of the dolphins is another illustration of what may prove to be the greatest environmental threat of all: the short attention span of modern man.

SAM LABUDDE IS NOT A SPY IN THE JAMES BOND mold. He is a slender Norwegian-Cherokee of 140 pounds and somewhat more than middle height. He was born in 1956 in Madison, Wisconsin, and moved early in his childhood to southern Indiana. He grew up a Hoosier, at the edge of the Bible Belt, far from the sea. In elementary school music class he was a patriot. He *requested* “The Battle Hymn of the Republic” and “The Marines’ Hymn,” and his voice rose loudest of all (“I loved believing in something”). By the time LaBudde left high school, his homeroom teacher could not get him to stand up for any of it, not even the school song. He himself is puzzled at the transformation. “Partly I think it was an awareness of my own heritage and what had happened to the American Indians in this country. It’s essentially the same thing that’s been done to the land.” One thing about his boyhood was peculiar: he hardly grew. On graduation from high school he was scarcely five feet tall.

Graduating, he embarked on one of those American odysseys: six months working in a factory, a couple of semesters of college, escape from Indiana, a year in San Francisco, odd jobs in Seattle, tree planting in the Cascades, seismic work in the Rockies. Then his pituitary kicked in, and his growth was suddenly vertical as well as geographical. If his life had direction, he thinks, it was movement away from humanity. He liked nature better than man. In his convictions he became an environmentalist. The convictions were formed not by books or tracts but by experience of the world.

“Sometimes, tree planting, we’d drive an hour and a half before sunrise, just to get to where we were planting trees that day. Then you’d come back in late afternoon. The country was all just bombed and gutted. Clear cuts. You can’t find any virgin timber in the Cascades. Everywhere you go, you see giant stumps, ten, twelve, fifteen feet across, but you never see *trees* that big.

“I climbed the Grand Teton. I got up there and all I could see was fire. I think I counted eight fires burning from Idaho across Wyoming and up to Montana that day.



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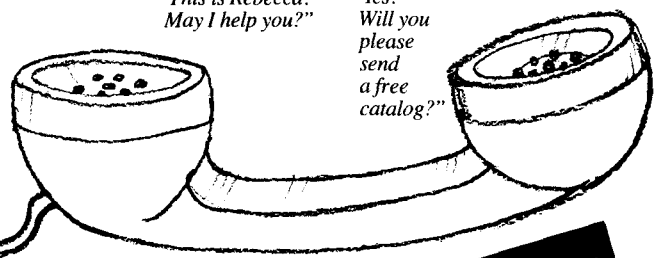
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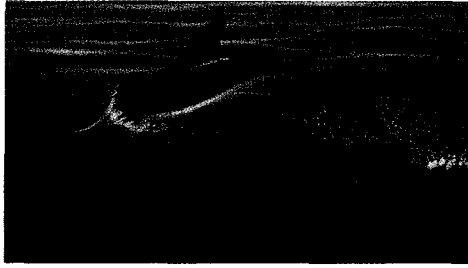
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The magnitude of the dolphin slaughter, once it became known, was a driving force behind the Marine Mammal Protection Act of 1972. But before the ink was dry, the act was being compromised and eroded.

Everywhere. It seemed the land had just been *used* . . . used and abused."

In search of unabused country, he migrated north to Alaska, driving up the Al-Can Highway in winter. He spent four years in Alaska, working as a machinist's apprentice, a marine engineer, a commercial fisherman, and a seismic crewman again.

"I had a good job," he says, of this second stint of seismic work. "We were on the North Slope, five or six miles offshore on the pack ice. I'd go out in a vehicle behind the surveyers, who were on foot, and check the depth of the ice to see if it was safe for the vehicle in which I was driving to be on top of it." LaBudde's seismic crew was the first to enter the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge to prospect for oil. The bad karma of that invasion is balanced, he hopes, by the quarter million Douglas firs he had planted earlier in the Lower Forty-Eight.

In 1984 he left Alaska. "I'm rarely satisfied with where I am," he says. "I haven't had a home since I was eighteen. I haven't really been settled anywhere. I've always wanted to have a home, but I haven't found anything that seems right." On impulse he drove a motorcycle from Alaska back to Indiana. Many of LaBudde's projects have begun in impulse. Impulsiveness lies alongside wanderlust in a spot close to his heart.

He went back to school—courses in biology, photography, silversmithing—and finished a four-year undergraduate degree in two years. Then came another period of being at loose ends: apple picking in Wisconsin, a motorcycle trip to the Florida Keys to learn scuba diving, an interlude trapped in the Keys ("I was waiting tables, doing double shifts in various restaurants, trying to get the hell out of Florida"). The heat and boredom of the Keys triggered an outburst of résumés, and one of these landed him a job as a National Marine Fisheries Service observer on a Japanese trawler in the Bering Sea.

In the Bering Sea, LaBudde decided that what he really wanted to do was work on rain forests. In the summer of 1987, after his NMFS debriefing in Seattle, he cashed his Bering Sea paycheck, climbed into his battered Volkswagen Rabbit, and headed in the general direction of South America. He attempted, unsuccessfully, to climb Mount Rainier, and then, fairly easily, scaled Mount Shasta. He spent a month crisscrossing the Sierra Nevada. Then he glanced into his wallet and realized that he was nearly broke.

"I thought, *San Francisco*—isn't that where all the environmental heavyweights are? So I went to the Nature Conservancy. Very white-collar. 'Well, fill out a form, this is what we have.' They didn't have anything. Nobody there was really willing to talk. So I went over to Greenpeace. They wanted me to work as a canvasser. I thought, Hey, I have experience in a whole bunch of things! I'm a biologist! I need experience in rain-forest issues. So I put a dollar in their donation box and walked out the door."

He dropped by Earth Island Institute, a San Francisco umbrella organization—or seed log, perhaps—for a number of new environmental concerns. One of these, Rain-forest Action Network, sounded promising, and he went in to see about a job. Randy Hayes, the founder and director, was on the phone, as usual. Killing time while he waited, LaBudde picked up a copy of *Earth Island Journal*.

"It was the dolphin issue, with the purple cover," he says. "I was just amazed. I was a fisherman, a biologist. I thought I was informed about environmental things. I knew about the depletion of the ozone layer before most people did, and about the destruction of the rain forests. But I had thought whales and dolphins were sacrosanct species, above abuse. Nobody had told me they were being captured in nets, with speedboats and explosives and helicopters."

Why, LaBudde asked, weren't they telling anyone? They were trying, David Phillips and Todd Steiner, of Earth Island, protested. (They had, after all, produced the very article that this stranger, the Sierra dirt still dark under his fingernails, was holding in his hand.) Earth Island had the facts on the slaughter, Phillips and Steiner said. They had a lot of dry documentation. What they needed was film. Well, LaBudde wondered, couldn't someone get on a tuna boat? He himself was a former fisherman and NMFS observer; he could probably get aboard.

In the following days LaBudde talked the idea over with Phillips and Steiner and with Stan Minasian, the director of the Marine Mammal Fund, another outfit based in San Francisco. LaBudde conferred with William Perin, the NMFS biologist who had first brought the tuna-dolphin problem to world attention, back in the 1960s. ("He warned me about ending up in concrete galoshes," LaBudde says.) Stan Minasian, more than the others, seemed to believe that LaBudde might pull such a mis-

sion off, but neither the Marine Mammal Fund nor Earth Island had the money to help finance it. If LaBudde succeeded in getting aboard a tuna boat, they suggested, then they might be able to get a video camera to him, but that was the most they could do for him. LaBudde still smarts a little at this marginal vote of confidence.

"He was a drifter type," David Phillips remembers. "He looked like he hadn't changed his clothes in a couple of weeks. He had this battered old Volkswagen and he was living out of his car. When he said he was headed down to Ensenada to get on a boat and he went out the door, Todd and I looked at each other and said, 'Sayonara.' What were the odds?"

Aboard the *Maria Luisa*

IN SEPTEMBER OF 1987 LABUDDE DROVE HIS OLD Volkswagen across the border. His first night in Ensenada he slept on the beach flats south of town. In the morning he woke to Mexican voices—six or seven women and their children rooting in burning mounds of garbage for food. He rose, brushed off the sand, and drove to the waterfront to look for work.

At the gate to the docks a work permit was required for entry. LaBudde sneaked in, as he would during the next few days of job hunting, by walking in around the breakwater. Later he discovered that the guard on early-morning duty was an old man who didn't care about permits. If he arrived early enough, he could stroll straight in. For three weeks he drifted from boat to boat, trying to find work. His Spanish was terrible. The fishermen were a varied lot, speaking dialects from all over Hispanic America and Spain. When he asked a captain about a job, he could never be sure whether the answer was yes, no, or maybe. His hopes settled finally on the *Maria Luisa*, a boat of Panamanian registry. The captain, if he understood the man right, always seemed to be telling him to try again in three days or a week.

When not on the waterfront, LaBudde hung out in Ensenada. He was on foot now—a friend had driven his car back to the States—and his funds were low, but he survived. "You can live on about two dollars a day in Mexico," he says. "It's not easy—you have to eat a lot of fish tacos and sleep on the beach—but it can be done." Passing the time, he started writing a novel along the lines of *Watership Down*. The heroes were hummingbirds, and the story told how their rain forests were being destroyed.

The tuna captains were curious: why would a former Alaskan fisherman like him, a man who could make \$4,000 a month in Alaska, want to work on an Ensenada boat for 30,000 pesos a week—about \$15? Because he was tired of American life, LaBudde would answer. He was burned out on the United States and wanted to go to the Andes. On a tuna boat he could work his way closer to those mountains while learning Spanish and practicing

a trade he knew. It was not a bad story—there was more than a little truth in all its parts—and LaBudde's résumé was fairly impressive. He had been a commercial fisherman and a machinist. As a mechanic, he pointed out, he had the advantage of literacy in English, the language of the manuals for the American outboard motors that powered the seiner speedboats.

The *Maria Luisa's* captain finally gave LaBudde an unequivocal no, in spite of that. (The man had good instincts, perhaps.) The boat's owner, a Basque lawyer from Panama, was visiting at the time, and LaBudde went over the captain's head to this man. On the one hand, the move was a good one, for the owner hired him immediately. On the other hand, the captain never forgave him and for the next six weeks at sea hardly spoke to him.

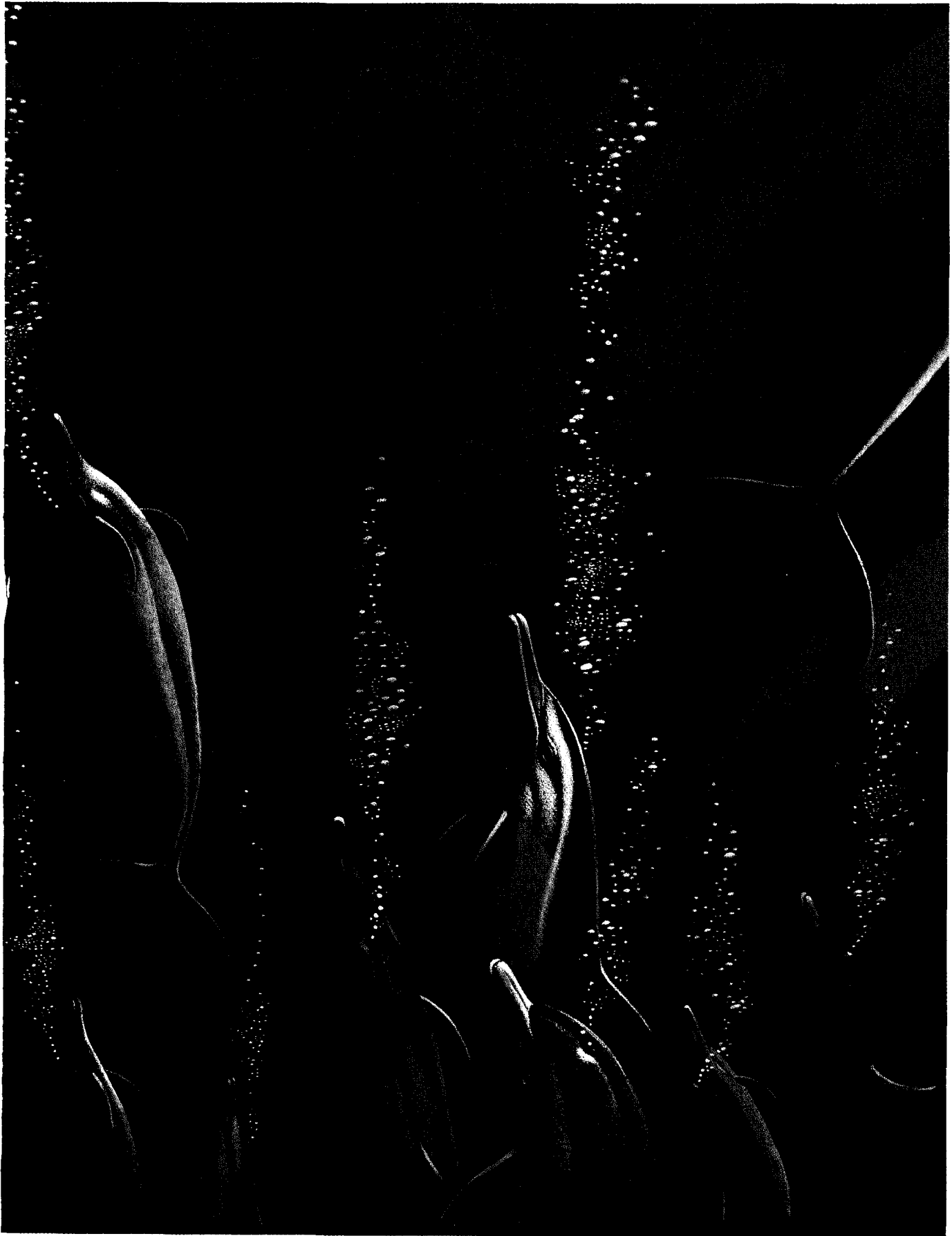
Twenty-four hours before the boat's departure LaBudde caught a bus to the border, rode the trolley into San Diego, and called Stan Minasian in San Francisco. "Stan, listen, I think I can swing a video camera," he said. "It's got to be small, and it's got to be here in San Diego early tomorrow." Minasian replied that he already had a camera picked out, an eight-millimeter Sony Camcorder. He would buy it the next morning and airfreight it down. LaBudde got a room at the Y and took a cab the next morning to the airport. The camera was supposed to arrive at noon, but it missed the first flight. The second flight was supposed to get in at 2:00, but that flight was delayed.

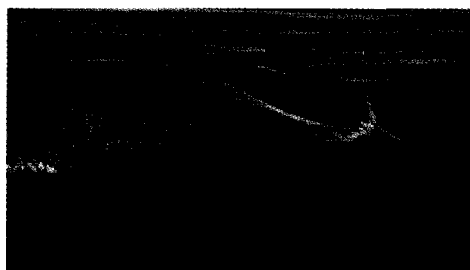
"I was bouncing off the walls," LaBudde remembers. "It was getting late, and I still had a hundred miles to go back to Ensenada. I called Stan and asked him to wire some money. I was going to have to take taxis all the way back to Mexico."

The plane finally arrived at 3:45 and then sat for a time on the field. At the airfreight desk a friendly man from Trinidad and Tobago had just come on shift, and LaBudde explained his problem in some detail. Perhaps the West Indian had always liked the dolphins around Trinidad and Tobago. Perhaps he just liked spy stories. He waved LaBudde aboard his pickup, and they intercepted the baggage cart on the tarmac, just as it was about to disappear into the catacombs of the terminal. The man lifted off LaBudde's package and drove him out front, where LaBudde caught the first of his cabs to Ensenada. He arrived at the dock eighteen minutes before the *Maria Luisa* was to sail. The port authority was completing its final review.

The seiner put to sea on a Friday, an inauspicious day for sailing, and the *Maria Luisa* would prove, indeed, an unlucky vessel. As they left the harbor, LaBudde took a deep breath and brought out the camera. He'd be wise, he thought, to habituate the crew to it early. "It's a little thing," he says. "It's less conspicuous than a thirty-five-millimeter camera, because you can hold it with one hand and keep eye contact. It was *festive*." The Sony, he







LaBudde recalls, “Captain hollered up to lookout, said, ‘How many dolphins are in the net?’ Guy says, ‘About fifty.’ Captain says, ‘Haul the net!’ No backdown. They didn’t try to save any of them.”

explained to his shipmates, was a present his wealthy retired father had bought his ne’er-do-well son.

In the job he had signed on for, LaBudde never did so well, and he did not last long in it. “I was a speedboat driver. I was supposed to go out and help round up dolphins with bombs. In the speedboats you have headsets on, and the captain can talk to all the drivers. But my Spanish wasn’t good enough. I couldn’t understand the captain, especially when he got mad. His name is Perico, which means a little bird, a canary. He’d get mad and start screaming, and I wouldn’t understand a word that was coming out of his mouth.”

That Perico’s squawks confused LaBudde was just as well, for in a speedboat he had no way to accomplish his secret mission. He was transferred to deck duty, which served his purposes better. “We went out for a month, and made only one set on dolphins. The set was an absolute disaster. I wasn’t going to film the first dolphin set. I hadn’t been filming much with the camera—I wanted to sit on it and try to keep it cool. I couldn’t very well bring the camera out the first time we made a set on dolphins. Except that I did. It turned into a disaster set so fast. I got out the camera, and stood there next to the first mate, who was a Basque, the brother-in-law of the owner. He’d turn around and look at me, and I’d drop the camera down and act real casual. I’d give him a look like, *Isn’t this amazing?* Then I’d put the camera back up.”

THE SEINER’S STERN SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY AND then shudders again, as if the boat were firing off a salvo. The ocean lights up in flashes of yellow and red. Then the frame steadies, a finger finds the color-balance button, the ocean shifts blue again. (The salvos and pyrotechnics were all in the technique of the cameraman.) The “panga,” the heavy skiff that will anchor the net, goes off the stern. The seiner pulls away from it, paying out net. The big yellow floats of the corkline come to life and begin snaking overboard.

Scene shift: Speedboats are inscribing white semicircles on a calm ocean, herding dolphins. The camera is steady and sure now. Scene shift: The dolphins are massed inside the net. At least a thousand are in the school, maybe two thousand. At the moment they seem reasonably calm. They are spinner dolphins. Their triangular fins break the surface by the score and then cut back under. Scene shift: The dolphins are in a

panic, hundreds of them canopied in the middle portion of the net. The net is all white explosive spray and chaos. At this distance no one can be sure what sort of animals are roiling the sea. It looks as if someone were trying to drown a regiment of cavalry. White gulls hover, excited. A frigate bird drops down to have a closer look.

“The camera was moving around,” LaBudde says of this first footage. “I had to do real short hits on stuff. I was on the deck crew, twenty people were running all over the place, and I had to go down and start pulling dolphins out of the net. I got good shots of the canopy, but I didn’t get a lot of it.” One to two hundred eastern spinner dolphins died, trapped under the canopy, in that first set. When the carcasses had been disentangled from the net and dumped, shark bait, the crew had their catch—a single yellowfin tuna.

The seiner’s luck did not improve. The *Maria Luisa* passed schools of skipjack but did not bother to set on them. Those schools were small fry. The quest was for *aleta amarilla*. “There’s no status or honor to catching anything besides the big yellowfin with dolphins,” LaBudde says. “There’s this big machismo associated with dolphin fishing. The smaller species of tuna, even though you get almost as good money for them these days, are just ‘trash.’”

In her crew list the *Maria Luisa* was an allegorical vessel, as multinational as the *Pequod*: Mexican, Costa Rican, Nicaraguan, Venezuelan, Peruvian, Portuguese, Paraguayan, Basque, Hoosier. That varied crew liked LaBudde. The captain detested him. Only one man, as far as he could tell, ever grew suspicious of him. This was LaBudde’s watch partner, a Mexican, the one crewman besides himself who spoke any English. “He got homesick,” LaBudde recalls. “He played sick so he could go home and see his wife. Lying on his bunk for a week, pretending to be sick, he had a lot of time to think. He started asking stuff like ‘What are you doing here? What are you up to? I know you’re up to something.’ I’d just blow him off. That was easy, because he was real crazy. He knew the words to every Beatles song ever written. He didn’t understand them all, but he knew them.”

In Panama the *Maria Luisa* dropped off the malingering Beatles fan and then returned to sea for another two weeks. The fishing continued bad. The food was awful.

“We called our cook ‘Juan Papas’ [‘John Potatoes’], be-

cause we got two kinds of potatoes with every meal. And greasy red meat with some kind of terrible salad. The crew was really burned out on him, and he was really burned out on cooking."

LaBudde began coveting the job. He had several motives. He and his shipmates would eat better, he figured. He would move higher in the ship's hierarchy—the cook rules in the galley, subservient there to no one, not even the captain. As cook, LaBudde would have locked cabinets in which to secure his video camera. As cook, he would have no duties on deck during sets on dolphins, which would free him to film the sets. When Juan Papas asked for a day off, LaBudde volunteered to fill in for him.

"The first thing I ever made for the crew was chicken," he remembers. "I'd never cooked a chicken in my life. I made six of them. This is where waiting tables at college and down in the Florida Keys paid off, because I knew what good food was supposed to look like. I made it up as I went along. They kept saying, 'No, Sam, really, where did you learn to cook?' I told them I just made it up as I went along, *and it was true*. I was a vegetarian. I'd go down to the freezer and I'd see these twenty-pound hunks of dead animals frozen solid. I don't even know what animal it comes from, or what part it is, or anything about what to do with it, except you've got to thaw it out and cut it."

LaBudde figured out how to cut red meat, tenderize it, cook it. At each meal he would set out eight or ten different dishes, twice what Juan Papas had offered. Unlike his predecessor, he exercised foresight: everything came up at the same time and was hot when the crew sat down. In the climactic ten minutes over the big grill, LaBudde ordered everyone away in his primitive Spanish. It was frantic, creative, fun.

The navigator, a 300-pound Mexican, became a fierce advocate of LaBudde as cook, and the rest of the crew were rooting for him. Juan Papas, the sort of man content to peel potatoes for hours, was happy to accept a demotion to galley hand. LaBudde had positioned himself where he wanted to be. "I spent some time cultivating an eccentric personality," he says. "The crazy cook. The big knife in your hand. It's easy to do. I'm real inconsistent in my personality anyway. I'm very uneven. Highs and lows all the time. And when you're not fluent in a language, you can hide behind your ignorance. People have a harder time reading who you are and what you're thinking."

The *Maria Luisa* continued to find no fish, however, and eventually this produced a hitch in the new cook's plans. The boat was called back to Panama, and Perico, the captain, packed his bags. The captain was LaBudde's enemy but had proved himself no enemy of tuna. LaBudde celebrated, but not for long. Perico's replacement was a huge Basque. This man's appearance, for Samuel LaBudde, was as disquieting as Ahab's had been for Ishmael. The big Basque's name was Joseba.

"It's late at night," LaBudde remembers. "They're out drinking the national drink of Basqueland. It's flavored with something terrible, twisted, the last thing you would imagine flavoring liquor with. Damn! I can't remember the name."

That would be *izarra*, I suggested. The word means "stars" in Euskara, the strange, anomalous, non-European tongue of the Basques. The liqueur is flavored with the flowers of the Pyrenees. The green variety drunk by men is 100 proof. The name refers, maybe, to the private constellations a drinker sees after consuming enough of it.

"No, that's not it," LaBudde said. "It's flavored with something crazier than that. Some kind of a nut. Anyway, the new captain shows up. He's a big Basque, about six four. A giant son of a bitch."

"So you're the gringo," Captain Joseba said to LaBudde. With that he turned his back and began talking in Euskara to his compatriots.

LaBudde was having trouble enough with Spanish. Euskara—the tongue of the ancient Iberians, according to one theory; of a lost tribe of North African Berbers, according to a second; of the drowned continent of Atlantis, according to a third—was opaque to him. But he understood the body language. On learning that the captain intended to find a new cook, he was depressed but not surprised.

His popularity with the crew, fortunately, was such that he was given a two-day trial run as cook for the big Basque. He rose to the challenge, and the two days proved enough. "I did my best to keep the captain out of the kitchen," he says of the uneasy truce that followed. "Took coffee and rolls up to him on the bridge every morning. Keep him up there. If he didn't have to come downstairs for coffee, I never had to see him."

Despite this separation of powers, occasional arguments arose between the master of the ship and the master of the galley. LaBudde did not peel his potatoes, naturally; he simply scrubbed them—all those vitamins in the skins. After his third meal of unpeeled potatoes Joseba noticed what he was eating and threw a fit. The captain felt about potato skins, apparently, the way the cook felt about Basque liqueur.

A Slaughter of Dolphins

HALFWAY OUT OF THE WATER, A COSTA RICAN spinner dolphin, caught by its beak in the mesh, wriggles free and drops back in. The triangular fin cuts under, and the dolphin rejoins its mates in the steadily shallowing belly of the net. Another entangled spinner rises. Its head is pressed awkwardly forward, its dorsal fin bent sideways, its beak half open. It is nearly to the power block when something—the dorsal?—appears to break, and the dolphin and dark fragments of it tumble back into the sea.

The net at first is selective. The youngest spinners, quickest to tire, are the first to be caught in it. For a time mostly the slender bodies of calves are borne up the conveyer of the red mesh. The camera rolls on and soon the adults, too, die or surrender and begin the climb. They rise, a dense mass of bodies, until the steepening angle of the net tips them off, four or five at a time, to pitch downward, beak over tailfin, to be caught again by the net's shallower angle at the waterline, to begin the climb once more.

A large male dolphin, completely enshrouded in mesh, approaches the power block. It twists and bucks wildly. The camera notices. The struggles of most dolphins at this stage are much feebler. In this animal the life force seems unusually strong. The camera zooms in. The dolphin passes quickly through the power block. Emerging, it slides down the red mound of brailed net, shoved and guided by the hands of fishermen. A strange thing has happened to it. The amplitude of the big dolphin's struggles has flattened out. Where before its flukes traveled through a wide arc, a reflexive swimming motion, now they beat in a shallow, spasmodic flutter. That moment in the power block was too brief, it seems, to have wrought the change. But that is how it always seems, of course, for mortal creatures passing through that particular door. The fishermen slide the big dolphin, its flukes still fluttering, along the wet deck. They shove it to the top of a sluiceway and send it along to the sharks.

"The first day of the year, we got permission to fish in Costa Rican territorial waters," LaBudde says of this set, in January of last year. "To celebrate we went and wiped out probably five percent of the world's population of these Costa Rican spinners in a single afternoon."

The Costa Rican spinner is the largest of the spinner dolphins, and the rarest. In 1979 the population was estimated at 9,000. The *Maria Luisa's* set, a decade later, killed two or three hundred of however many Costa Rican spinners remained in the world. When the last of the dead dolphins had been extricated and cast adrift, the fishermen had their catch—ten or twelve yellowfin tuna.

*A dense bolus of trapped dolphins fills the frame. Their beaks and dorsal fins push above the surface, making sharp tents in the mesh. They are unable to maintain the tents for long. The weight of the net and of the snagged bodies below keeps striking the tents and dragging the dolphins down. They are common dolphins, *Delphinus delphis*. The camera is very close, and the sequence goes on for a long time. In the course of it the violence of the splashing subsides. With close attention one can pick out the moment in which first this dolphin, now that one, gives up and ceases to struggle.*

"Common dolphins are unique," Sam LaBudde says. "They behave differently in a net than other dolphins. Most dolphins get in a big ball and mill around. These common dolphins—maybe because this was a school of

only about fifty—would come up and cycle in a long line, like a big snake, the mothers and children side by side. Then they'd all disappear for a while, go down in the net—I guess to look for a way out. We killed them all, though. We wiped out the whole school. Captain hollered up to lookout, said, 'How many dolphins are in the net?' Guy says, 'About fifty.' Captain says, 'Haul the net!' No backdown. They didn't try to save any of them."

LaBudde, reflecting, reaches for one of the hand-rolled cigarettes he keeps behind his ear. "At least, I thought we had killed them all in the net. But I was looking at the film later that night. I saw one of the crew members, below deck, reach through a porthole and grab this baby dolphin. It was a newborn. They're hardly a meter long when they're born. The guy dropped it over the side of the net. He probably thought he was doing a good deed. But that dolphin didn't have a prayer. Not a prayer. I mean, from the sharks, from not being able to nurse, from just being *lost* and not knowing what the hell's going on out there."

This must be, for a creature as gregarious as the dolphin, the bleakest of fates. Anyone who has swum with wild dolphins can imagine how it went. The newborn dolphin, the last of its tribe, swam away from the thrum of the *Maria Luisa's* diesels. The ocean ahead was empty blue, and no whistles, clicks, squeals, or squawks sounded in it. For the first time in the calf's short life, the sea was silent. The calf called, but there was no answer.

"For about fifteen minutes I'd been filming these common dolphins fighting in the net, getting crunched in the power block," LaBudde goes on. "I thought, 'Whoa, you better put this camera away. These guys are going to really wonder what your trip is. Why all the fascination with dolphin mortality?' So I go back in the kitchen and lock my camera up in one of the kitchen cabinets."

"I walk back out on deck, and here's our captain filleting a dolphin on the deck of the ship. An animal with a brain almost as large as his own, and he's cutting it up to eat it. Something snapped in me. *I couldn't do anything.* Anything I could have done would have been self-destructive. Except filming. So I went back and got the camera. I walked out on deck and pointed the camera at the captain. I thought, If he looks up, I'm dead. He sliced about fifteen seconds more, using a little three-inch penknife."

Joseba is bending over the dead dolphin with his penknife. He straddles the animal, making cuts down the length of the body. He is quick and efficient. Clearly he has done this before. He wears only blue shorts and a pair of running shoes. His chest and belly hang a little slack—the sabotage of LaBudde's good cooking, all those desserts. As he labors, a medallion—Saint Christopher?—swings from his neck. He glances up toward the camera and then back to his work. He

does a double-take. Unbending stiffly at the waist, he gestures toward the cameraman. The scene abruptly ends.

This has the look of LaBudde's Last Tape. Consider that warning in California about concrete galoshes. In fact LaBudde salvaged the situation with little difficulty. He has told me what happened next.

"I clicked the camera off and walked over. Before he had a chance to say anything, I said, 'Gee, I didn't know these were good to eat! I didn't know you could do this. Are all dolphins good to eat?' That hands him the ball. It diffuses any sense that I'm anything more than naive, and it asks a question to get more information."

LaBudde shook his head ruefully.

"For months everything I did, in every moment, was calculated for effect. I needed a cover or to diffuse fears or intuitions that I wasn't on the level. I like to think that's contrary to my nature. I'd just come out of college. I was trying to become a biologist. I believed that working on yourself, and who you are, should be a constant process throughout your life. To have to start pretending so hard, for so long, is really contrary to that. It's easy to lose track of yourself."

"But you were good at it?" I asked.

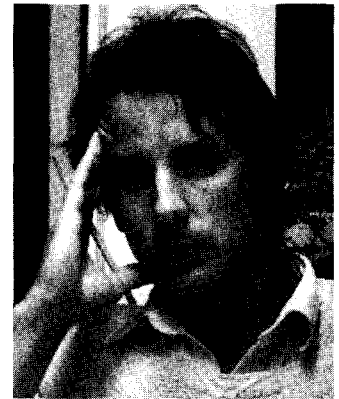
"I was great at it."

In the eastern tropical Pacific, Sam LaBudde discovered a number of talents he had not known he possessed: cooking, film making, patience, deception. He also discovered some limits. In the evening of that January day on which *Delphinus delphis*, the common dolphin, became a little less common, the crew ate dolphin for dinner. The cook did not partake of it. "I had a terrible lapse in my ability to understand Spanish," LaBudde says. "The galley boy had to prepare the dolphin. I wasn't going to do it."

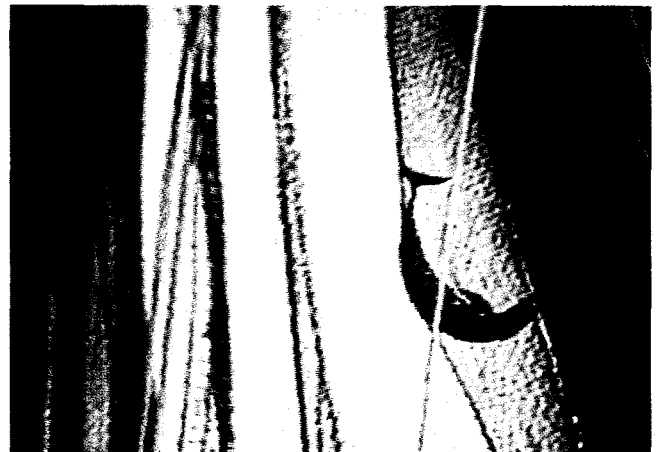
THE CORKLINE OF THE NET, STRETCHING OUT HUNDREDS of yards behind the boat, demarcates a long blue bay in the wider blue of the ocean. The net looks like a piece of art by Christo. It might be Running Fence, if that work instead of stopping at the shore had looped on out to sea. In the middle distance of the set is a white turbulence of dolphins. A fisherman in a yellow hard hat runs forward and hurls a seal bomb into the water off the stern. He is trying to drive the dolphins toward the escape panel at the rear of the net. The dolphin bombing produces no noticeable effect. (It will fail, indeed, and in this set at least two hundred dolphins will die.)

"We had a guy blow up his hand with a seal bomb," LaBudde recalls. "I was making dinner and I heard a bomb go off outside on deck. Fifteen seconds later this guy walks in, lays his hand in the sink. The skin on his fingers was split all the way down to the bone, and his whole palm was lacerated. It was lunch meat. It looked

Sam LaBudde (right), and some of the scenes he recorded with his video camera—of dolphins pulled toward the power block, massed inside a net, and about to be disemboweled—while serving as a member of the crew of the Maria Luisa.



STAN MINASIAN



VIDEO STILLS COURTESY OF EARTH ISLAND INSTITUTE

like he'd stuck it in a blender. So I played medic for an hour. The navigator and I wrapped it up with gauze. We couldn't do a thing with it. I took it upon myself to go in the medicine cabinet and give him enough Valium to knock him out. 'Sam, is it okay?' he asked me. I said, 'I think it just *looks* bad. Everything is still there. You should be okay. You should be able to use it.' Utter lies."

If seal bombs have an effect like that in air, LaBudde wonders, what effect do they have in a medium as dense as water? Water amplifies concussion. What are the implications of that fact of physics for the sonar and sensibilities of dolphins?

"They throw these seal bombs right on top of dolphins," LaBudde says. "Marine biologists have indicated that this could literally shatter eardrums."

The marine biologists who indicated this cannot have meant it literally, as a matter of fact. Ears as such—ears of the sort designed for terrestrial mammals—are next to useless under water, distorting sound and offering no clues as to the direction of origin. In dolphins the outer ear is vestigial, reduced to a pinhole. Dolphins hear primarily through their jawbones, which are hollow and filled with a sound-conducting oil, and through an oil-filled sac inside the melon. Nonetheless, LaBudde is right to be concerned. Dolphins have a nearly fabulous, princess-and-the-pea sensitivity to sound. The seal bomb, landing on the point of a dolphin's "hearing" jaw, clearly succeeds in scrambling its faculties for a time in the tuna set. How long afterward do its jaws go on ringing?

Blind dolphins have been known to survive in the wild, guided by exquisite acoustic images of their prey and warned by echoes of the dangers around them. A deaf dolphin, however, is a dead dolphin.

Perils of the Observation Post

ON TUNA SEINERS SEAL BOMBS ARE HANDY NOT just for herding dolphins but also for herding NMFS observers. "It was a very difficult situation," an observer named Kenneth Marten testified in a sworn affidavit of his service at sea. "The fishermen resented the presence of a government observer and engaged in every possible form of harassment and coercion. . . . I was prevented, on many occasions, from counting the actual number of animals killed. The fishermen would throw seal bombs at me so that I would retreat from the observation post."

That Kenneth Marten should be driven from his post, his ears ringing, by seal bombs is a circumstance reverberant with irony. Marten has a doctorate in bio-acoustics. The fishermen were hitting the scientist where he lived.

"At that time sets on eastern spinners were prohibited," Marten went on, "but the captain of this vessel ig-

nored the prohibition and set on any dolphins he could find. In fact, he set almost exclusively on eastern spinners, frequently at night. There were large kill levels, but many times I was threatened and assaulted to the point where I could not collect data sufficient to document these kills."

Thomas Jefferson, who was an official NMFS observer on a U.S. boat at the same time that Sam LaBudde was observing unofficially on his Panamanian seiner, told a similar tale: "In one instance a spinner dolphin with an apparent broken back was observed scooting over the corkline back into the net. When the net was hauled in, that animal came up dead. The captain asked that it not be counted in the kill figures, because it was released and came back into the net of its own accord."

Fudging his data sheets this way was not the Jeffersonian ideal, and he told the captain he could not do it. "From the onset of this trip," Jefferson testified, "it was made clear to me that if I reported lower kill figures than actually occurred I would be treated by the captain and crew in a much better manner. There were a variety of offers made to me to report lower kill figures, all of which constituted in my mind a form of bribery. The pressure put on observers in this capacity is almost indescribable. During sets that lasted into the evening hours, the captain would attempt to coerce or pressure me to get below, for most of the kills occurred at night."

Many other NMFS observers tell stories of this sort: threats, bribes, stray seal bombs, and various subtler pressures. Records disappear; data sheets and lab work-ups are thrown overboard. The observers' difficulty has its roots, of course, in several thousand years of nautical tradition—the tradition of Bligh and Ahab and Captain Queeg. At sea the observer is not a citizen in a democracy but a subject in a limited monarchy. He is a kind of court jester whose jokes are all bad and whom the king never wanted aboard in the first place.

Case Number SW870133MMA, a "notice of violation and assessment of administrative penalty," issued by the Department of Commerce to Captain Antonio F. Da Silva, of San Diego, suggests what life can be like for NMFS observers on U.S. tuna boats.

Count 1: On February 10, 1987, ANTONIO F. DA SILVA ordered the NMFS Observer to the pilothouse of the M/V AQUARIUS where he used excessively profane and abusive language toward the Observer concerning the species composition recorded by him in Marine Mammal Set Log #5.

In all but one of the thirteen counts that follow, all pertaining to different days, Captain Da Silva is cited for the same violation—an excessively profane and abusive dressing down of the observer. The repetition has a cumulative effect on the reader; for the observer it must have had one too. The captain's wrath was aroused by various deeds of the observer. In Count 2 Captain Da



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SEASON PREVIEW

America's top summer and fall jazz festivals

NEWPORT JAZZ AT SARATOGA *Saratoga Springs, NY July 1•2*

At the Saratoga Performing Arts Center's indoor-outdoor amphitheater, music issues from two stages from noon to midnight each day. Saturday's headliners include Ray Charles, David Sanborn, Wynton Marsalis, the Illinois Jacquet Big Band, and the Charles Mingus Super Band. Sunday's include B. B. King, Grover Washington, Jr., Spyro Gyra, Diane Schuur, the Dave Brubeck Quartet, the Tony Williams Quintet, and Branford Marsalis. Tickets: \$12-\$30. For more information or tickets: SPAC Box Office, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866; (518) 587-3330.

NEWPORT JAZZ AT FINGER LAKES *Canandaigua, NY July 1•2*

The music plays from 2 to 11 p.m. each day at the indoor-outdoor Finger Lakes Performing Arts Center. Saturday's headliners include Mel Tormé, B. B. King, Spyro Gyra, Branford Marsalis, and the Tony Williams Quintet. Sunday's include David Sanborn, Larry Carlton, the Illinois Jacquet Big Band, and Cassandra Wilson. Tickets: \$12.00-\$22.50. For more information or tickets: Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra Box Office, 100 East Ave., Rochester, NY 14604; (716) 222-5000.

JAZZ FESTIVAL NEWPORT *Newport, RI August 19•20*

Fort Adams State Park, overlooking Narragansett Bay, is the site of the nation's oldest jazz festi-



val, now in its 35th year. The music plays from 11 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. each day. Saturday's program consists of Wynton Marsalis, Spyro Gyra, Branford Marsalis, Dianne Reeves, and Herbie Mann. Sunday's headliners include the Dizzie Gillespie Quintet, David Sanborn, and the Dave Brubeck Quartet. Tickets: \$10.00-\$27.50 (for both days). For more information or tickets: JVC Jazz Festival Newport, P.O. Box 605, Newport, RI 02840; (401) 847-3700.

CHICAGO JAZZ FESTIVAL *Chicago, Ill. August 31•September 3*

The world's largest free jazz festival is held at the Petrillo Music Shell, in Grant Park on the city's lakefront, with music from 6 to 10:30 p.m. on Thursday and Friday, and noon to 10:30 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday. Thursday's headliners include Betty Carter and the Benny Carter All-Star Band. Friday's include the World Saxophone Quartet and Max Roach and his Double Quartet. Saturday's include the Jimmy McGriff / Hank Crawford

Group and Dizzy Gillespie's United Nations Orchestra. Sunday's include the Louisiana Repertory Jazz Ensemble and the Gil Evans Orchestra. No tickets required: all performances are free. For more information: Chicago Mayor's Office of Special Events, City Hall, Room 703, 121 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, IL 60602; (312) 744-3315.

MONTREUX-DETROIT JAZZ FESTIVAL *Detroit, Mich. August 31•September 4*

Styled after the prestigious summer jazz festival in Montreux, Switzerland, Montreux-Detroit is in its 10th year. Free concerts are given from noon to 11 p.m. daily, from three stages on Hart Plaza. The headliners include Sonny Rollins, on Friday; Max Roach and his Double Quartet, on Saturday; the World Saxophone Quartet, on Sunday; and Michael Brecker, on Monday. There are club concerts (including performances by Cassandra Wilson), meet-the-artist sessions, and late-night jam sessions, too. Tickets: free-\$15. For more information: Montreux-Detroit Jazz Festi-

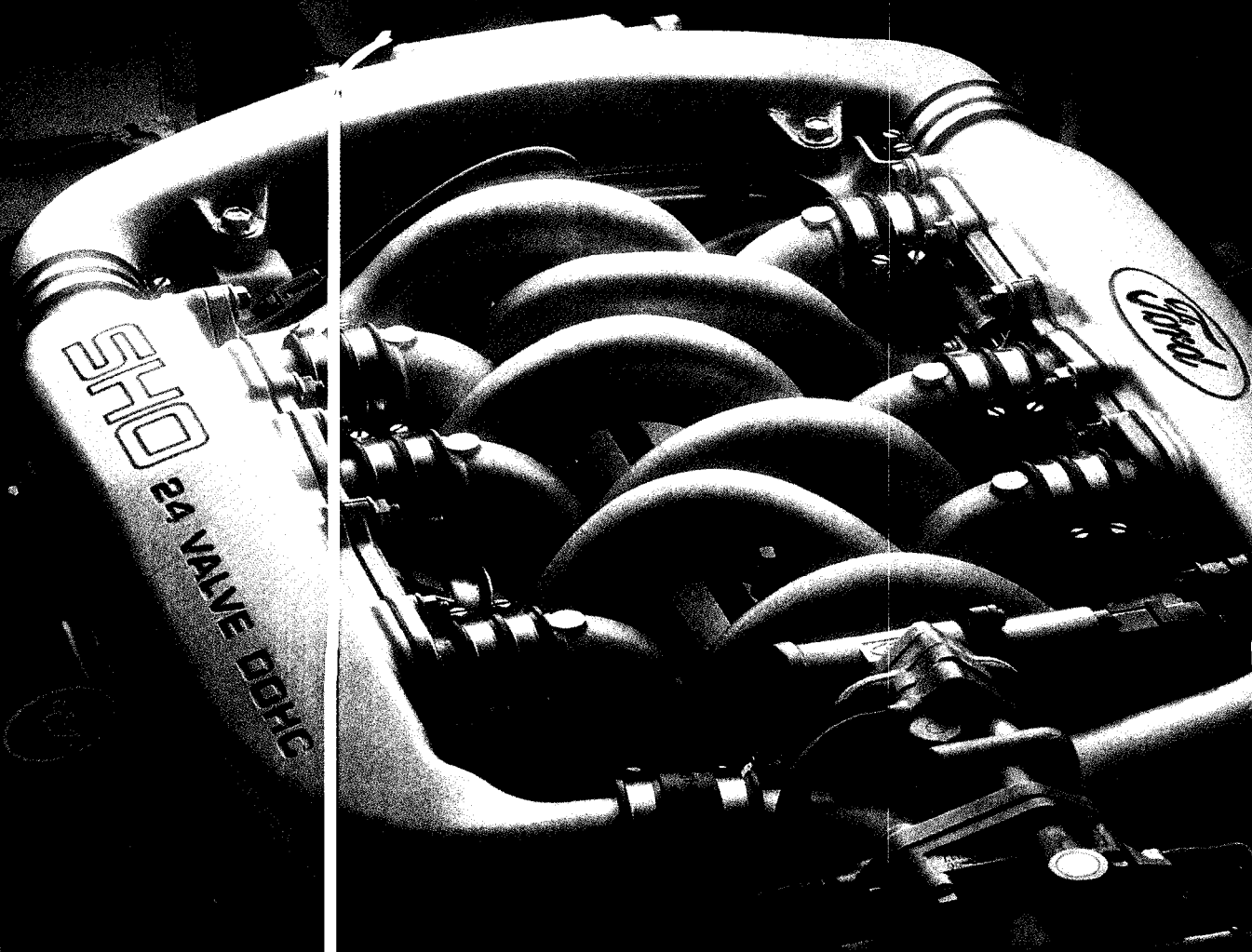
val, 100 Renaissance Center, Suite 1760, Detroit, MI 48243; (313) 259-5400. For tickets (from mid-August on): Festival Box Office, (313) 259-7749.

MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL *Monterey, Calif. September 15•17*

Held on the 23-acre Monterey County Fairgrounds, the nation's oldest continuously presented jazz festival puts on five concerts in the main arena and numerous performances in two smaller venues. The headliners include Dizzy Gillespie, Tania Maria, Billy Eckstine, Take Six, Etta James & the Roots Band, the Illinois Jacquet Big Band, Freddie Hubbard, Bobby Hutcherson, and Herbie Mann & Jasil Brazz. All-inclusive season tickets: \$80.50-\$90.00. For more information or tickets (hurry—tickets sell out early): Monterey Jazz Festival, P.O. Box JAZZ, Monterey, CA 93942; (408) 373-3366.

FLORIDA NATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL *Jacksonville, Fla. October 12•14*

The festival is held in and around the Florida National Pavilion, in Metropolitan Park; it's celebrating its 10th year. The Great American Jazz Piano Competition kicks things off on Thursday night, a Contemporary Jazz Spectacular fills Friday night, and then comes the 14-hour-long Superstar Saturday blowout. The talent won't be announced until August, but it's always an impressive lineup. No tickets required: all performances are free. For more information: Florida National Jazz Festival, 100 Festival Park Ave., Jacksonville, FL 32202; (904) 353-7770.



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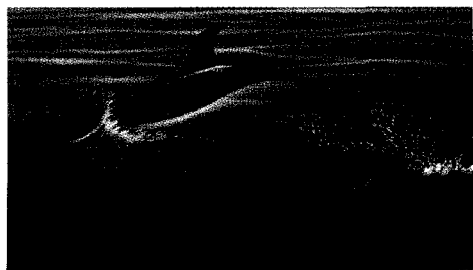
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An observer named Kenneth Marten testified in a sworn affidavit: “It was a very difficult situation. . . . The fishermen would throw seal bombs at me so that I would retreat from my observation post.”

Silva was excessively profane and abusive over the observer’s description in Set Log #16 of a dead porpoise floating outside the net. In Count 3 he was excessively profane and abusive over the observer’s description and drawings of a net canopy. In Count 4 he was excessively profane and abusive over the porpoise mortality counts in Set Logs #22 and #23. In Count 5 he was excessively profane and abusive about the observer’s daily request for the vessel’s latitude and longitude, and he shoved the observer in his stateroom. In Count 6 he was excessively profane and abusive about the observer’s galley duties. In Count 8 he shoved the observer out of the doorway to the rig room of the *Aquarius*.

Captain Da Silva confined much of his observer abuse to the pilothouse, it can be said in his favor. It was not so with Thomas Jefferson’s captain. “During the evening hours when dinner was being served,” Jefferson testified, “the captain often came down to the galley to give me a verbal thrashing. It was his way of protesting my logged deaths of dolphins, and of keeping the pressure on me in the hopes that I would soften up on my observed mortality figures.”

Antonio Da Silva was a repeat offender. The year before the citations of Case Number SW870133MMA, he had been cited for eight violations on another voyage—not abuse of the observer that time but abuse of dolphins (“failure to remove all live marine mammals prior to brailing,” for example). Perhaps his previous record contributed to the severity of his penalty in the later case. Da Silva was fined \$7,000. Rarely, however, do observers see this kind of justice. Kenneth Marten did not. At the end of the voyage on which Marten was harassed, coerced, and seal bombed, the federal marshal who debriefed him told him that the bombings should be prosecuted as criminal assault but would not be, because experience had shown that crew members would never give corroborating testimony.

In March of 1987 the Commerce Department’s inspector general investigated the NMFS Tuna Porpoise Management Branch in San Diego. “Since passage of the MMPA in 1972,” he reported,

enforcement appears to have been lenient. Prosecution has been selective, settlements have been characterized by protracted negotiations to accommodate the tuna industry, and settlements have been for amounts much less than those originally sought. For example, in

one case a settlement was reduced from \$305,024 (proposed at the hearing) to \$60,341. . . . In eleven recent cases of reported violations, no notices of violation were issued to the offenders. From a separate set of case analyses, we noted that from 1981 to 1985, \$107,000 was assessed but only \$51,000 was collected. We were told by NMFS staff with long-standing and intimate knowledge of tuna fishing operations that fines have been so low compared to incomes that skippers have knowingly violated the regulations and accepted the fines.

In other seas the NMFS does better by enforcement and is more protective of its observers. “When I was an observer on a *foreign* boat, I could call in the Coast Guard if things got weird,” Sam LaBudde says. “All my messages were sent in code. All my data was confidential. I sent in a weekly coded report. If something weird happened, I could tell them and they’d come do a boarding.”

These prerogatives of an observer on a Japanese trawler in the Bering Sea do not apply on U.S. seiners in the ETP. “The captain had total access to all of my records and could, at any time, ask to see any and all data sheets,” Kenneth Marten testified. “On one of the many occasions that the captain set illegally on eastern spinners, hundreds were killed. When the set was completed the captain inspected my log book. He saw the figures and went totally berserk, saying that if the numbers were reported the way I had written them, I would thereafter have to sleep in the net pile. I knew that if I ‘fell off’ I would never be found, and had to consider this as a threat against my life.”

IF LIFE IS GRIM FOR OBSERVERS ON TUNA BOATS, IT IS difficult too for spies. “I wanted to get off that boat so bad, so many times,” Sam LaBudde says. “Nothing was in it for me in terms of internal growth. It was like an exercise in sensory deprivation. Nothing happened for ages, and when something did happen, it was terribly depressing—dolphins died.

“I began to *hope* that we would make a dolphin set and that animals would be killed, just so I could record it. We knew this was going on all over the ocean, dozens if not hundreds of times a day, and that a couple of hundred thousand dolphins a year were dying. I needed some to die so I could document it. If I’d been a member of the crew, and not been there on the sly, I could have tried to

save some dolphins, or something. But I was there just as an observer, and not supposed to do anything to change what would normally have taken place."

Much of LaBudde's career has been spent at sea—fisherman, ice checker, NMFS observer, spy—but he does not feel particularly at home there. On the ocean he feels himself a transient. The biology that interests him most is terrestrial. His dream is not a long sail someplace but a long mountain walk northward, keeping pace with the breaking of spring up the Continental Divide.

"We'd come to port, and I'd buy everything I could get printed in English. I read *Moby-Dick*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, books by James Joyce. That was the only real refuge I had out on the boat."

On making port in Panama City for the fourth time, LaBudde collected his exposed tapes. He had stashed each one, as he shot it, in a plastic bag in his bunk. In town he found a courier service and sent all the tapes to San Francisco. He felt an enormous release. Five months on the *Maria Luisa*, four of them spent at sea, and he had accomplished what he had set out to do. Terra firma felt wonderful underfoot. For the rest of the day his step there felt unnaturally light. Two days later, when he called San Francisco for a critique of the tapes, Stan Minasian, of the Marine Mammal Fund, told him that he had succeeded better than they had dreamed. LaBudde asked if he should go out again. Minasian told him not to bother. He had great stuff, everything they needed; he should just come home.

Despite this advice, and after a fierce debate with himself, LaBudde decided to make one more voyage. It had taken time, luck, and hard work for him to get where he was on the *Maria Luisa*. Once his film was made public, he realized, perhaps no one would ever again be allowed to bring a camera aboard a tuna seiner. On this final trip he would concentrate on taking still photos for magazines.

On the day scheduled for departure he made breakfast aboard the seiner. He had been away five days, and his galley was a disaster. As he began cleaning it, he listened for the start-up of the engines. The sound did not come. He made lunch and cleaned up the lunch dishes. The boat remained silent. He walked down to the engine room. The crew had pulled the heads off one of the two generator motors and were unbolting the big pistons and shoving them up through the top of the block. LaBudde reached in and ran his hands over the crankshaft. He felt big grooves worn in it—not a good sign. He asked the *jefe de machina*, a Peruvian he liked, how many days the engine would be down. Seven to ten, the engineer answered. LaBudde's resolve buckled. By now every face on the ship was deadly familiar, every nook in his galley, every cup and paring knife, every move to his job. The odd, tense monotony of his double life at sea was one thing, but a week in the harbor was another.

He gathered his things, resigned, and flew from Panama. The generator was never fixed, he later learned.

Three days after LaBudde jumped ship, the *Maria Luisa* went out with one bad generator. She made one more set on dolphins and then the main engine blew up, killing two men. She was towed back to harbor.

Thoroughly a Fisherman

IN 1947 AUGUST FELANDO WAS A YOUNG CREWMAN aboard the *Western Sky*, one of the first tuna vessels to fish with nets on dolphins. It was an exciting time to be a fisherman. The *Western Sky's* first sets on dolphins were experimental, unpredictable, an adventure. Dolphin release in that era was manual. Felando splashed with his crewmates in the nets, lowering the corkline and manhandling dolphins over it to freedom, being careful of their sharp teeth. Today the former fisherman, a trim, graying man, is the president of the American Tunaboat Association. He was reluctant to give me an interview.

"I don't know what background you have," he said, "or whether when I use a word you really understand the word." His experience with the media had been unhappy. They took only bits and pieces of an argument, he said, and in the resulting stories tuna fishermen always fared badly. He was not overjoyed to learn that I come from Oakland.

"Oakland, California, is a suspect area," he said. He laughed, but not very merrily. "You people don't have any tuna industry up there. The industry started down here, in southern California. Up there, it's mostly orientated to environmental organizations. Who don't know the story, in my opinion. Who are *using* the story. Earth Island Institute and the Marine Mammal Fund, which got on this issue about three years ago, decided this was a wonderful issue for them to get started on—these two new organizations. I'm sure you're getting all the other side. Because the more they get their name out there, the more money they get. It's on record now. One estimate is that these animal-rights organizations generate between two hundred million and a half a billion dollars a year."

This was, oddly enough, the same complaint the environmentalists made about the fishermen. San Francisco's bearded, vaguely hippified dolphin-activists had told me that the tuna captains were just a bunch of millionaires. In San Diego I would find no nut-brown, leathery old salts mending nets, they predicted; no calluses and squint lines. I would find a small club of swarthy, overweight millionaires in polyester, with gold Rolexes and dripping gold chains. The captains made such an unsympathetic impression, the environmentalists said, that the American Tunaboat Association discouraged them from talking to the press.

I brought up the environmentalists' arguments, and Felando dismissed them one by one. Proposed alternatives to dolphin sets—setting on drift logs, baitfish, or

aggregation buoys instead—were impractical, he said. For one thing, any shift to log sets, or to sets on schools of skipjack, would mean a shift to younger fish. Only juvenile yellowfin hang out under logs and with skipjack. For yellowfin, association with dolphins is a kind of rite of passage. When the tuna grow big and powerful enough to hold their own with dolphins, they leave their pals the skipjack and the security of drift logs. “You have to think of a porpoise school very much like a piece of debris or kelp, or some other thing,” Felando explained. “We don’t know why, but tuna will be attracted to certain

what Felando says may make sense in some way I can’t figure out. Population dynamics are still largely a mystery in the ocean.)

“Fishing tuna on porpoise, you’re generally farther outside and a little safer from seizures,” he added. “Some countries enforce two-hundred-mile laws. That’s another element, though we don’t talk about it too much. When you’re forced to go inshore, you’re basically picking up small fish and taking the risk in certain countries of seizure.”

That Panamanian boat in the Sam LaBudde film was



floating objects. We consider porpoise just a faster floating object.”

If you targeted younger fish, he asked, what were the implications for tuna conservation? A shift from big fish—from mature yellowfin that had reproduced—to juvenile fish would mean a reduction in the “yield per recruit” and would have an impact on the future.

(This proposition is counterintuitive. One would think that removing breeding animals from a population would reduce future stocks more sharply than removing juveniles, the age-class in which the higher mortality occurs in nature. But things are often topsy-turvy in the sea. Tuna are prolific spawners, the number of breeding adults may be less important than one would think, and

completely atypical, even of the foreign fleet, Felando said. The vessel was built in France. The captain was from Spain and had never before fished in the ETP. (In fact Joseba trained for a year on a U.S. tuna seiner in the ETP, but he had never skippered a boat there.) That disaster set on eastern spinners—ten or twelve yellowfin caught at a cost of 200 dead dolphins—was folly. In 1987, Felando said, the average catch in the U.S. fleet had been a little better than eighteen tons per set.

A seal bomb, according to Felando, was not the infernal device the environmentalists portrayed it to be. “It’s a device that’s been okayed by the U.S. government for a long time. But it makes a wonderful emotional stupidity to talk about it. Look, the use of sound impacts fish and

porpoise. To prevent the fish from going out underneath the boat, and to push the porpoise toward the open end of the backdown, you make all kinds of sound and use all kinds of devices to make a disturbance. The word *bomb* means so many things to so many people. It's just the wrong word. It's a *firecracker*. Forty grains of powder. No more than forty grains. So basically it's a non-issue, but it makes wonderful print: 'Well, look at these heartless fishermen, using bombs to kill and maim porpoise.' There's just no evidence of that whatsoever.

"The fishermen are always characterized as mean guys. They're killing the porpoise, they don't give a damn about them. It's so far from the truth, it just hurts us. Some years ago these outfits were hiring PR firms, sending packets to schools. *Comic books* showing how God-awful the fishermen are. We see a lot of negativism, and it has an impact on us. We've had children of fishermen—because of insensitive teachers who don't know what they're talking about—we've had children come home crying.

"They don't talk about the fact that we had a young fisherman, a skipper's son, get killed trying to save porpoise. He was hit by a shark. In August, 1980. His name was Correia. He never saw his child. He was hit in the shoulder as he was pulling the porpoise over."

The argument of this last episode, like the teeth of the shark, cuts both ways, I could not help thinking. The environmentalists argue that NMFS mortality estimates for dolphins, in making no allowance for shark attack on dolphins leaving the net, are serious underestimates. Correia's death bears this out. The shark had not even waited for the dolphin that Correia was aiding to leave the net. The young fisherman's effort had been heroic—the only help possible for dolphins in those circumstances—yet in a sense he had merely been helping them from the frying pan into the fire.

"The fact is," Felando continued, "there's so many motivations for fishermen to release the porpoise alive that the characterization given fishermen is just absolutely wrong. The longer you're in a set, the less competitive you are. The faster you get to the backdown, the better off you are. I see a correlation between top production and top release records. We have an award—we've had it for more than nine years now—called the Golden Porpoise Award. It goes to the skipper who has the best release record, based on observer reports. The guy who won last year encircled a hundred and fifty-three thousand porpoise over five observed trips in that year. His total mortality was two hundred and four porpoise. The total tonnage he caught was over four thousand nine hundred tons of fish."

I asked Felando if that skipper, or some other, would be a good man for me to interview. He hesitated.

"Our policy right now is less said, best said, on this goddamn issue. Because we just don't win. We just don't win."

Now and again in our conversation Felando revealed how much he remains a fisherman at heart. We digressed once to ponder the tuna-dolphin association. The riddle of that relationship puzzles fishermen, and nature writers, from the moment they first stumble upon it.

"You have a school of bait and they go into a ball," Felando said. "They ball up for the protection that gives them. Experience tells you that tuna don't generally go into that ball. They don't rip right through it. They work on the fringes. But a whale or a marine mammal or a porpoise, they explode right into that ball of bait. The fishermen feel that's one of the reasons tuna associate with porpoise. Porpoise will scatter the bait and make it available for the tuna."

For me, this was an illumination. It made more sense than any theory yet. I had seen big fish feed around the edges of bait balls. I knew of the propensity of dolphins to smash through those balls. I had never thought to put the two together.

"Right!" I said. "The dolphins scatter the bait for the tuna. And the converse would be that the tuna concentrate the bait for the dolphins."

"Well," Felando said. He paused. "I don't know."

He had never considered the second proposition, I realized. He had never contemplated the dolphin's side of the equation. He was so thoroughly a fisherman that he saw the problem only from the point of view of fish.

Later Felando surprised me again. In explaining why a reversion to the old style of tuna fishing—"bait fishing" with rod and line—was impossible, he asked, "How would you get bait? Who would let you into their waters to get bait? Yes, Latin countries let us in once, but times have changed. Times have changed. And the baiting grounds have changed with progress. Estuaries are no longer there. Lagoons are no longer there."

"Because of . . . ?"

"*Man!* Because of man. Man has changed the coastline."

He delivered the M-word with all the bitterness of an environmental radical. The next moment, though, he headed off the other way.

"The way I look at it, the porpoise, whether people like it or not, is a food fish. Porpoise means 'pork fish.' That's the Latin word for it. You can directly take porpoise, which is a very high-protein food, or you can use it for another purpose. Some people say let them alone. Don't touch 'em at all. I don't think that's realistic in this world of ours. What I think we're doing is providing a use for that animal. We're using them to catch food."

In Augie Felando I had found, I thought, the old salt the environmentalists denied existed. In his taxonomy and terminology, at least, he was an *ancient* salt. It was wonderful, in the twentieth century, to hear cetaceans referred to as "fish." I had last encountered this in reading those discussions of "loose fish" and "fast fish" in *Moby-Dick*. Of all the modern human beings who have

regular commerce with dolphins, only tuna men still confuse "porpoise" and "dolphin." The porpoises, family Phocoenidae, are the smallest of cetaceans and do not associate with tuna. The oceanic dolphins, family Delphinidae, are larger animals, three species of which regularly associate with tuna.

"It's not so much a controversy," Felando insisted, "as people make it a controversy. Basically, the fishermen have solved the problem."

"Well," I said, "what the environmentalists are saying is that the problem isn't solved. They say that the allowable mortality of 20,500 is too many."

"No. What they say, really, is that *one* is too many. And so the real question is, what is your personal view of management of living animals? Should there be some management of living resources in the ocean? Or should we just not touch them?"

My vote was for not touching them, but I was vague on why I felt that way. It puzzles me, for example, that there is no group for the preservation of *Thunnus albacares*. Yellowfin tuna are miraculous creatures, hydrodynamic marvels wrought in silver and gold, the finest things in their line, just as dolphins are the finest in theirs. "Making this moral distinction between killing dolphins and killing tuna is a little peculiar, I guess," I told Felando.

He liked the point, and laughed. "Yes," he said. "I mean, what is the difference?"

"Well, there's a big difference. One animal is much more intelligent. But what does that mean? Why should intelligence be the criterion? It's a little narcissistic of us, isn't it, to value dolphins because of that?"

"Are you really saying that one is more intelligent than the other?" he asked. "Have you read some of the literature on how, quote, 'intelligent' porpoises are?"

I was taken aback. All the literature I had read indicated that dolphins were very intelligent indeed. The suggestion that tuna and dolphins are on a par intellectually was a new one on me. Felando and I had been spending our time in different libraries.

"Yellowfin are beautiful," he said. "If you've ever seen them leaping, they're beautiful things. And so are porpoise. People don't make gods out of porpoise, but they come pretty doggone close to it. Because there's so much money in it."

August Felando was entirely right, I thought, about dolphins and the human penchant for myth-making. He was entirely wrong about the reasons for it.

The Remorseless Working of Things

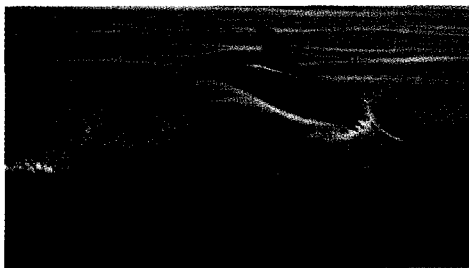
IN "THE TRAGEDY OF THE COMMONS," AN ESSAY THAT appeared in *Science* in 1968, Garrett Hardin uses "tragedy" in its old Greek sense. As Alfred North Whitehead explained it, "The essence of dramatic tragedy is not unhappiness. It resides in the solemnity of the remorseless working of things."

Hardin asks us to imagine a common pasture open to all. Each herdsman, he points out, can be expected to try to keep as many cattle as possible on the commons. Through the centuries in which wars, poaching, and disease keep everyone's herd in check, the commons accommodates all. But finally comes social stability and a day of reckoning. The range reaches carrying capacity and the remorseless working of things begins. "What is the utility *to me* of adding one more animal to my herd?" the herdsman asks, as he always has. The advantage he gains from each additional cow is considerable, and it accrues all to him. The disadvantage of additional cows—overgrazing—seems negligible and is shared with all the other herdsmen. If he doesn't add a cow, he thinks, then someone else is likely to do so. A rationalist, he adds the cow, and so do all his fellow herdsmen. "Therein is the tragedy," Hardin writes. "Each man is locked into a system that compels him to increase his herd without limit—in a world that is limited. Ruin is the destination toward which all men rush, each pursuing his own best interest in a society that believes in the freedom of the commons. Freedom in a commons brings ruin to all."

On the commons of the open sea, the fisherman does not add animals, he extracts them, but the same ruinous dynamic is in effect. Pursuing his own best interests, the California sardine fisherman destroyed that fishery by the 1930s. The Peruvian anchovy fisherman—with some help from El Niño—ruined that seemingly inexhaustible fishery by the mid-1970s. Few scientists are worried as yet about the stocks of yellowfin tuna. The tunas are migratory species with high reproductive potential. They are superb predators whose niche is not likely to be appropriated by others, should their numbers drop low. There is a certain safety factor built into modern tuna fishing as well, for fishing by seiner will theoretically cease to be commercially feasible long before tuna populations drop dangerously low. (It's worth pointing out, a cautionary note, that the sea's plenty has caused egregious miscalculation by our scientists before. "I believe that probably all the great sea fisheries are inexhaustible; that is to say, nothing we do seriously affects the number of fish," the great T. H. Huxley wrote scarcely a century ago.) But whatever the fate of tuna, *dolphin* reproductive potential is not high. What the tuna-seining fisherman adds is a new wrinkle to Hardin's theory, a footnote to commons law. The tuna seiner locks himself into a system that compels him to destroy the dolphins that he and his predecessors have used for millennia to find fish.

Hardin proposes a number of corollary propositions, all of which the tuna-dolphin tragedy validates.

"Natural selection favors the forces of psychological denial," he writes. "The individual benefits as an individual from his ability to deny the truth even though society as a whole, of which he is a part, suffers." Late last year Australia's *60 Minutes* captured a wonderful sample of psychological denial, and its special language.



Three days after LaBudde jumped ship, the Maria Luisa went out with one bad generator. She made one more set on dolphins and then the main engine blew up, killing two men.

"Why do you have to set nets on dolphins?" the interviewer asks Charles Fullerton, the director of the Southwest Region of the NMFS.

"You can't take one without the other, in the case of this fishery," Fullerton answers.

(A small denial of truth to start things off. Purse seiners in the ETP can, and often do, set on schools of baitfish or on drift logs that have attracted tuna.)

"Other animals we kill for food are not killed this cruelly," the Australian suggests.

"Oh, I don't think that's true. In these slaughterhouses, with all the chickens, pigs, cows, we have the same kind of cruelty."

"You don't see a cow dragged over a flywheel with its legs torn off."

"No, you don't. And you don't see that very often on American tuna boats, either."

(Here the denial of truth is truly eerie. If, as Charles Fullerton and other spokesmen for the NMFS, the Inter-American Tropical Tuna Commission, and the American Tunaboat Association claim, no large-scale dolphin killing and maiming occurs on U.S. vessels—if the Panamanian boat in LaBudde's film doesn't represent *our* fleet—then how exactly are 20,500 dolphins killed annually in U.S. nets? To make such a claim, Fullerton cannot have listened to his own observers. "What you've seen in Sam LaBudde's film is exactly what I saw aboard U.S. tuna boats," Kenneth Marten says, and other observers echo that.)

"How are they killed any more humanely in American nets?" the interviewer asks.

"I will not speak to you about what's humane or not," Fullerton replies. "I don't know how a dolphin dies. Other than now he's alive or he's dead. The result is exactly the same."

"No, the result is with dolphins you prolong it for hours."

"You don't prolong drowning by several hours. You drown in several minutes. Some people will say—and I'm not defending any drowning of any dolphins—drowning is one of the most delightful ways to go, if you have to go. I've never been there, I can't tell you."

"Conscience is self-eliminating," Hardin writes. On this point the U.S. tuna industry, the NMFS, and the environmentalists all pretty much agree. The U.S. fleet now has "conscience"—if that's the right word for the

mandatory good behavior required by the Marine Mammal Protection Act—and the U.S. fleet is in decline. In 1979 the U.S. fleet in the ETP included ninety-eight large, Class 6 tuna seiners. In 1989 just thirty remained. Many of the departed seiners have reflagged to avoid high U.S. operating and labor costs and to escape the MMPA and other U.S. regulations. This growth of the foreign fleet has been the trend most destructive of dolphins, for fewer constraints operate on foreign vessels and their kill rate is now several times that on American boats. In 1972, when the MMPA was enacted, U.S. boats were responsible for seven eighths of the dolphin kill; today they are responsible for less than a sixth.

"Mutual coercion, mutually agreed upon" is the solution, according to Hardin. This was the intent of the MMPA, with its regulations for the U.S. tuna industry and its provisions for an embargo on tuna from foreign nations that fail to set up comparable regulatory programs. This is where the NMFS and other agencies have failed us badly, and failed the dolphins worse.

An Unacceptable Method of Fishing

SAM LABUDDE AND HIS FILM APPEARED ON ABC AND CBS national newscasts, on NBC's *Today Show*, and on local newscasts around the country.

"The networks were not overjoyed when they heard we had eight-millimeter videotape by an amateur," says David Phillips, of Earth Island. "They were surprised at the quality. They bumped it up to a one-inch master without any difficulty. I don't know how Sam learned to get pictures as good as he got. He read the manual as he was bouncing around in the waves on a speedboat. Until Sam, we lacked the indisputable visual evidence. It's very difficult to know what's happening out there. Sam's film has made it a lot more visceral. It's given us an access to the media we've never had. It's galvanized the environmental community, and it's forced the industry to respond."

LaBudde testified and showed his film before Congress at reauthorization hearings last year for the Marine Mammal Protection Act. Those hearings were a lesson in the subtler workings of the tragedy of the commons in a modern republic. The senators expressed much admiration for progress made by the U.S. industry. They decried the ruthlessness of the foreign fleet. (Not many

votes are lost in xenophobia.) "The U.S. industry has an excellent record," said Senator John Breux, of Louisiana, in whose constituency fishermen are strong. "I'll add my voice to the swelling chorus of praise for the domestic industry," said Senator Pete Wilson, of California. Senator Wilson is a former mayor of San Diego, where the U.S. fleet is based.

The senator's swelling chorus of praise is in fact a two-part harmony between the U.S. industry and politicians like himself. The U.S. industry invented purse seining on dolphins and for fifteen years monopolized the technique. The U.S. industry killed millions of dolphins in the early years of tuna seining, and in the seventeen years since the MMPA was enacted, the U.S. industry has killed more than 800,000. The U.S. tuna industry has fought every regulation intended to reduce the dolphin kill. In 1980 an NMFS prohibition against "sundown" sets—implemented because the kill rate is up to four times as high at night as it is in daytime—was dropped, under pressure by U.S. industry lobbyists, after being in effect for just eight days. In 1981 the American Tunaboat Association sued to scrap the NMFS observer program. The observers' data, they argued, should not be used for enforcement. They won an injunction that kept all NMFS observers off U.S. tuna boats from 1981 to 1984, when the injunction was overturned on appeal. (At present the U.S. industry is suing to keep women observers off U.S. tuna boats.) In the late 1970s, when forced to do so, the U.S. industry demonstrated considerable inventiveness in coming up with gear and techniques to minimize dolphin kills. That research is stalled, and the U.S. industry has done nothing favorable to dolphins lately.

The separation of the U.S. and foreign tuna industries is in fact a kind of myth. In the past ten years two thirds of the big U.S. seiners have reflagged with foreign fleets. Apparently, little more than the flag has changed. American captains still skipper some of those boats, and available evidence suggests that the new ownership is often only nominal. Three U.S. corporations, H. J. Heinz (which owns Star-Kist), Pillsbury (Bumblebee), and Ralston-Purina (Chicken of the Sea), sell most of the tuna consumed in the United States. Sensibly, they buy their fish where it is least expensive. Yellowfin tuna from the *Maria Luisa* may be sitting in a can on your shelf.

At the MMPA reauthorization hearings several senators expressed their displeasure with the NMFS and its parent agency, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, for their failure to implement the regulations that would keep that can off the shelf. Senator John Kerry, of Massachusetts, pointed out that the MMPA was amended in 1984 to require foreign nations to demonstrate that they had dolphin-saving programs similar to

our own or face a ban on imports of their tuna. Why had the NMFS taken four years to formulate "*interim* final regulations" to that end?

"It's a very delicate operation to get those regulations," explained Charles Fullerton, of the NMFS. "We developed some over a year ago which were not acceptable either to the tuna industry or to the foreign nations. So we went back to the drawing board and developed a whole new set, the ones that are now in interim phase. We'd like to give these a try."

How could a bureaucrat in a regulatory agency so lose track of his mission? The proposed NMFS regulations *were not acceptable to the tuna industry or the foreign nations*—the regulatees—so of course the regulators scrapped them?

At the reauthorization hearings the environmental community asked for a phase-out, over four years, of tuna seining by dolphin encirclement. What they won was a prohibition—once again—on sundown sets. They won 100 percent observer coverage for trips by the U.S. fleet. They won a set of performance standards, a system by which the skippers most dangerous to dolphins would lose their licenses. They won a requirement that by the end of 1989 foreign countries must reduce their kill rate to double the U.S. rate, and by 1990 to 1.25 times the U.S. rate, or face embargo. Sam LaBudde and his colleagues regard these as the tiniest sorts of victory. No end to the dolphin killing is yet on the horizon.

"We had practically the entire environmental community back at the reauthorization hearings, everyone from Audubon to the Humane Society," LaBudde says. "Twenty-eight national environmental organizations wanted purse seining *stopped*. Eliminated. We asked for a four-year phase-out. That would give the Marine Mammal Protection Act *twenty years* to do what it was designed to do—reduce kills to insignificant levels approaching zero. We thought four more years was a reasonable time. We got beat by the owners of thirty-five tuna boats."

LaBudde now divides his work day between Earth Island Institute and the Marine Mammal Fund. The two outfits have resorted to a tuna boycott and to litigation. In January of this year they successfully sued the NMFS and the tuna industry to force all concerned to abide by the provision for 100 percent observer coverage.

"Killing dolphins is intrinsically part of setting on dolphins," LaBudde says. "It's a given that the boats of the U.S. tuna fleet will kill tens of thousands of dolphins in the next two years. That's just unacceptable. It's unnecessary as well. Ninety-five percent of the world's tuna is caught in ways that don't affect dolphins."

"Our basic premise is that it's an unacceptable method of fishing. It should never have been invented in the first place, and it's got to end." □

THE LIFE FORCE

An Anthology



GENERATIONS OF SWAN

Sex, the invisible treasure
that sighs from a baby's fingers,
governs her gestures as wholly
as form commands the swoop
in the neck of a swan,
though she carry her gender as coolly
as the diamond-blue eyes
and shivering senses that extend
her self beyond body.

In what chromosomal interchange
her contours were specified
few can fathom; yet, endowed
by thousands of forebears,
only she, the universal receiver,
has no gene to consign to the mix,
only her heir-apparent self.

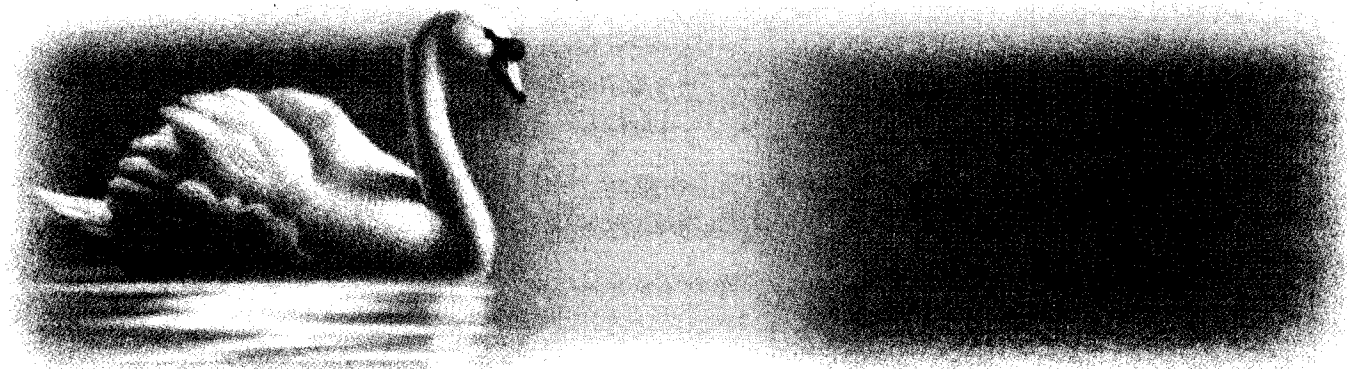
Long anticipating her body,
the clans will have nudged her
to transform baby into child,
child into gap-toothed girl,
girl into woman, every ancestor implicit
in every gesture, each grief,
each amazement—just

as in middle life she may fail
to recall (surviving perhaps
as a haggard bent-kneed crone,
perhaps as a thickened matron)
whether the touch of her mother's hands
fondling her infant body
had whatsoever to do
with the colors she would wear
or the way she chose to walk.

How could this tottering baby
who lurches across our carpet
to bestow on her grandfather's lap
the ultimate gift of a spoon

anticipate the flush of desire
that young men two decades hence
will feel bulge in their throats
at the grace of her deep breasts,
that ancestrally curved neck,
and the legendary blue eyes?

—Peter Davison





SQUIRRELS MATING

In fits and starts around
and around the rough trunk
of the hickory tree, they
chase one another—or
so it seems, though the male
must be doing the chasing
and the female the fleeing,
though she never seems
to flee very far, or to be
quite out of it. Back in it,
rather. Around and
around the trunk in a
gray flurry, they stop
and start, up and down,
a double helix halted when,
deadpan, he mounts her, and
she, expressionless
in kind but palpably
alert and sensitive and strong,
supports their two linked weights
by clinging with her two
front feet, as frail as burrs,
to bark. The male, his tail
erect and quivering with faith,
hangs on to only her,
their four bright beady eyes
turned outward to the world.
Sun shines. Leaves shake. The slow
world turns. The moment passes,
the death-defying freeze-frame.
Then, skittery as ever, they—
our innocent, unsatisfied
Sciuridae—resume
their chase in fits and starts.

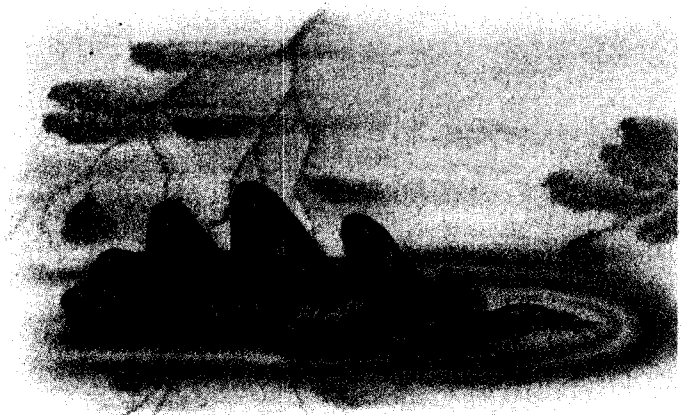
—John Updike

YOUNG LOVE, AMERICA

Beside the Pepsi vending machine, red
white and blue he's kneading her left buttock
through her bleached jeans hard enough
to bruise but she's kiss-tonguing
his ear, in play, you can tell
it's play since the orange facade
of HAROLDS TIRES \$14.95 is hot as the summer sun
at the horizon and the sky, at dusk,
is just too blue.

He's wearing a shirt with sleeves rolled tight
to his biceps, an EXXON cap on oily curls,
her right arm crooked easy around his neck
like Susan Hayward used to smiling teasing
hurting, in play, you know it's play
since the red-finned Plymouth at the edge
is distended as in a funky photograph
and the horizon's spiky, palms and eucalyptus
foreshortened at dusk: You know what? his white teeth
are saying, Us two could die together, sometime.

—Joyce Carol Oates





USED

The conspiracy's to make us thin. Size three's
all the rage, and skirts ballooning above twinkling knees
are every man-child's pre-adolescent dream.

Tabula rasa. No slate's *that* clean—

we've earned the navels sunk in grief
when the last child emptied us of their brief
interior light. Our muscles say *We have been used.*

Have you ever tried silk sheets? I did,
persuaded by post-natal dread
and a Macy's clerk to bargain for more zip.
We couldn't hang on, slipped
to the floor and by morning the quilts
had slid off, too. Enough of guilt—
It's hard work staying cool.

—Rita Dove



MUSHROOMS

I never gave a thought to them at first
with their white heads
cut into slices
under a water of plastic on a blue
section of carpet
or even hanging in a scale
like the piled ruins of a foot

I was shown that when the right time came
you could overturn a dry cow pat
by the edge of a long green swamp
late on a cold
autumn afternoon
as the sun was going down
and there underneath
the real white heads were still growing

I went on finding them
always at evening
coming to recognize a depth
in the shade of oaks and chestnuts
a quickening in the moss year after year
a suggestion of burning
signs of something already there in its own place
a texture of flesh
scarcely born
full of the knowledge of darkness

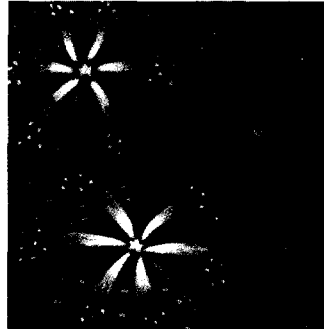
—W. S. Merwin

A Short Story



Stand

by David Michael Kaplan



When he'd run from them, he'd been scared. And he was scared now. But the time had come to take a stand.

SOME THINGS YOU JUST COULDN'T SEEM TO SAY good-bye to, Frank thought, as he drove up the dirt road to the summer house. His father had sold it three years earlier, after his mother died, and Frank hadn't been back since helping him close it for the last time. That was also the last time he'd seen his father: each time his father had called, suggesting they get together, Frank had put him off. Now his father was dead, these past six months; he had died suddenly, of a stroke. At age thirty-nine, Frank was alone—mother and father dead, Jena gone, no children. Sometimes he felt this solitude as freedom. He could go anywhere, do anything. As if to prove this to himself, he bought an old Triumph TR3 and began driving on weekends into the New England countryside. These trips had no real destination. They usually ended with his drinking beer in some over-air-conditioned motel lounge and then driving back to Boston with the radio turned up loud on an oldies station. Now, on this Fourth of July weekend, he had come back here to the Berkshires, to the summer house by the lake.

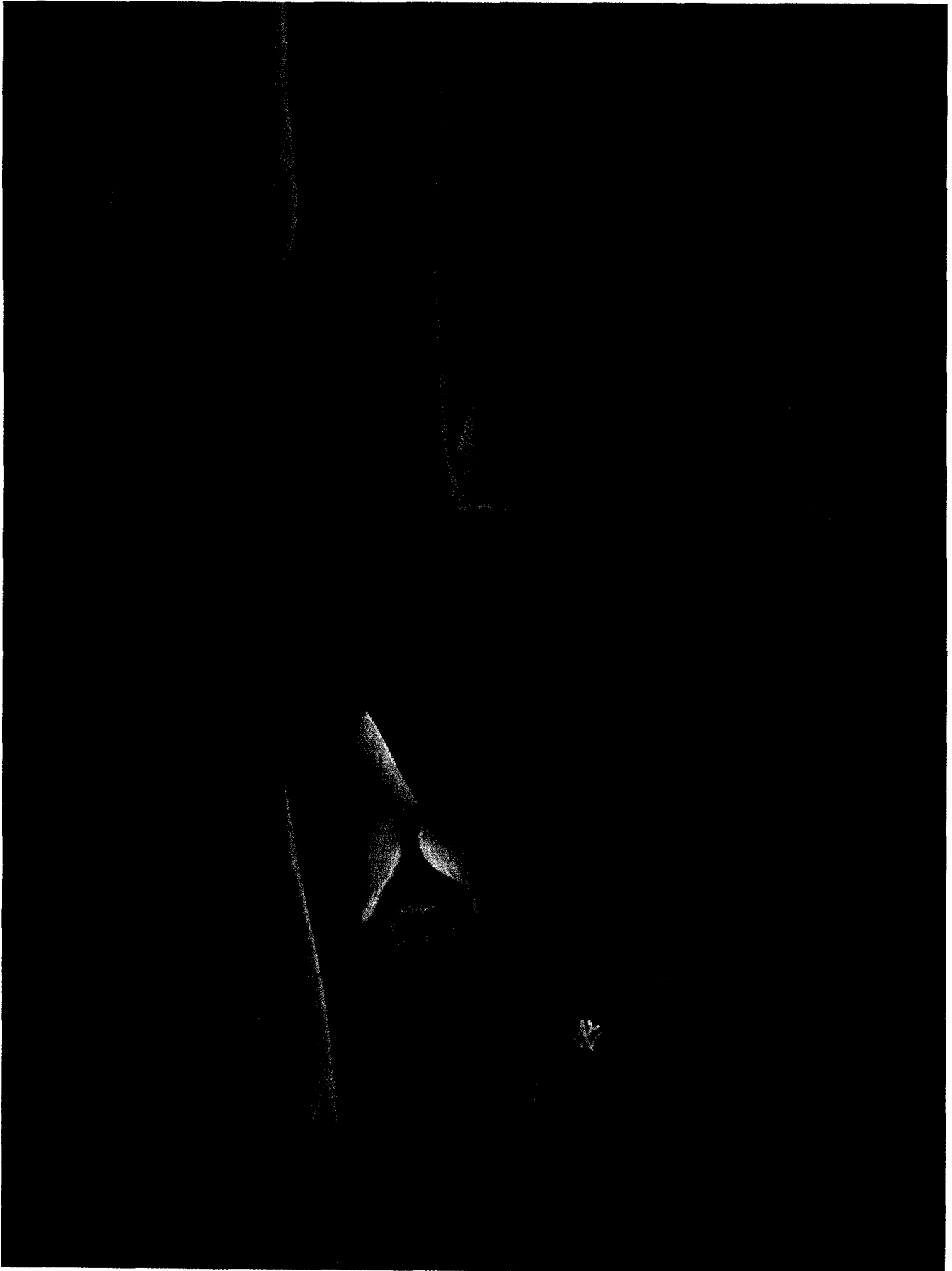
The new owners, whoever they were, were gone—strange, on a holiday weekend. The door was locked, the deck chairs neatly stacked. Frank peered through the porch window, but the sun's slant was wrong and he could see nothing. He walked down to the dock and looked at the rope swing hanging over the water. As a

child, he had jumped from it, his skin as pimply as a chicken's in anticipation of the lake's coldness. Frank sat on the edge of the dock and looked up at the house. Everyone he'd thought he loved had been here with him: his parents, Jena, a woman before her, one after. All were gone. He should be too.

He was alone, he told himself, but he was free.

Still—the early evening was fine and musky, and Frank had no desire to return yet to Boston. He'd seen posters at a gas station announcing a fireworks display at the lake. He glanced at his watch—in a few hours the show would start. He could drive back to Boston afterward, or get a motel room along the way. He drove down the road to the Mini-Mart and bought chicken-salad sandwiches, potato chips, and a six-pack. On a display rack he saw a Yankees baseball cap much like one he'd had as a boy. He bought that, too.

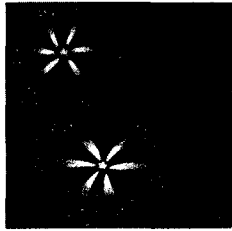
The beach was crowded with sunbathers and barbecuers and volleyballers. Frank wanted to be more alone. A quarter mile past the beach the asphalt turned into a narrow dirt road that threaded through thick pines, which hid the shore and prevented parking. Frank was about to back up when he came upon an unexpected clearing, with picnic tables and a dock that jutted into the lake. He heard voices and smelled charcoal. Two pickups, a Ford and a Chevy, were parked off the road. He pulled up beside them: at least this would be quieter than down at



the beach. From the dock he'd have a good view of the fireworks.

Four men shared the clearing with him. One was turning hamburgers and hot dogs on a hugely smoking grill while a friend solemnly watched. The other two lazily passed a football, catching with one hand and holding beer with the other. Except for one of the football throwers, who was clean-shaven and long-haired and seemed younger than the rest, they were all bearded and thick-set, their T-shirts hanging loosely over their bellies. Local boys, Frank thought. He took a beer from his six-pack and walked down to the dock to sit apart from them. The grill tender nodded as Frank passed, and his friend belched. The football players ignored him.

Frank sat on the dock and drank his beer. The lowering sun scattered thin rays through the trees on the opposite shore. He shaded his eyes and searched for the summer house but couldn't find it. He raised his beer in a farewell salute and felt strangely guilty, as if he were abandoning the house, leaving it to chance and ruin. It's not mine at all, he reminded himself. It was nothing he had to care for.



A BREEZE RAKED THE WATER. FRANK CRUSHED his beer can and walked back to the car for the sandwiches. The two men who'd been throwing the football were inspecting the Triumph. The heavysset one had a puffy, bearded face that seemed not to have settled right that day. He nodded at Frank, while his friend, the clean-shaven one, grinned. Up close he wasn't as young as he'd seemed—the long hair had contributed to the illusion—and the corners of his eyes were crinkled, as if he'd been squinting for a long time.

"Nice car." He rubbed his thumb along the fender, so that it squeaked.

"Thanks," Frank said.

"You sure don't see too many of these. Old Porsches, MGs, you see a lot of. Not these."

"I've noticed that," Frank said. He opened the car door and took out the sandwich bag. He had no real desire to talk.

"Ride nice?"

"It's okay."

"I always wanted to have one of these, didn't you, Polk?" His friend grunted. "It's really something." He patted the Triumph's fender. "'Course I'd never give up my little beauty." He nodded toward the Ford pickup. "You need a truck around here more than a sports car."

"Where you from?" the other man asked Frank. His voice was thick and tarry.

"Boston."

"What brings you up here?"

"The fireworks," Frank said lightly.

"Shit, man—you come all the way here for fireworks? Don't they got fireworks in Boston?"

"I was visiting," Frank said. "My folks used to have a summer house here."

"Did they, now." The clean-shaven man seemed amused. "Well, that almost makes you a home boy, then, don't it?" He pointed to his friend. "That's Polk. I'm Eddie."

"Frank." He offered his hand, but Eddie was already pointing to the men at the grill.

"Over there's Teal and Mace." He shouted, "Teal! Mace! This here's Frank."

The barbecuer waved his hamburger turner, and Frank nodded. "Well," he said to Eddie, "I think I'll go sit—"

"You still got that house, Frank?" Polk asked.

Frank shook his head. "My father sold it a few years ago."

"So who were you visiting?"

"Well, nobody, really."

"So why'd you come back?"

"He told you, Polk," Eddie said. "He came for the fireworks."

"Oh, right."

"Polk's a little slow," Eddie said. "Don't mind him. Have a beer with us, Frank?"

"That's okay. I brought my own."

"Something wrong with our hospitality?"

"No, I just—"

"What you got there anyway, Frank?" Eddie pointed to the paper bag.

"Sandwiches."

"No shit? Let me see." Frank hesitated and then handed him the bag. Eddie pulled out a sandwich. "Chicken." He held it up for Polk to see. "And chicken. Two chicken sandwiches."

"Huh," Polk said.

"Polk, why don't you get our friend here a beer?" Eddie put the sandwiches back, carefully folded the bag, and handed it to Frank, who resigned himself to having a beer with them.

Eddie leaned against the Triumph. "So you say you used to come up here summers?"

"We had a house about a half mile off Lake Road. Up from where that Mini-Mart is now."

"That's not the place burned down?"

"No, no."

Polk returned with the beers, accompanied by one of the men from the grill.

"Mace, what's that place burned down off Lake Road?" Eddie asked the newcomer.

"Brenner place," Mace said.

"Why, I knew them," Frank said. "Mr. Brenner used

to go fishing with my dad. They had a daughter who got killed in a car crash."

"That's them."

"Their place burned down?"

"About five years ago."

"Jesus."

"Hard-luck family," Eddie said.

"Brenner got into a little fight with some boys down at the marina about some repair work on his boat," Polk said. "Place burned down over the winter."

"You mean they burned it?" Frank asked.

"No, I don't mean that."

"Things happen sometimes, Frank," Eddie said. "Coincidences. It's spooky. You think there's a connection, but there ain't none. It's just the way things happen."

"Those poor people," Frank said.

"Yeah, they don't come here no more," Polk said.

THE FOUR MEN WERE SILENT FOR A MOMENT. "Where you from, Frank?" Mace asked.

"Boston."

"Hey—one thing Boston's got that we don't is spooks," Polk said. "You got a lot of them there, don't you?"

"I don't know," Frank said uneasily.

"What—can't see them?" Polk laughed, and Mace did too.

"Come on, Polk," Eddie said. "Don't act ignorant." He winked at Frank. "He don't bother you, does he?"

Frank shook his head.

"Just don't mind him. Some of his best friends are spooks, you know."

"Hell they are," Polk muttered.

Frank took a deep swig of his beer.

"Why're you here anyway, Frank?" Mace asked.

"Damn—" Polk said. "How many times we gotta hear this? He's here for the goddamn fireworks."

"You come all the way up here just to see fireworks?"

"Jesus," Polk groaned.

"I wanted to look around a bit," Frank said. "My folks used to—"

"I hope we don't have to go through all this again just for you, Mace," Eddie said.

"Well, up yours," Mace said.

Frank finished his beer and crumpled the can. "Well—I guess I'll be taking off."

Eddie looked surprised. "I thought you were staying for the fireworks."

"Well, I—"

"Polk didn't offend you, now, did he?"

"Oh, no. No."

"So why're you running off, then?"

"I'm not. I just—"

"You don't mind our company, do you?"

"No, no."

"Well, hell—" Eddie said affably. "Sit awhile. Have another beer."

Frank didn't know what to do.

"Hey, let me see that," Eddie pointed to Frank's cap. "Come on, come on," he urged. Frank handed it to him. Eddie put it on, squared it. "You know," he said to Polk, "I always wanted to have me one of these Yankees caps."

"You're a Yankees fan?" Frank asked.

"Hell, no. I hate that team."

Mace raised his beer. "Red Sox all the way."

"I just always wanted to have one," Eddie said. "It's like wearing your enemy's ears or balls or something. The Hottentots or Genghis Khan or somebody used to do that."

"Niggers," Polk snorted.

"Polk," Eddie said patiently, "Genghis Khan wasn't no nigger." He looked at Frank and shook his head, as if to say, What can you do? He tipped up the Triumph's side-view mirror and stared into it. "Yankees," he murmured. For a moment Eddie seemed absorbed in his reflection. Then he looked up, and his grin was quick and knifelike. "You married, Frank?"

"No—divorced."

"I thought so. I could tell that about you. Any kids?"

"No."

"Footloose and fancy-free, huh?"

"Sure. I guess." Eddie's questions made him uncomfortable. He'd get his cap back; then he'd go.

"Hey, Frank—" Mace had walked to the rear of the Triumph. "Do you know you got a SAVE THE WHALES bumper sticker back here?"

"Save the whales?" Eddie said.

"Sure enough."

"Screw the whales," Polk said.

"Hey—come on, Polk," Eddie said. "Whales are beautiful." He winked again at Frank. "It's all right. I can relate."

"I seen one at Rockport once," Polk said. "Big, sorry dude. Just threw himself up on that beach there. Just wheezing away. Got himself a real big crowd."

"They say they're pretty smart animals," Mace said.

"Well, what that whale did was real dumb-ass, that's for sure."

"Here's to whales," Eddie said. Except for Frank, who had none, they all raised their beers. "Hey, Frank, you sure you don't want another?"

"No—really, I've got to get going." He waited for Eddie to give him back his cap.

"You know, Frank, I got a sense about you." Eddie tapped the bill of the cap. "Let me guess—I think you're the kind of guy who had a McGovern bumper sticker a few years back, right?"

"That's right," Frank said. "I did."

"And maybe a—who was it?—a McCarthy sticker before that."

"Well, no—"

"Or maybe a GET OUT OF VIETNAM sticker, then. Am I right?"

"No," Frank lied. "I didn't."

"You serve in Vietnam, Frank?" Polk asked.

Frank shook his head.

"How come? You weren't a damn hippie, now, were you?" Polk grinned for the first time, a grin that vanished almost as soon as it came.

"I—had a deferment."

"What for? Got bad feet or something?"

"No." Frank hesitated. "It was an occupational deferment."

"What the hell's that?"

"I had a job the draft board thought was in the national interest."

Polk and Eddie exchanged glances.

"Well, what was this job, Frank?" Eddie asked. "That was so important and all?"

"I was an educator," Frank said.

"A teacher?"

"Well, I—I didn't teach, exactly. I worked for a company that made up tests." Frank saw their puzzled expressions. "You know, standardized tests in reading and math and so on. For young kids. I helped make up test questions."

"They let you out of Vietnam for *that*?" Polk said.

"It wasn't me. It was their decision."

"But you had to ask them for that deferment," Eddie said. "Didn't you?"

Frank was silent.

"Hey, you guys!" Teal shouted from the grill. "Food's on."

"You weren't scared to go, were you, Frank?" Eddie asked.

"Nobody wanted to go to that war."

"That's not what I asked. I asked, were *you* scared?"

"No, I—I—of course not."

"Well, you're a brave man, Frank." Eddie raised his beer in another toast. "I sure was scared."

"You were over there?"

Eddie nodded. "Me and Teal."

"You tell him, Eddie," Polk said. He was smiling again.

Eddie counted on his fingers. "Ben Hu, Qui Duc, the Delta—one lousy place after another."

"Huh," Frank said.

"You know," Eddie said, "a lot of guys over there didn't much care for the guys who got to stay home. I mean, there you were, getting your ass zinged, eating those rotten peaches, and some guy back home was eating a chili dog, screwing your sister—"

"You don't got a sister," Mace said.

"I didn't say this was me, Mace. I'm talking about guys in general. Now, don't worry, Frank. Me—I didn't hate that guy at all. Hell, no—more power to him. He was smarter than me. He got out."

"He got a deferment," Polk said.

"I even *admired* him," Eddie said. "I'd think about the absolute good times he was having, and I just admired him. He was smarter than me. I thought, When I go home, I'm going to shake his hand. And Frank—I'd like to do it." He thrust out his hand. Frank dumbly, automatically, extended his, and Eddie grasped it and shook it once, twice, and let it fall. "There, now."

Polk laughed, and Frank reddened.

Eddie glanced again in the side-view mirror. "Hell, look at me, guys." He fingered a clump of long hair, and laughed. "I'm the one who looks like a hippie now." He tipped Frank's cap back on his head. "You know, I just love this cap."

"Maybe Frank'll give it to you," Polk said.

"Hey—that'd be real nice." Eddie looked at him, and Frank was startled by the challenge in his eyes. They were all looking at him.

"Sure," Frank said. "You can have it."

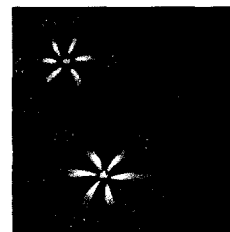
"Why, that's real nice of you, Frank." Eddie grinned broadly. "Hey, Teal!" he shouted. "Frank here gave me his Yankees cap."

"You guys ever gonna come eat?" Teal shouted back.

"C'mon, Frank," Eddie said. "Let's get us something to eat."

"I should get going," Frank said.

"Oh, come on, now." Eddie clapped him on the shoulder, held him. "You're not scared of our cooking, now, are you?" He guided Frank toward the grill. "You gave me this nice cap, now I've got to give you something. We've got to break bread together, like the old Israelites." Eddie speared a hot dog, put it on a burnt bun, and shoved it into Frank's hand. "We'll eat and have us another beer and then we'll all watch the fireworks, right? Now, you just get yourself some beans and stuff and come sit with us." He turned and walked back to his pickup. Polk and Mace fixed their hot dogs and hamburgers and went over to sit with him on the tailgate.



FRANK LINGERED AT THE GRILL. HE BIT INTO HIS hot dog.

Why, why had he given Eddie his cap? He felt stupid. If they hadn't all been standing around, making him nervous—

"Don't let him get to you," Teal said. "Eddie's okay. He just likes to needle folks."

Frank hadn't realized he'd overheard. "I don't think he cares much for me," he said.

Teal flipped over a hamburger. "Eddie don't care much for nobody. That's Eddie."

"Were you in Vietnam together?"

Teal looked puzzled. "What do you mean? Eddie wasn't over there at all. Did he say that?"

"Yes."

Teal grinned. "That crap artist. *I* was over there, but he wasn't. He was in the army, but they'd stopped sending new guys by then."

"But why'd he—"

"He was just kidding you."

Frank looked at the three men eating by the truck. Eddie was saying something to Polk and Mace, and they all laughed. *Just kidding me.* Frank felt foolish but also relieved. Okay, fine. He'd played the fool, he'd lost his cap. So what? Let Eddie have it. He'd just go.

The sun had disappeared behind the trees and the sky was streaked with fire. Frank finished his hot dog. "Well, I better get going," he said.

"Take care," Teal said.

"Hey, Frank," Eddie called as he passed by them. "You're not leaving, are you? The fireworks'll be starting soon."

"No, I've got to go."

"Why? No one's expecting you, are they?"

"I'm a little tired. It's a long drive back."

"Well, it's up to you."

And I'm gone, Frank thought. He'd go down to the beach and watch the fireworks with everyone else.

"Hey, Frank—" Eddie jumped off the tailgate and walked over. "Look, before you go—I was wondering—I got a favor to ask." He seemed hesitant, almost shy. "Could I—you know—take your car for a little spin? Just down the road a ways?"

"I wouldn't let him do that," Mace yelled.

"I can't," Frank said.

Eddie seemed surprised. "Why not?"

"I—" Frank searched for a reason. "My insurance."

"Oh, the hell with that," Eddie said. "Come on—I'll just take a quick spin."

"No, really, I can't."

"You surely don't think something's gonna happen on this little old road, do you?"

"No, I—"

"Well, what are you scared of, then?"

"I'm not scared. I just—"

"You don't have something against *me* driving your car, do you?"

"No, no—"

Eddie spread his hands. "Well?"

Frank didn't know what to say or do. He couldn't argue with Eddie, and he couldn't just get in his car and go. Again they were all looking at him.

"Come on, now," Eddie said, softly, so that only Frank could hear. "I told Polk and Mace you'd probably let me 'cause you're a good guy." He grinned.

"Okay," Frank said. "Just a short ride."

"Hey, Polk," Eddie yelled. "Frank here says we can take his car for a spin."

"Whooee!"

"You're a brave man, mister," Mace called out.

Frank handed him the keys, and Eddie and Polk got in. Eddie revved the engine. Pine needles scattered under the exhaust. He jammed the gearshift forward and the Triumph lurched toward the lake, barely missing Frank's leg.

"Whooee!" Polk yelled.

Ten yards from the bank Eddie braked, glanced back, and ground the car into reverse. Kicking up pine needles and dust, it shot up the slope straight toward a tree stump. He will see it, Frank thought, he will swerve—but Eddie didn't, and the Triumph slammed dully into it.

Frank ran over. Eddie and Polk were already out, inspecting the damage. The rear bumper was dented like a piece of bad fruit.

"Sorry about this," Eddie shook his head. "I don't know where that damn stump came from."

"You saw it!" Frank cried. "Jesus—"

"Sure didn't."

"You rammed it on purpose!"

"Hey, now—" Eddie held up his hand.

"Did you see?" Frank appealed to Mace and Teal, who had just arrived.

"Wasn't watching," Mace said. Teal shook his head.

"It's no big thing," Polk said. "Car'll still run."

"Damn it, why'd you do it?"

"I told you," Eddie said. "It just happened."

"It's just a little bump," Polk said. "You can get a hammer and pound that right out."

"Frank—look here." Eddie pulled two five-dollar bills from his wallet. "Here's ten dollars. That ought to be plenty for getting it pounded out."

"You can't just pound it out! They're going to have to replace the whole damn bumper."

"Here's my ten dollars," Eddie repeated.

"Look at this—" Frank gestured helplessly.

"Real, real sorry."

"Who's your insurance company?"

"Oh, come on, Frank." Eddie looked disgusted. "We don't want to get them involved, now, do we?"

"Somebody's got to pay for this!"

Eddie waved the bills.

"Who's your insurance company?" Frank asked again.

Eddie sighed. "I don't really recall offhand, Frank. It's back there with my papers."

"You can call your agent."

"Don't remember him either." Eddie rocked slightly on the balls of his feet.

"Hey, mister," Polk said. "Are you a lawyer or something?"

"You know who your agent is, don't you?" Frank said.

Eddie's eyes narrowed. "You calling me a liar now too, Frank?"

"Look, I just—"

"Are you?" Eddie's voice rose.

"Look, friend," Mace said reasonably. "Why don't you just take the man's money and go? No trouble. Nothing to get excited about."

"He don't want my ten dollars, Mace," Eddie said. He put the bills in his pocket. "My money's not good enough for him."

"He sure does bitch and moan a lot," Polk said.

"Don't he, though," Eddie said.

"Look—" Frank said. "You smashed my bumper. You—"

"I'm getting real tired of you accusing me of things, Frank," Eddie said angrily. "You know that? Maybe you'd best just get out of here."

Frank looked desperately to Teal. Almost imperceptibly, he shook his head.

"Go on," Eddie said. He came toward Frank. "Get the hell out of here."

Frank stepped back to the car door.

"Get!" Eddie hissed.

Frank opened the door. "I'll call the police," he said, his voice cracking slightly.

"You do that," Eddie said. "Go cry to them."

Frank started to get in. "I need the keys," he said.

Eddie reached into his shirt pocket and threw the keys on the ground between them. His face burning, Frank walked over, stooped down, and picked them up. Someone snickered.

HIS EARS WERE RINGING, AND FRANK WASN'T even aware of driving until he was through the pines, almost to the beach, and then the ringing lessened and he felt only humiliation and the acid taste of shame. He stopped at the end of the road across from the Mini-Mart.

"Bastards!" He hit his palm against the steering wheel. "Goddamn bastards."

He got out and looked at the dented bumper.

"Ten dollars," he muttered. "Ten lousy dollars."

Frank crossed the road to the outdoor phone. He was agitated and couldn't decide whether to call the highway patrol or the local police, and when he decided on the police, he couldn't remember the name of the community he was in. He found a police emergency number in the front of the directory, started to dial, and then hesitated. Even if he could get a cop out here on a Fourth of July evening for a dented bumper, wouldn't Eddie and the others be long gone by the time he arrived? And if they weren't, wouldn't they all stick up for Eddie anyway?

He sure does bitch and moan a lot, Polk had said. He could see them all looking at him with contempt: he'd gone and cried to the police after all.

He hung up. Just go, he thought. Forget it, get out of here.

Frank crossed the road again and got back in the car. He turned on the engine but didn't pull away. Instead, he stared out the windshield.

They humiliated me, he thought. And I let them. His face burned as he remembered. But what else could he have done? He'd been outnumbered. Eddie was crazy; the bumper, after all, wasn't that big a deal. And besides—

You weren't scared, were you? Eddie had asked.

Frank turned off the engine.

I was scared, he thought.

When he'd run from them, he'd been scared. When he'd let Eddie drive the car, when he'd given him the cap, he'd been scared.

And he was scared now.

I got a sense about you, Eddie had said, grinning. And behind him was Polk, and behind Polk, Mace and Teal. And behind them, still others—his father and Jena and the children they'd never had, that he'd never wanted, and he'd been scared of them, too, had run from them just as surely as he was running now.

I've always been scared, Frank thought.

He closed his eyes, and when he opened them, the images were gone except for Eddie, Frank's cap perched mockingly on his head.

Frank started the car and turned back toward the pines.

THEY WERE SITTING AT THE PICNIC TABLE NOW, passing a joint. Polk raised his arm in a half wave, as if Frank had just gone out for some beer. He parked beside Eddie's truck and walked toward them. They sat in silence, like kings in judgment.

"I want my cap back," he said to Eddie.

Eddie took a deep hit off the joint, held the smoke, and then expelled it harshly. "I thought you gave me this cap, Frank."

"He did, Eddie," Polk said.

"I didn't mean to," Frank said.

"Here, have a hit." Eddie offered him the joint. Frank shook his head. Eddie shrugged and passed it to Mace.

"I'd just like it back," Frank said. His heart was pounding—he was sure they could hear.

Eddie sighed. "That sort of makes you an Indian giver, don't it?"

"He's still hot about the car, Eddie," Polk said.

"I don't care about the car."

Eddie folded his arms. "Why do you want it now, Frank?"

"It—it's mine. I didn't mean to give it away."

Eddie pursed his lips and pulled the cap lower on his head. "How much you want it, Frank?" In the deepening twilight, his face was a mask. Polk laughed sharply.

"You want to fight," Frank said. "That's what you want, isn't it?"

"Hey, now," Mace said.

"Nobody said nothing about fighting," Eddie said. He took off the cap and twirled it on his finger.

"Oh, give him the damn hat, Eddie," Teal said. "Quit kidding around."

Eddie carefully put it back on. Frank flushed. As if they were the words of a stranger, he heard himself saying, "Okay, I'll fight you, if that's what you want. I'll fight you."

"You really want to fight for it, Frank?" Eddie seemed amused. "For this little old hat?" He slowly rose, crossed in front of the table, and stood not more than ten yards away.

"Watch out, now," Polk said.

"Eddie—" Teal said.

"Well, he wants to fight, Teal." Eddie looked at Frank. "Don't you?" Frank felt a lightness in his stomach, as if he were falling. He didn't know what to do. He knew nothing about fighting.

Eddie spread his arms. "Don't you?"

"What—what are the rules?"

Polk groaned. "I told you he was a lawyer, Eddie."

Eddie reached into his jeans and pulled out a knife. "Hey—these are the rules, Frank—" The blade snicked open.

"Eddie—" Teal said, and Mace whistled softly.

Absurdly, Frank said, "That's not fair."

"That's right—it's not. It's just the way things are."

"Eddie, put that damn thing away," Teal ordered. He rose from the table, but made no further move.

"Hey—" Frank said. "Come on."

"Come on where, Frank?" Eddie poked the air between them. "Where do you want to go now?"

"This is crazy!"

"Oh, I am crazy." He began circling Frank. "I'm the craziest thing you've ever dreamed of."

"Eddie," Teal said, "quit dicking around."

Further down the lake a string of firecrackers popped. Frank heard shouts and laughter, impossibly far away. In all the world he was alone.

"You better take off, mister," Mace said.

Eddie circled him but came no closer. And Frank realized that Eddie was going to let him run, that he could if he wanted to—he would be allowed that final humiliation. It was, after all, what was expected of him.

"These are Vietnam jungle rules, Frank," Eddie said, brandishing the knife. "See what you missed?"

"You didn't go to Vietnam!" Frank cried.

Eddie cocked his head. "What's that, Frank?"

"You didn't go to Vietnam either. I know you."

Eddie stared at him, knife at arm's length. He glanced back at the table. "You didn't, Eddie," Teal said.

Eddie grinned. "Well, you sure can't put one over on old Frank, can you?"

"He's a lawyer, Eddie," Polk said.

Something searing, neither rage nor shame but of them both, passed through Frank then, and he yelled, "I'm not a lawyer, goddamn you! You don't know a goddamn thing about me!" He shook his fists at Eddie. "I'll fight you, you son of a bitch! I'll fight you."

"Don't be a fool, mister," Mace said. "Take off."

"No, goddamn it!"

Eddie stood as if frozen, knife extended, the lines of his face tight. "Don't be crazy," he said.

"I don't care," Frank cried. "Come on!"

Eddie squinted, as if trying to see him better in the fading light. The knife blade wavered slightly.

"Come on," Frank said. "You've got the knife."

Eddie didn't move.

"Damn you!" Frank cried. "All your damn talk—" He took a step toward Eddie.

"You're crazy, man." Eddie folded the knife and put it in his pocket. He spread his empty hands and grinned. "I can't fight anybody crazier than me."

He took off the Yankees cap and tossed it at Frank's feet. For a moment Frank couldn't move, couldn't stop watching him. Slowly he unclenched his fists. He picked up the cap and turned it over.

"Happy now?" Eddie said.

Frank put it on.

"Maybe you'd best go now," Teal said.

"I'm not going anywhere," Frank said. His voice seemed to come from far away. "I'm going to watch the fireworks." He walked past them, down the slope to the lake.

FRANK SAT ON THE DOCK'S EDGE: IT WAS DARK now, and the lake smelled deep and mossy. His hands shook, lightly at first, then harder, and he hugged himself, as if that might contain the shaking. A first rocket flared and fell, followed by another that opened like a rose. "I won," he said softly.

Frank looked across the lake to the summer house, and, yes, in the rocket's light he could see it. They were all there—his mother and father and Jena, waiting to receive him, to bind his wounds. "I'm not going anywhere," he told them as they opened the door. "I'm staying right here."

The rocket faded; it was gone. He had won, but no one was there to tell, no one to care.

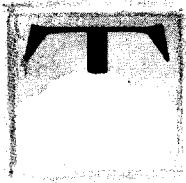
Three more rockets, red and white and yellow, burst over the lake. In their light Frank saw Teal and Polk and Mace and Eddie, faces turned skyward, almost reverent.

"I'm not going anywhere!" he shouted to them, but the men gave no sign of having heard. The rockets faded, they disappeared, and he was alone once more. "I'm not going anywhere," he murmured. "I'm not going anywhere at all." □

The United States is losing its war against cocaine because it is fighting according to a profoundly flawed strategy—so argues a Latin American journalist who has covered the drug trade in South America

HOW TO FIGHT THE DRUG WAR

BY GUSTAVO A. GORRITI



THE UNITED STATES IS LOSING ITS WAR against cocaine. Since this war is fought in the marketplace, percentages and statistics are needed to describe the dimensions of the defeat. The federal anti-drug budget grew by more than 300 percent from 1980 to 1988, but the cocaine supply multiplied tenfold in the same period. As a result, cocaine prices have plunged to barely 20 percent of what they were in 1980. In that year there were about 220,000 acres under coca cultivation in Peru, Bolivia, and Colombia; by 1984 the number had increased to 380,000, and by 1988, according to very conservative estimates, to at least 520,000. The supply of cocaine to the United States grew correspondingly: about 40 to 48 metric tons of cocaine entered the U.S. market in 1980, anywhere from 70 to 120 tons in 1984, and possibly as much as 350 to 400 tons in 1988. Plummeting prices reflected the supply glut: in 1980 the wholesale price at the port of entry was \$50,000 to \$55,000 a kilogram, by 1984 it had dropped to about \$35,000, and in 1988 wholesale prices in Florida hit an all-time low of \$10,000 to \$12,000. Not only did the overflow of cocaine push prices down but stiff competition among drug suppliers resulted in a fast increase in the average purity of cocaine sold on the street. In 1980 it was 12 percent, in 1984 it was 35 percent, and in 1988 it rose from 60 to 80 percent.

The strategic objective of the American war against cocaine has been to make the supply so scant and trafficking so hazardous that cocaine would become unaffordable for most potential users. This strategy has obviously failed completely. Yet losing ground in the drug war has only strengthened the will to escalate it, following more of the same strategy.

Representative Charles Rangel, of New York, the chairman of the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control, contends, for example, that this is a "war that we have not even begun to fight." He says, "We have never fought the war on drugs like we have fought other legitimate wars—with all the forces at our command." Rangel's indictment of U.S. strategy in the drug war is echoed by Richard Gregorie, who, as a federal prosecutor, made cases against notorious drug lords, in-

cluding members of the Medellín cartel. Asked by Charlayne Hunter-Gault, on the *MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour*, if he thinks that stopping drugs has become a priority for the federal government, he replied, "I know it hasn't. If you look back over the past eight years, if you find more than one speech by the Secretary of State on the narcotics problem, I'd be shocked. I'd also be amazed if you found in our intelligence agencies any kind of priority for dope traffic. In fact, I've talked to a number of State Department people who won't say it publicly but have said it to me that if you want to reach the end of a career in the State Department, the best way to do it is to get into the narcotics section."

Even Clausewitz's concept of the "fog of war" applies differently to the drug war. In conventional wars the confusion is usually tactical: fog shrouds the battlefield, but the strategic horizon tends to remain clear. In unconventional conflicts, like revolutionary wars, the battlefield is clearly visible, but the strategic picture is much more difficult to fathom. In the drug war fog covers both tactics and strategy. We don't know if there is a war or not, although we can see its casualties plain enough. And behind the brave rhetoric of battle can be heard the whisper of Pogo's aphorism: "We have met the enemy, and he is us."

FOR SOME YEARS A CHICKEN-OR-EGG DISCUSSION HAS been going on between Latin Americans and Americans: Did American demand trigger the explosion of coca planting in Latin America, or did the suppliers, those Mephistos, use deadly marketing techniques to create a captive demand?

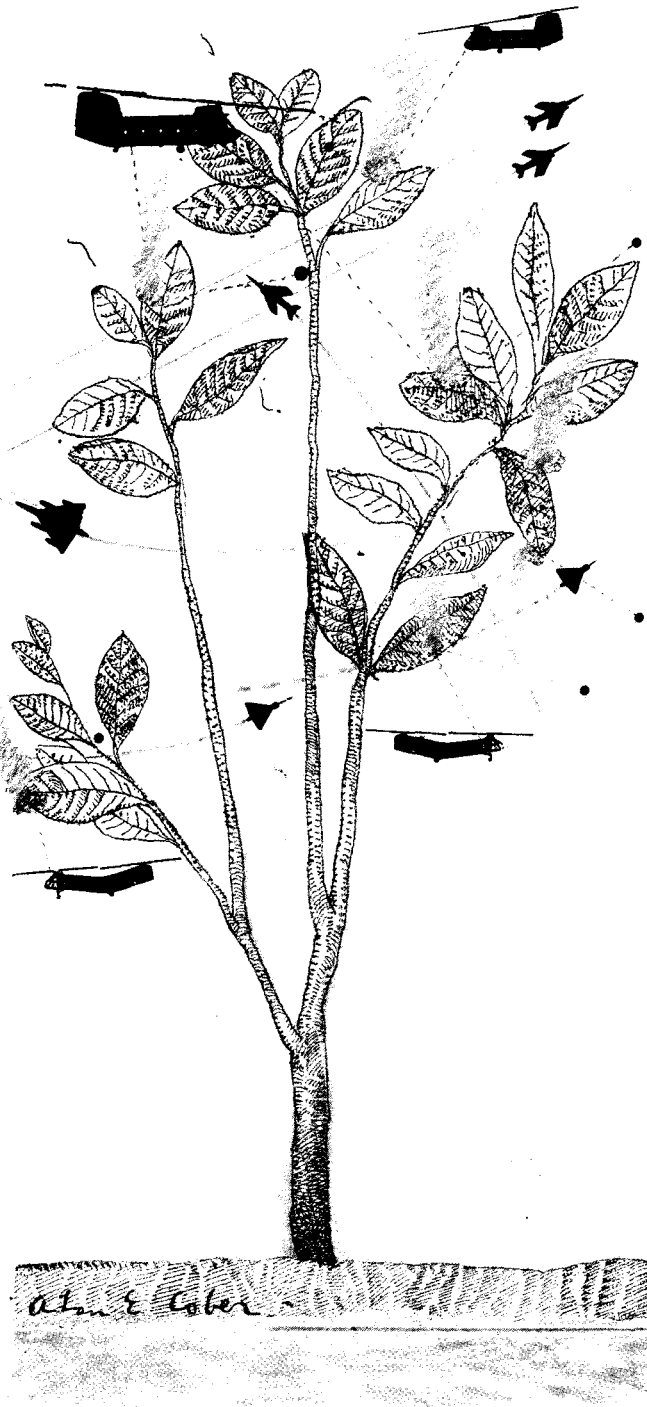
Having witnessed the growth of supply as a reporter covering the drug trade in Peru, I have no doubt that American demand bore upon Latin America with the force of an economic tidal wave. It changed Peru, Bolivia, and Colombia in a radical way. (Nearly twenty years ago, when the demand for cocaine began to explode in the United States, Peru had only 45,000 acres under coca cultivation. By the start of this decade the number had grown to at least 150,000 acres, and by 1988 to 270,000 acres, according to the surprisingly low estimates of the U.S.

government, or 500,000 acres, according to the more realistic estimates of the Peruvian government.) The window of opportunity opened suddenly in these countries, especially in areas that had been recently settled and had the right ecological conditions for the preferred strains of the coca plant—the Upper Huallaga Valley, in Peru; the Chapare, in Bolivia; and the Guaviare, in Colombia.

The traffickers, especially the Medellín mafia, simply catered to the demand, and then became intertwined with it. In the context of the drug war they have become mythologized as evil both pure and omnipotent, which is nonsense. They may be evil, but they are not pure and they certainly are not omnipotent. They are primitive but efficient capitalists, astute and rapacious, catering to a hungry market—the 25 million Americans who use or abuse drugs, and who pay \$50 billion each year to get them. That comes to \$2,000 per user per year.

The sum that Americans spend on drugs annually is almost equal to the gross national products of Bolivia, Peru, and Colombia together. Colombia, which has a relatively robust economy, had a per capita income in 1985 of only \$1,586. Peru last year barely achieved a national per capita income of \$900. The \$50 billion that Americans spend on drugs is almost three times Peru's GNP, and Peru produces 60 percent or more of the world's coca leaves that are converted into cocaine. Comparisons with Bolivia, which is even poorer, seem pointless.

Out of the \$50 billion, about \$20 billion is spent on cocaine in the United States. Only a fraction of that makes its way to the source countries, but it is enough to make cocaine the single most important export in the Andean area. In Bolivia the cocaine exported in 1982 was worth



\$1 billion—more than the value of all legal exports put together. In Peru, where the value of cocaine exports is estimated to be around \$1.5 billion a year, legal exports are worth about \$2.5 billion. The value of drug transactions in Colombia is harder to assess, because the country is not an important coca-leaf producer but, rather, the merchandising center of the cocaine business. Some estimates have put the value of drug business in Colombia at about \$4 billion a year. Other, more cautious estimates hover at about \$2 billion a year. Regardless, the tremendous economic impact of the cocaine trade on Colombia's economy is evident. In 1987 Colombia's main legal export, coffee, brought in \$1.67 billion, and all legal exports together brought in \$5.25 billion.

For Peru and Bolivia, which produce about 90 percent of all the coca leaves that will eventually be converted into cocaine, and for most other Latin American and Caribbean nations as well, demand for the drug has induced nothing less than an economic revolution. Perhaps as many as 1.5 million people are employed in cocaine

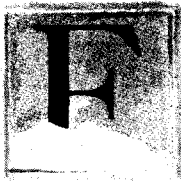
production, as farmers, hired hands, harvesters, paste processors, middlemen, buyers, pilots, accountants, and gunmen. Many more, from hotel owners to bankers, depend on the industry for a substantial part of their business.

The Colombian cocaine barons stand at the apex of a pyramid whose base is the hundreds of thousands of coca farmers. Ethan Nadelmann, a political scientist at Princeton University, estimated in a 1986 model of the Latin American cocaine trade that for every 300 cocaine exporters, there were 222,000 coca farmers, 74,000 paste processors, 7,400 paste transporters, and 1,333 refiners. The number of people at the top of the pyramid has re-

mained stationary, but the base has expanded considerably, owing partly to the bankrupt legal economies of Peru and Bolivia and the falling standards of living that have helped push new groups of people into the coca economy.

The economic revolution sparked by cocaine has not, however, brought social acceptance of the drug. Most South Americans look at the drug trade with contempt and dismay. They don't allow themselves to consider cocaine trafficking as a means of capital accumulation for the capital-starved subcontinent. Not even in Medellín is straightforward profiting from cocaine, with its attendant corruption, a widely approved way of life. (See "Murder City," by Tina Rosenberg, November, 1988, *Atlantic*.) Elsewhere the negative side effects of the coca economy have been all too apparent since the early years of the boom, and contempt for drug traffickers mixes with fear that crude gangsters will seize control of the society.

A Low-Rent Strategy



FROM THE BEGINNING, THE U.S. GOVERNMENT'S anti-cocaine strategy ignored the centrality of the drug trade in the Latin economy. The strategy had three prongs: coca eradication, crop substitution, and law enforcement. In Peru and

Bolivia the emphasis was on eradication, in Colombia on law enforcement.

Overall, the strategy approached coca cultivation as essentially a criminal problem, to be dealt with by capturing and incarcerating its perpetrators and destroying their assets. That outlook was imposed on the governments of the supply countries, which did not resist it. Tough anti-drug laws were approved, and South American jails and judiciary systems began to be swamped by drug cases, years before the same thing happened in the United States.

After ten years of continuous effort, the failure of this approach is evident. No judicial or law-enforcement system in the world can suppress an activity in which whole societies and national economies are engaged. Crime-busting measures can be effective against a small proportion of a population which breaks the rules that the majority follows. They could be effective, for instance, in the transit countries, such as Panama, Honduras, and the Bahamas, if corruption didn't extend to high levels of the government. But when a substantial proportion of the population is engaged in an illegal activity, and the economy of the country depends on its success, the prosecu-

THE PERUVIANS, THE BOLIVIANS, AND THE COLOMBIANS HAVE BEEN TOLD TO DO IMPOSSIBLE THINGS BY AN ASSORTMENT OF ILL-PREPARED OR IRRESPONSIBLE AMERICAN OFFICIALS WHO EXPECT THINGS TO HAPPEN WITH THE SNAP OF A FINGER.

torial approach becomes part of the problem.

That is what happened in the source countries that followed the U.S. strategy: the governments alienated the populations of the targeted areas and lost authority over them. When the Peruvian government had to deal simultaneously

with Shining Path, a fundamentalist, Maoist group that has been mounting an insurrection since 1980, and the coca trade, it inadvertently united the two fronts and lost on both. The Shining Path leadership realized that the social upheaval and the widespread dislike of the government in the Upper Huallaga would play into its hands. It moved decisively into the area in early 1987 and in a short time gained control over a substantial area, making a tactical distinction between coca-growing peasants and drug traffickers, and purporting to defend the former from the latter and from the government. As a result, counter-insurgency and anti-drug measures became hopelessly intertwined.

The amount of money invested by the American government in all three prongs of its strategy is absurdly small—about \$8 million a year in Peru for all programs. That is 0.6 percent of the \$1.3 billion that was budgeted in 1987 for drug interdiction within the borders of the United States, and 0.2 percent of the \$3.9 billion 1987 federal anti-drug budget. This was the funding for the major thrust in the supposedly high-priority anti-drug effort. Such a modest commitment might be understandable if the war had been directed against a bunch of crooks, but it was instead directed against masses of people throughout entire regions.

Other problems were at least as serious. A paradoxical result of rigid laws against drug trafficking was the explosive growth of government corruption, especially among police and the judiciary. In Peru the corruption served to streamline the drug business and to dispose of unwanted competition for the drug-trafficking organizations that had infiltrated the state. Peru's equivalent of the FBI, the Investigative Police, was for several years effectively controlled by the Rodriguez-Lopez mafia, a situation that gave a surreal twist to the very idea of law enforcement and increased the alienation of coca planters, who accurately identified government forces as predators competing with the enforcers for the drug traders.

IT IS DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND WHAT COULD HAVE led to the pathetic reality of inflated rhetoric and minimal resources which characterizes this unimaginative strategy. Part of the answer may well lie in the general framework of U.S.–South American relations,

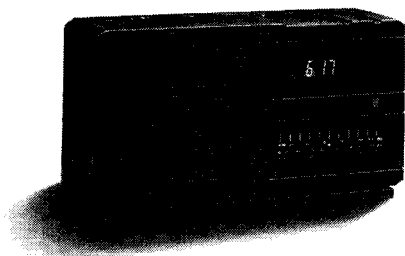
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especially with regard to Bolivia and Peru. Both, as far as U.S. foreign policy is concerned, are low-priority nations within a low-priority region. All the foreign aid that Latin America and the Caribbean together receive from the United States amounts to only 70 percent of what

Egypt alone gets, and even less of what Israel gets.

When a priority problem affects a non-priority country, distortions are inevitable. The drug issue overrides all other considerations; other real problems are simplified to the point of caricature; pressure is applied to make the country do the bidding of the United States without regard to the consequences of U.S. policies in the country itself. The more the situation deteriorates and the weaker the country becomes, the easier it is to apply pressure and achieve the expected results—that is, actions that get good press in the United States. The governments of both Peru and Bolivia have been more pliable under U.S. drug-related pressure at times of internal crisis. Bolivia's President, Paz Estenssoro, agreed to Operation Blast Furnace (an effort to destroy drug-processing laboratories, carried out by U.S. military personnel and Bolivian police in 1986) when his country was at its weakest, just recovering from devastating hyperinflation and then severely hit by the collapse of the world price of tin, its main legal export. At that point the United States had cut aid to Bolivia. It wasn't a great deal of money (\$7.2 million was withheld), but on an almost moribund country the pressure had a strong effect.

Peru's President, Alan García, who has led the country into a hyperinflation spiral by pursuing irresponsible economic policies, has dropped his strident anti-American rhetoric and appears to be giving in to American pressure to spray the herbicide Spike on the Upper Huallaga Valley. Apparently, García could no longer find the energy to answer the American request with a straight no. He tried to gain time, and appointed commissions to study the environmental impact of the herbicide. Both sides politely ignored the fact that the herbicide's manufacturer, Eli Lilly, had refused to sell it to the U.S. government for use in coca-eradication programs, and that the chief of the U.S. Agriculture Department's Narcotics Laboratory, Walter Gentner, had quit his job and gone into retirement to protest the cavalier attitude of his government toward the potential environmental hazards of Spike.

In late March some spraying of Spike on limited areas in the Upper Huallaga was carried out. It brought about strong retaliatory actions from Shining Path, whose guerrillas surrounded a fifty-man garrison in the town of Uchiza and after a fierce fire fight forced its surrender and shot its officers.

THERE IS A STRONG CASE FOR TRYING AN ANTI-DRUG STRATEGY THAT IS CENTERED ON IMPROVING THE LEGAL ECONOMIES OF THE COCA-PRODUCING COUNTRIES. BUT SUCH A POLICY WOULD REQUIRE A RADICAL SHIFT IN AMERICAN ATTITUDES.

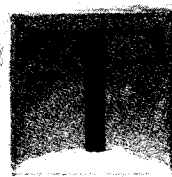
It is unlikely that Spike will be heavily sprayed on the Upper Huallaga's coca fields. Greenpeace and other environmental activist organizations have taken a strong stand against it. More important, the leaders of Shining Path are preparing to use Spike as a rallying point for their

rebellion. In the only interview he has given since the beginning of the insurgency (printed last July in *El Diario*, a Shining Path mouthpiece), the Shining Path leader, Abimael Guzmán, attacked "the government's plan in the Upper Huallaga, which under pretext of combating narcotics trafficking has permitted the spraying of the lethal insecticide [sic] Spike, which even the Yankee monopolies admit is like small atomic bombs."

If the Peruvian government should proceed with the spraying, it is quite likely that the low-flying planes or helicopters employed would be shot down. What would follow then? Any escalation, such as the use of airborne firepower, would be sheer madness, and the morality of the national leader willing to pursue that course of action would be as questionable as his intelligence. In any event, if escalation happened, it is quite likely that the coca shrub would prove to be much more resilient than the beleaguered democracies trying to eliminate it.

The Peruvians, the Bolivians, and the Colombians have been told to do impossible things by an assortment of ill-prepared or irresponsible American officials who—when it comes to Latin America—expect things to happen with the snap of a finger. The empty demand "Why don't you stop it?" is made as if stopping the supply were politically, socially, or economically more feasible than suddenly stopping the U.S. demand for drugs. Recently elites within the source countries have begun to realize that the tremendous disproportion in cost and sacrifice between their countries and the United States means that they are essentially subsidizing the anti-narcotics campaign of the U.S. government.

A New Strategy



THE MOST COMMON MISTAKE MADE BY countries facing a guerrilla insurgency is to try to quell what is fundamentally a political struggle by chiefly military means. Likewise, the mistake in the drug war has been to try to quell what is fundamentally an economic revolution by means of punitive law enforcement. It doesn't follow from this that military or law-enforcement actions should be forsworn, but they should be subordinated to a political strategy in the one case and an economic strategy in the other.

The legal economies of Peru, Bolivia, and Colombia must be strengthened, in order to prevent the destruction of the coca fields from being an economic disaster. The growth of the legal economies should be linked to the gradual destruction of the coca economy, and the link should be one that most people in the country will perceive and approve.

The way to strengthen the legal economies of the source countries is not through an unconditional outpouring of foreign assistance (which would promote outright thievery and general dishonesty in the bureaucrats receiving and administering it) but, rather, through the equivalent of the Marshall Plan or a new and better-designed Alliance for Progress. Such a program should begin with a clearly stated agreement, under which both the source country and the United States would commit themselves to eliminating the cocaine-producing coca fields within a given time, and would also spell out their roles in the program's implementation. Ideally, such a commitment would be endorsed by national referenda in the source countries. Seeing in this plan the last opportunity in this century for real development, and facing the sad realities of their current situation, most Peruvians and Bolivians would wholeheartedly support the program.

The first objective should be to offer viable alternatives to coca. This isn't necessarily a farfetched idea. With the price of coca down because of the supply glut, a well-planned program of export-oriented crops would be able to compete with coca, and would have the added advantage of legality. In all the important coca-producing areas coca at first competed not with well-established, profitable crops but with subsistence farming. The stingily funded crop-substitution programs that came later



didn't address the few, but clear, issues that experience had taught the settlers were paramount: how to get prices above production costs, and how to

maintain a certain level of liquidity between sowing and harvesting time.

Police and crop-eradication actions should be kept to a minimum during the early stages of crop substitution, because a crucial part of the program must be to avoid alienating the population. Besides, the market should be allowed to work by itself—with some help. In the Peruvian and Bolivian jungles strong interdiction efforts, which have been utterly neglected to date, should be directed against the export routes for cocaine, which are traveled mostly by small planes and riverboats. Aerial patrols and river choke points should be multiplied. The

hazard would therefore be transferred from the many local farmers to the relatively few Colombian transnational traders, who now have it easy. What's more, effective interdiction would drive coca and cocaine-paste prices down in the production regions. That would make legal alternatives more attractive while avoiding violence against the farmers.

In the last stage of the program, when the legal economy had developed strong foundations and the coca economy had been severely undermined, unauthorized coca would be eradicated swiftly and thoroughly. Some violence would perhaps be unavoidable, but at that point eradication would no longer be regarded as economic aggression against the region.

Law enforcement and eradication are not intrinsically flawed methods for fighting drugs; their success or failure depends on timing, circumstances, and the number of people affected. Law-enforcement actions were effective in Chile, immediately after the Pinochet coup, when the swift arrest and extradition of the comparatively few Chilean drug traders and chemists took Chile off the map of international drug trafficking. Eradication has also been effective in Ecuador, where only small areas were planted with coca. But the same strategy has proved to be counterproductive in Peru and Bolivia.

Jeffrey Sachs, a Harvard economist, believes that given the disastrous economic situation in Peru and Bolivia, it would be possible to make great progress with relatively modest expenditures. "Our government was negligent not to have studied the economic aspect," he told me recently. "A sensible economic strategy looks more realistic than all of the nonsense that has happened so far. For all the posturing, all the brave talk, there has been no serious attempt to come to grips with the coca economy and the human realities it creates."

In Bolivia today well-planned and well-directed help would generate prompt results. Sachs considers that \$150 million of U.S. aid a year (about one percent of the U.S. foreign-aid budget), coupled with foreign-debt relief (in effect, cancellation) and new credits from around the world, would be enough to stabilize the country. The credits from all sources should come to about \$500 million annually for four or five years. Further resources would have to be invested for the regional programs in the coca-producing areas. Peru would need much better economic management to begin with, which it is unlikely to get until President García leaves office, next year. After that, according to Sachs, the country would require credits of about \$1 billion annually for four or five years, plus direct foreign help, thorough debt relief, and funding for regional development plans.

Capital for both countries could be channeled through existing institutions like the International Monetary Fund and the Inter-American Development Bank. Lend-

ing capacity for a substantial portion of the money involved already exists. For both countries such a program would mean an opportunity not only for real development and political stabilization but also for strengthening democracy, whose true value is known only to those who have lost it.

WOULD THIS ECONOMIC STRATEGY REDUCE THE cocaine supply? I believe it would. Peru and Bolivia together produce about 90 percent of all cocaine paste in the world. If the combination of economic incentives and tough interdiction of trade routes succeeded, and it should succeed, then a supply-oriented policy like this one would achieve the effects intended—high prices and scarcity for the consumer, low prices and glut for the producer—as soon as the current stocks were exhausted.

The argument commonly used against any supply-side anti-drug policy is that if it is successful in one country, traffickers will simply move their operation to another. It is not that easy. Peru and Bolivia combined have more than 500,000 acres of coca. The preferred strain, *Erythroxylon* coca, grows best in high jungle areas, like the Chapare and the Upper Huallaga; more adaptable strains yield less cocaine and are therefore economically inferior. But the more important consideration is that it would be difficult and time-consuming for the drug traffickers to shift an enormous production base, involving hundreds of thousands of people and acres, from one country to another. It would require several years of intense effort, and until the new base was established, traffickers would be highly vulnerable to police enforcement. Those years of low supply could be used to make concerted efforts to decrease demand.

There is a strong case for trying an anti-drug strategy that is centered on improving the legal economies of the coca-producing countries. But to debate such a policy seriously would require a radical shift in American attitudes toward drug producing and toward Latin America as well. Still, if the current approach is maintained, and leads—as it surely will—to more lost battles and to a general deterioration of governments and societies, the obvious merits of the economic strategy will probably be better understood. At that point, though, it might well be more an academic issue than a policy option. As Jeffrey Sachs says, "It is a tragedy that what appears to be the most promising alternative hasn't been explored. If there were a U.S. commitment of a couple of billion dollars, over three or four years, and if it were shown to lead to a significant cut in the supply of cocaine, it would not be much money. Two billion dollars for what Americans regard as their most important problem is a small amount of money." □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

JEAN PAUL MARAT AND CHARLOTTE CORDAY

IT WAS JULY, 1793—four years after the fall of the Bastille and six months since the King's execution. To Charlotte Corday, in Caen, as to many in the provinces, the promise of the Revolution had been irretrievably tarnished. The excesses of the Jacobins were to blame. Even in Girondist Caen there was a guillotine now: its first victim was the priest who, years before, had attended Charlotte's mother when she died in childbirth. And no Jacobin in France more avidly promoted the guillotine, or unmasked more "traitors," than the virulent polemicist and pamphleteer Jean Paul Marat.

So when she read exhortations like "Let Marat's head fall and the Republic is saved!" posted along the streets of Caen, Charlotte—a young and beautiful descendant of the dramatist Corneille—rose to claim her destined role. On July 9 she boarded the Paris coach. On the morning of the thirteenth she walked from her lodgings to the Palais Royal and along the way bought a

newspaper, a black hat with green ribbons, and a large kitchen knife. After one abortive attempt she managed to slip into the house she sought, on the rue des Cordeliers, and then, by loudly declaring that she bore valuable information, to confront Marat himself.

Marat lay, as he had for weeks, in his shoe-shaped tub, attempting with solutions of kaolin to relieve the scaly sores that afflicted his body. An upturned box served as his desk. Receiving *en bain* had the advantage that his broad shoulders and brawny arms were fully visible while his almost stunted lower body was not. As she sat at his side, Charlotte described the rebellious atmosphere at Caen. Asked for names, she coolly ticked them off. Marat was pleased. "In a few days I will have them all guillotined," he said, a remark that made easier what followed. Like the tragedienne she saw herself, Charlotte Corday stood erect, pulled the knife from her bodice, and aimed true.

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel



The Artistry of Auvers

Strolling in the footsteps of the Impressionists

by Les Daly

SUPPOSE YOU CAME upon a village where the only artist in history yet to produce a painting valued at more than \$50 million had lived and worked. And suppose the little inn where he had taken a room, and where he had died dramatically, was still there, looking out on the picturesque city hall he had painted. Suppose, further, that the artist was now buried, beside his brother, in a simple cemetery at the edge of the village, set among the wheat fields he made familiar to the world, and a short walk up the hill from the town church that appears in one of his best-known masterpieces. And if that village could be found, by a riverbank, less than twenty-five miles from one of the most visited cities in the world, and if it still appeared much as it did a hundred years ago, when this artist, and others, recorded it as they thought they saw it . . .

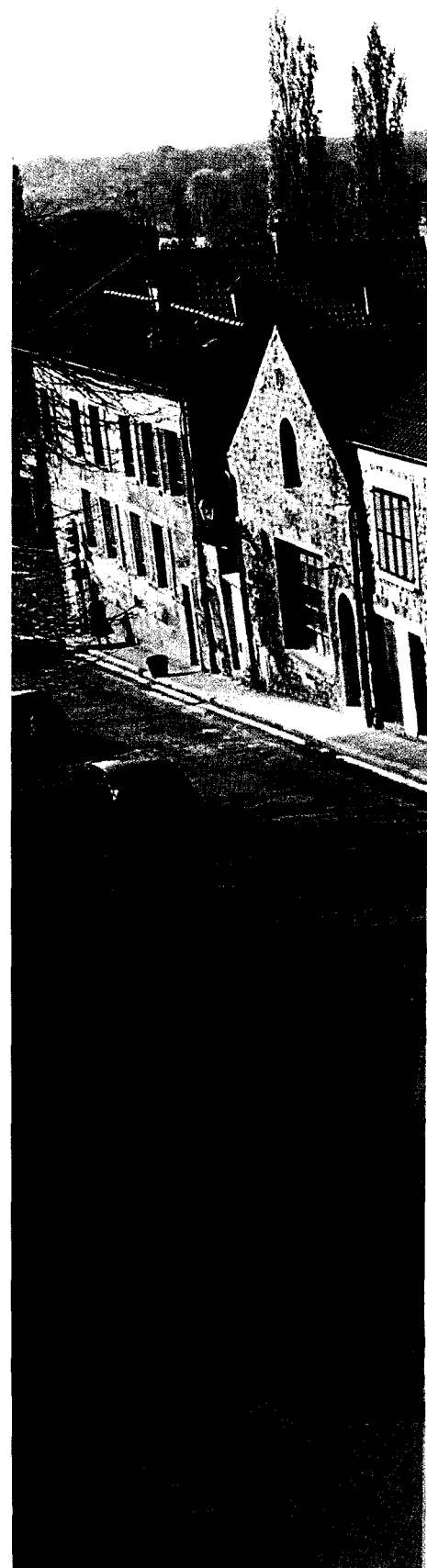
In California that would be enough for a theme park. In Auvers-sur-Oise, in France, it is a day in the country, spent virtually alone. "Here one is far enough from Paris for it to be the real country," Vincent van Gogh wrote a few days after settling in Auvers, in May of 1890.

There are many cottages and various modern middle-class dwellings very radiant and sunny and covered with flowers. This in an almost lush

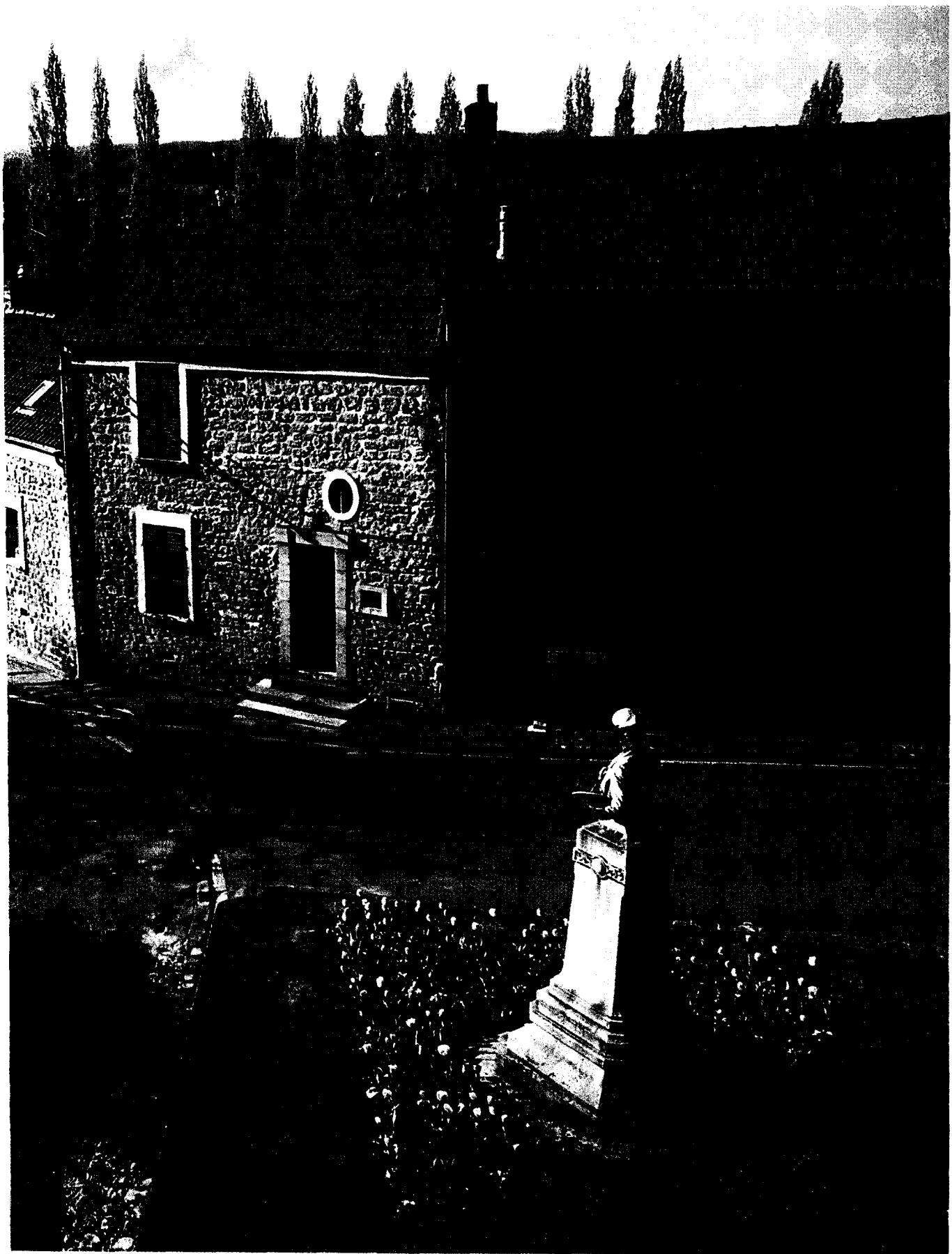
country, just at the moment when a new society is developing in the old, is not at all unpleasing; there is so much well-being in the air. . . . no factories, but lovely, well-kept greenery in abundance.

With a little charity, Van Gogh would find Auvers-sur-Oise the same today. He came to Auvers "like a meteor," the Auversois are fond of saying, and he illuminated it forever. In two months he brought forth some seventy paintings of Auvers and its surroundings, its peasants, and its personalities of distinction. Ninety-nine years ago he ended his life and was buried here. Cézanne, Corot, Pissarro, Daubigny, Daumier, and Morisot came to Auvers to paint too. That the town evidently doesn't care to capitalize on this rich history is, in a way, unnerving to the experienced tourist, who is psychologically conditioned to the inevitability of a Palette Shoppe, a Good Impressions restaurant, and an Ear and There wine bar in a place like this. But Auvers offers its hospitality more modestly: the café across the street from the train station, with a deft play on words not characteristically French, calls itself Au Verre Placide.

The slightest air of anticipation—
anxiety, perhaps—has recently begun
to affect placid Auvers. On my latest
visit to Auvers, last year, I found all of



Above left, Daubigny's Garden (1890), by Vi



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTIAN ARBELOT / PAINTING COURTESY THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

gh. Charles-François Daubigny's move to Auvers attracted other painters. The bust above is of Daubigny



Art holding a mirror up to life: Paul Cézanne's House of Dr. Gachet at Auvers (1873), left, and the same house as it exists today

MUSÉE D'ORSAY

France primping for the rush of tourists that was expected this summer for the two-hundredth anniversary of the French Revolution, and Auvers contemplating a second rush of its own next year, for the hundredth anniversary of Van Gogh's death. A few cafés had already been refined, and there was talk of a hotel.

Auvers and its surroundings are visited regularly, you might say, in many art museums—the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, the Art Institute of Chicago, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the National Gallery of Art and the Phillips Collection, in Washington, D.C., to name a few. A full dozen of the Impressionist paintings that I saw last year in the Musée d'Orsay, in Paris, owe their inspiration to Auvers. Others depicted the hillsides and farmlands along the Oise, the lush pastoral pillow on which Auvers lounges in the sun. Auvers is portrayed in thousands of art books and on probably millions of museum postcards. And yet the village itself remains largely unknown and un-

recognized. Often it is confused with Arles, 450 miles away in the south of France, where Van Gogh also spent much time.

The day before my first visit to Auvers I watched mobs of people in the crowded third-floor hall of the Musée d'Orsay shuffle appreciatively past scenes of Auvers and the nearby countryside. Van Gogh's *Church at Auvers* and Cézanne's *Crossroad at Auvers* and *Maison du Pendu* (House of the Hanged Man) were there, and so were Van Gogh's melancholy *Dr. Gachet*, and the doctor's garden (also by Van Gogh), and his house (by Cézanne). Visitors peered over and around others in the crowd that stood in front of each picture, below which was noted the location "Auvers-sur-Oise." Then they trooped on, elbow to elbow.

The next day Auvers-sur-Oise itself stood nearly empty of admirers. It overflowed with vivid flowers, on hillsides and in gardens, and it cradled Van Gogh's church, and the crossroad, and the House of the Hanged Man,

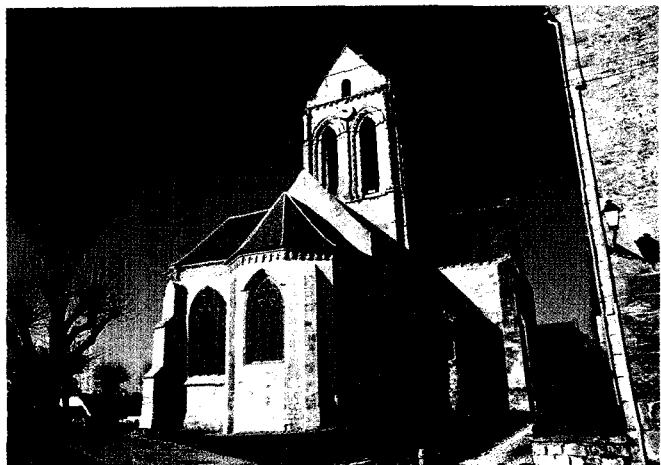
and the home of Dr. Gachet, for anyone to contemplate at ease. Of course, Auvers is not *exactly* as it appears in the paintings of a century ago. But then, it never was. The Impressionists gave us Auvers as it affected them. The village still induces an Impressionistic feeling and mood.

YOU CAN DRIVE from Paris to Auvers in less than an hour, mostly on an *autoroute*, or super-highway. Or you can make the trip the way the artists did, traveling by train from the Gare St. Lazare (Monet's painting of which I saw hanging suggestively in the Musée d'Orsay only a few steps from Van Gogh's and Cézanne's views of Auvers) to the *gare* at Auvers (painted by Maurice Vlaminck), with a change of trains in Pontoise (beloved of Pissarro). The train trip takes less than an hour too, and costs thirty-five francs, or about six dollars, round trip. When Van Gogh lived here, the trip took about the same length of time.

Auvers drifts slowly upward from



Church at Auvers (1890), by Vincent van Gogh, right, and the church as it stands now. After he shot himself, Van Gogh was buried in the cemetery nearby



CHRISTIAN ARBELOT

the Oise, to Vlaminck's train station and Van Gogh's city hall, to the church, to the top of the hill and the cemetery where Vincent and Theo van Gogh lie beneath a single blanket of green ivy brought from Dr. Gachet's garden, and finally off through the wheat fields that unroll to the horizon.

The town is actually a comfortable bourgeois community for barely 5,000 commuters to Paris and for Parisians who want a quiet house in the country; it is not much more crowded today than it was a century ago, when it was home to 3,000 people in the summers. In the midst of the village are farmyards where geese and chickens are kept, and also vacation homes, occasionally with a tennis court tucked discreetly away. The billowy old thatched roofs are gone—Van Gogh wrote that they were getting rare even in his day—and the clustered houses wear identical mass-sculpted red tiles now.

There are only a few restaurants in the entire village, all of them small and only one of them mentioned in the *Guide Michelin*. No matter; more evocative for a visitor than any local restaurant has to be a local picnic—a *déjeuner sur l'herbe*, if you prefer—fashioned in the covered market in the center of town, and in the charcuterie and boulangerie across the street. In the churchyard of Auvers, in the shady park beside the statue of a lanky Van Gogh, on the bank along the River Oise, or in a field among the nodding wheat, there is "so much well-being in the air."

Geysers of flowers spurt out of the hillsides and spill over the walls, under the windows, and across every available square meter of ground. The flowers fill the senses: cascades of wisteria, plots of roses and lilacs, tulips and hollyhocks, forsythia, fuchsias and marigolds, Japanese cherry and peach blossoms, wild plum and quince, hawthorns and blackthorns.

When I met Gisèle Baize, she was wearing a blue jogging suit and tennis shoes, and had her gray hair tied in a bun. She is eighty years old, and the property known as Daubigny's garden, after Van Gogh's painting of that name, has been in her family since the turn of the century. She walked with me toward Daubigny's house, leading the way and talking about the flowers and gardens. "Gardeners?" she exclaimed in response to a question I asked.

Festive



A painted elephant at a spring fair, Varanasi.

Majestic



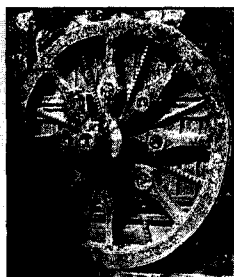
A view of the Himalayas, Darjeeling.

Wild



The Tiger Reserve, Sunderbans.

Timeless



Ancient stone temple carvings, Konarak.

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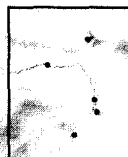
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AREA OF
DETAIL

"Bof! Gardeners are for the streets—you know, the flowers and parks the town keeps up. We are the gardeners of Auvers!"

Daubigny's house, which is easily recognizable from the painting, is rented now, but Baize picked a handful of red roses and little white lilacs out of Daubigny's garden. I remarked that her flowers had been, in effect, admired before, and she thought about the notion for a moment. "It makes me quite proud," she said, her eyes flashing. "It gives the place a certain quality, a certain dignity, don't you think?"

Charles-François Daubigny is less well known as a painter than those who followed him to Auvers, but nonetheless he seems to be the village's unofficial patron saint. One of the loveliest streets in Auvers bears his name, and it is his statue that you see just beneath the church if you drive into town from across the Oise.

An adherent of the Barbizon school, Daubigny moved to Auvers in 1861, built his house, and put in his garden. His landscapes of the valley of the Oise (he often painted from a little boat in the river) served almost the purpose that the illustrations in real-estate and resort brochures now do elsewhere, attracting other artists, among them Corot and Daumier. They were not disappointed. Van Gogh, another admirer of Daubigny's work, arrived in May of 1890 and wrote immediately to his brother Theo, "Really, it is profoundly beautiful."

AUVERS IS A village for walking—walking almost unhindered by automobiles. All four traffic signals in Auvers are on the obligatory Avenue Charles de Gaulle, and none does much business. The other streets of the town undulate along the hillside. Birds break the silence, and you hear the pad of your walking shoes as you stroll the *vieille route* (even in Van Gogh's time it was called the old road from Auvers to Pontoise). The *vieille route*, which was painted repeatedly, is lined with old houses, many covered in ivy and flower-flecked vines. From it you can look down on the rooftops of the rest of the village, into kitchens and vegetable gardens and flower patches and farmyards. In the distance to the south are the pastures and yellow mustard fields beyond the Oise. The house of Dr. Paul Gachet, who

was a patron to many of the great artists who came here, sits besides the *vieille route*, and the adjacent segment of the road has been named after him. Dr. Gachet's house stands behind a wall, tall and white with green shutters, as if it had marched right out of Cézanne's painting in the Musée d'Orsay. Down the street only a few yards is the crossroad (at Rue Rémy) that Cézanne also immortalized. A little remodeling hasn't improved its appearance, but Cézanne would recognize the old neighborhood in a moment.

A helpful annotated map and plenty of brochures are available from the industrious Auvers-sur-Oise Chamber of Commerce. Its office, discovered occasionally by visitors, is nestled in a cul-de-sac on the site depicted in Van Gogh's *Village Street and Stairs With Figures*, which hangs in the Saint Louis Art Museum. The stairway has become a sloping ramp, but the houses Van Gogh saw at the top are still clearly recognizable in the Rue Daubigny. The arched doorway on the left of the painting is today the gateway to the courtyard of the chamber of commerce.

On a wintertime visit that I made to the quiet chamber of commerce office Janine Demuriez responded eagerly to my presence. Like many Auversois, she is pleased to be here, and happy to talk about it. She unfurled a print of Cézanne's *Maison du Pendu*, and one of Van Gogh's *Maisons d'Auvers*. As if sharing a secret, she held them side by side to show me that a portion of the same thatched hut appears in each painting. "Isn't it remarkable how the two painters put their easels in the same place, but Cézanne looked to his left and Van Gogh looked to his right—seventeen years apart?" she said. Today if you stand where they did, the thatched hut exists only in your imagination. But Cézanne's *maison* and Van Gogh's *maisons* remain easy to recognize.

With the attention to detail that is characteristic of bakeries and bureaucracies alike in France, Demuriez was able to draw from her purse the precise number of visitors who had called at the tourist office since the year began: 14,516 (it was late December), or about a quarter as many as visit the Musée d'Orsay in a typical week. The number included the schoolchildren who often visit Auvers, in groups, on Wednesday afternoons, when French

schools are closed. The majority of visitors, Demuriez reported, are French and Dutch, though she also sees some Canadians "and many Japanese." "Perhaps they will buy the whole village all at once," she told me, laughing. What about Americans? "Rather few. Perhaps because it is necessary to change trains at Pontoise."

The chamber of commerce is just around the corner from the only building in town that bears Van Gogh's name, containing the room where Van Gogh lived and where he died, after shooting himself in the chest. Now called the Maison de Van Gogh, it is directly across the street from the city hall, which Van Gogh captured in full flag-draped regalia on Bastille Day of 1890. At the time, the house was called Auberge Ravoux, and Van Gogh paid three francs fifty centimes a day to live in an attic room over the café. It has been closed for renovation since 1986, and Van Gogh's room is being put in order.

The annotated map from the chamber of commerce makes it easy to discover for yourself other views, gardens, and often, where time has been kind, buildings that the painters saw. The subject of Van Gogh's *Church at Auvers* is about 800 years old and has recently undergone enough restoration to look well scrubbed. It is a sturdy, serious sort of church, built close to the ground, perhaps more guardian than glorification. The subject of Cézanne's *Maison du Pendu* is occupied today and, as a pamphlet from the chamber of commerce puts it, dryly, is "recognizable despite successive 'modernisations.'" The chamber adds, perhaps defensively, "There never was a hanged man, but only a Breton named Penn'Du."

Time has not really changed the mood of Auvers. And sometimes the people, the older ones especially, look much as people did a century ago, wearing the same kinds of bonnets and smocks and carrying the same kind of market baskets. If you are fortunate, as I was one morning at market time, you will see an elderly woman in a blue dress, with a white kerchief on her head and a basket on her arm, walking very slowly down the hill on the road that curls in front of the church. In *Church at Auvers*, Van Gogh saw someone like her, and held her forever, there on the left. □



He Knew His Wagner

Recent reissues show why Lauritz Melchior is the most durable of the great Wagnerian singers

by William H. Youngren

IT IS FASHIONABLE nowadays to regard the period between the two world wars as a golden age of musical performance—just as it was fashionable then so to regard the period immediately preceding the First World War. The territory behind the last bend in the historical road often assumes, in imagination masquerading as memory, a specious perfection. But in the case of musical performance we are fortunate in having phonograph records to help us correct our myths and make some discriminations. If the period between the wars was not in all areas of

musical performance what it is now being cracked up to have been, there are nevertheless some areas in which it did undeniably surpass our own time. One of these is the performance of Wagner's music dramas.

Several years ago Deutsche Grammophon issued five two-LP sets (2721 109–2721 113) that offered selections recorded from 1907 to 1971 by some of the most famous singers and conductors to have performed at the Bayreuth Festival during those years (the sets are out of print but available from some specialty dealers). Since many of the

selections included are sung by two or even three singers of different eras, these sets give us a reasonably clear view of Wagnerian performance practice since the advent of recording, shortly before the turn of the century.

Until about 1920 the best Wagnerian singing was technically expert and vocally handsome, if rather stylized and without much sense of character or dramatic context. But with the early 1920s came such great interpreters as the sopranos Frida Leider and Lotte Lehmann, the baritone Friedrich Schorr, and (most famous and durable of all) the tenor Lauritz Melchior. These singers, who were all of about the same age—Leider, Lehmann, and Schorr were born in 1888, Melchior in 1890—formed the nucleus of a sort of Wagnerian repertory company that moved with the seasons, in leisurely pre-jet fashion, from Berlin to Bayreuth to Vienna to London's Covent Garden to New York's old Metropolitan Opera House. The soprano Kirsten Flagstad, who was born in 1895 but did not appear on the international stage until 1933, was a late-arriving member of this illustrious group.

These singers also sang non-Wagnerian roles, but most of them concentrated on Wagner, and years of working with one another under such conductors as Toscanini, Furtwängler, Bruno Walter, and Karl Muck gave them the opportunity to invest their interpretations of the great Wagnerian roles with a psychological penetration, an authority and conviction, seldom encountered before and almost never encountered today. Much of their best work can be heard in the six-LP set *Les Introuvables du Chant Wagnérien* (French EMI 2902123), the seven-LP set *Wagner on Record: 1926–1942* (Seraphim IG-6130), and the nineteen-LP set *Richard Wagner: sein Werk in dokumentarischen Aufnahmen* (Acanta 40.23 502), and also on the many single LPs devoted to individual singers in Preiser's excellent *Lebendige Vergangenheit* series.

Since the Second World War, Wagnerian singing has deteriorated badly. Singers now learn more roles more quickly, flit from country to country for one-night stands, and are usually at the mercy of directors bent on making Wagner "relevant" by devising ever more bizarre productions that discourage serious involvement with his dramas. The best of the postwar singers

have been those who, like Flagstad and the baritone Hans Hotter, mastered their craft before the war. Those who have emerged since the war, even ones as celebrated as the soprano Birgit Nilsson and the tenor Wolfgang Windgassen, do not measure up to the pre-war competition.

IT IS THEREFORE with pleasure and gratitude that one greets the arrival of five compact-disc sets from the Danish label Danacord that contain virtually all of the recordings that Melchior made in Europe from the beginning of his career, in 1913, to 1938, shortly before he settled in this country. (The only omission of consequence is a rare 1928 version of Tannhäuser's Act III narration, "*Inbrunst im Herzen*," that was issued only in Austria.) The Danacord sets, which have also appeared on LP, may be obtained from Qualiton Imports Ltd., 24-02 Fortieth Avenue, Long Island City, New York 11101; 718-937-8515.

Volume 1 of the Danacord series (DACOCD 311-312) contains Melchior's earliest recordings, made in 1913-1915 and 1920-1921. All selections are sung in Danish (Melchior was born and raised in Copenhagen) or Swedish, and most are inconsequential Scandinavian songs, with only a handful of arias. This set will therefore be of interest mainly to specialist collectors. But Volume 2 (DACOCD 313-314) contains all the recordings Melchior made for Polydor and Parlophone in 1923-1926, and Volume 3 (DACOCD 315-316) contains those made in 1928-1931 for His Master's Voice and its German affiliate, Electrola; also included in these two volumes are four sides made in Chicago for Brunswick in 1926, when Melchior first visited this country. Volume 4 (DACOCD 317-318) contains one of the greatest Wagnerian recordings ever made, the complete Act I of *Die Walküre* recorded in Vienna in 1935, with Melchior as Siegmund, Lehmann as Sieglinde, Emanuel List as Hunding, and Walter conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. The set also includes the fine, almost complete Act II of the same work, part of which was recorded at the 1935 Vienna sessions and part in 1938 in Berlin, under Bruno Seidler-Winkler. In addition to the singers present in Act I, Margarete Klose is heard as Fricka, Marta Fuchs as Brünnhilde, and the

young Hotter as Wotan. From 1927 to 1932 HMV recorded most of *Siegfried*, with a variety of singers and conductors. All of this material, except for some sides with Rudolf Laubenthal and Leider that were later duplicated by Melchior and the English soprano Florence Easton, is contained in Danacord's Volume 5 (DACOCD 319-321). Included as a bonus is a performance of Act I of *Die Walküre* broadcast in Copenhagen to celebrate Melchior's seventieth birthday. Though it is mainly a touching curiosity, it shows that even in 1960 the great tenor could still project Siegmund with fire and vividness.

Melchior began his vocal studies as a baritone, in his native Copenhagen. In 1912 he toured with a provincial opera company, and the following year he made his official debut, at Copenhagen's Royal Opera House, as Silvio in *Pagliacci*, with the composer Carl Nielsen conducting. His earliest records soon followed. In 1916 he was again on tour, this time with a production of *Il Trovatore*. The Azucena to his Count di Luna was a singer known as Mme. Charles Cahier. Born Sarah-Jane Layton Walker, in Nashville, Tennessee, Cahier had studied in Paris with the great Polish tenor Jean de Reszke, had sung at the Vienna Opera and the Met, and would later teach at Philadelphia's Curtis Institute. "You're not a baritone," she told Melchior; "you're a tenor—with a lid on!"

He immediately set about remaking himself as a tenor, and made his second debut, again at Copenhagen's Royal Opera House, in 1918, as Tannhäuser. In 1920 and 1921 he recorded not only more songs but also arias from *Lohengrin* and *Die Walküre*, and two from *Tosca*. A 1920 London appearance attracted the attention of the novelist Hugh Walpole, who had once been the protégé of Henry James and who now enthusiastically adopted Melchior as his own protégé. With Walpole's sponsorship, Melchior made his formal international debut in April of 1921 at London's Wigmore Hall. In May of 1924 Melchior made his Covent Garden debut as Siegmund, with Walter conducting and with a cast that also included Leider and Schorr. That summer at Bayreuth he again sang Siegmund and also, under Muck, Parsifal. In 1926 he made his Met debut as Tannhäuser. At age thirty-five, Melchior was on his way at last.

Right from the beginning, even as a baritone, he sounds like himself: the firm ringing tone, the sturdy masculine presence, and the unmatched authority are all there. But by comparing versions of some of his favorite Wagner arias one can see that he underwent a development parallel to the general change in Wagnerian singing that I mentioned earlier.

This steady growth in expressiveness and psychological insight can be heard, for example, in Tannhäuser's Act III narration of his trip to Rome in search of absolution, and his rejection by the Pope. In 1923 Melchior recorded the first section of this narration, and then in 1926 completed it, going (with cuts and omitting Wolfram's part) to the point where Venus appears to entice Tannhäuser back to the Venusberg (both in Volume 2). The 1923 portion finds Melchior sensitive and grieving, but indulging in a few Gigli-ish sobs and making no change of voice when Tannhäuser recites the Pope's denunciation of him. By 1926 he is more inward, catching Tannhäuser's shifts from pious hope to bitterness to self-pity. In his 1928 and 1929 recordings (the former available only on Preiser LV 226, the latter in Danacord's Volume 3) Melchior delivers the Pope's words in a stentorian, horn-like voice, stunningly dramatizing the opposition between the dogmatic rigidity of the Church and the restless movements of the sinner's tortured consciousness.

And there is Walther's Prize Song from Act III of *Die Meistersinger*. The move from the 1923 version (Volume 2) to that of 1926 (Volume 3) again shows Melchior growing freer and more expansive, with more variation in dynamics and a more effective build to the climax. But in 1931 (Volume 3) he goes still further. Beginning softly and intimately, almost as if in a reverie—though this is a large public occasion—he reminds us that the song originated in a dream. He opens out into public utterance only very gradually, underscoring the point about the song's origin by withdrawing momentarily for the words "*das ich erträumt*" ("which I dreamed") in the final stanza. Whereas in the later versions of Tannhäuser's narration Melchior dramatized the stark opposition between public and private worlds, here he creates a delicate interplay between them.

IT WOULD BE EASY to go on adducing examples of this great artist's gradual growth into the roles that he sang for so long and so much more memorably than anyone had sung them before or has done since. In addition to solo performances, the Danacord sets contain many splendid ensemble ones: the *Lohengrin* bridal duet and the Tannhäuser-Elisabeth duet with the excellent Emmy Bettendorf (Volume 2), a couple of *Meistersinger* excerpts with Schorr (Volume 3), a good portion of Act I of *Die Walküre* with Leider as the radiant Sieglinde (Volume 2), and an unsurpassed *Tristan* love duet, also with Leider (Volume 3). Then, of course, there are the many *Siegfried* selections. The earliest ones that feature Melchior were recorded in 1929, when he was already thoroughly in command of the role, but from then until the concluding duet, recorded in 1932 with Easton, we can hear his voice gradually maturing and gathering weight. The 1935 Act I of *Die Walküre* finds him at the height of his powers and in the best imaginable company. This recording has stood for half a century as a model, and it has never been reissued in such full and rich sound as on these sets.

Throughout, Danacord has done a superb job of organizing and remastering. My only criticism is that some of the selections in Volumes 1 and 2 are a little off pitch. They were evidently recorded at speeds somewhat faster or slower than 78 rpm, which did not become standard until the late 1920s. Danacord's engineers failed to make the necessary adjustments. But overall this is a splendid tribute to one of our century's greatest vocal artists. One hopes that similar compact-disc compilations of Leider, Lehmann, Flagstad, and Schorr will soon appear.

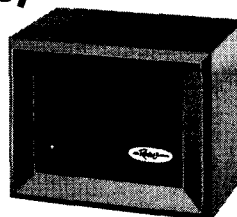
Lauritz Melchior was a large, ebullient, gregarious man who loved to eat and drink. The shooting parties that he organized at his hunting lodge outside Berlin, and the extravagant dinners that he held for his friends at Scandinavian restaurants in this country, were famous. He was much given to practical jokes, and the memoirs of other singers, such as Leider and Lehmann, are filled with anecdotes of his high jinks, off stage and on. In later years he became somewhat bored with operatic performance, and he was often careless about rhythm and text—I

recall one Met broadcast of the mid-1940s when he apparently forgot the words he had sung hundreds of times and lapsed into nonsense syllables for a page or two. But during his prime he was all seriousness when he appeared before the microphone. The writing about him often speaks, a little patronizingly, of his "animal magnetism" and his great "instinctive" powers. What has not been said often enough is that he was also an artist of supreme musical and verbal intelligence. Heaven knows when we shall find another to match him in the great Wagnerian *Helldentenor* roles.

Just as most directors nowadays believe that the great operas of the past must be made "relevant" by being set in times and places that their composers never dreamed of and that make authentic, convincing performance almost impossible, many singers apparently believe that the only way to heighten drama in opera is to toss in unmusical mannerisms—a scream here, a hoarsely muttered imprecation there. But Melchior and his contemporaries knew better. In opera the drama is primarily conveyed through the music—as Wagner himself never tired of saying, both in his writings and when he was directing singers. To bring an operatic character to life a singer must discover a way to sharpen the contour of the musical phrase by making the words fall naturally and meaningfully into place, while preserving a tonal quality that is both appropriate to the text and sensuously pleasing to the listener's ear. Nothing less than a complete fusion of musicality and dramatic action will do, for that is what the great composers envisioned and wrote into their scores. But to bring that fusion out of the scores and across to an audience is a task that demands study, practical experience, and, above all, patience—all of which are in short supply in the operatic world today. Perhaps especially with Wagner, whose works are set in either a remote medieval or a timeless mythical past, and deal subtly with rich and complicated ideas, we need to keep steadily before us the finest recordings of the singers who flourished between the wars if we are ever to find our way back to performances that are convincing and satisfying. Reissues like the Danacord Melchior sets can be of immense help. □

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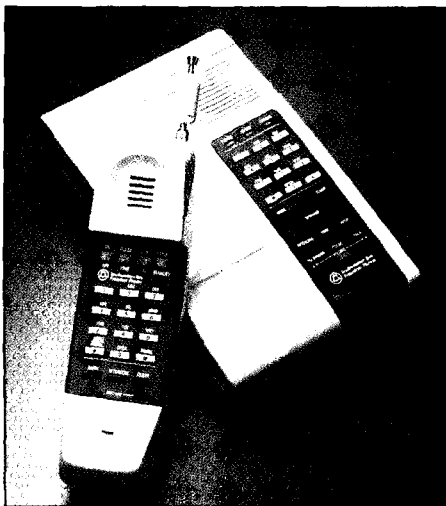
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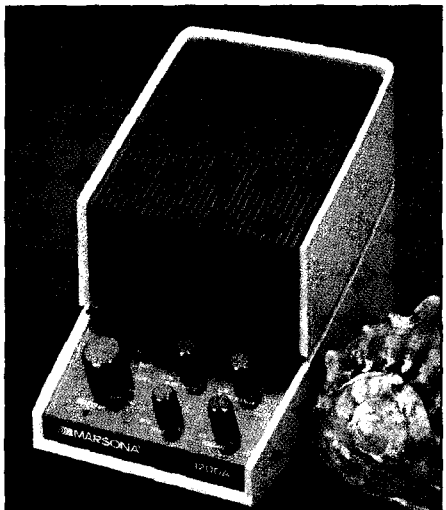


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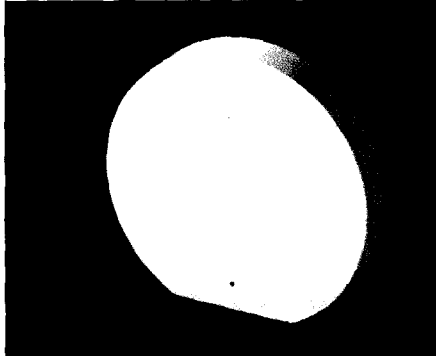
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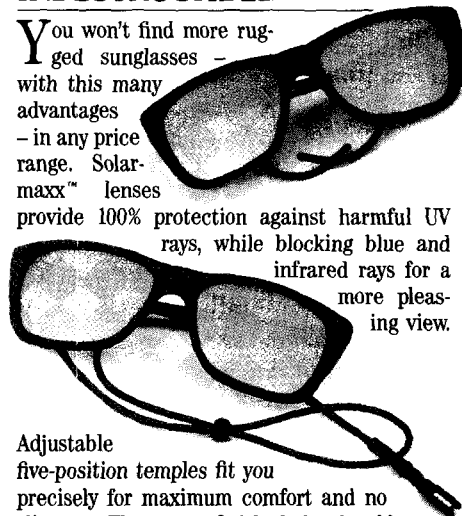
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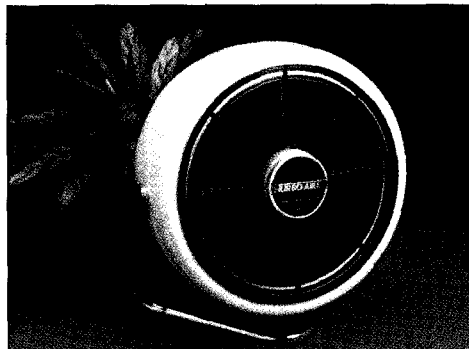
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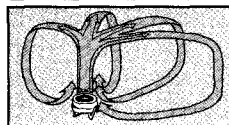


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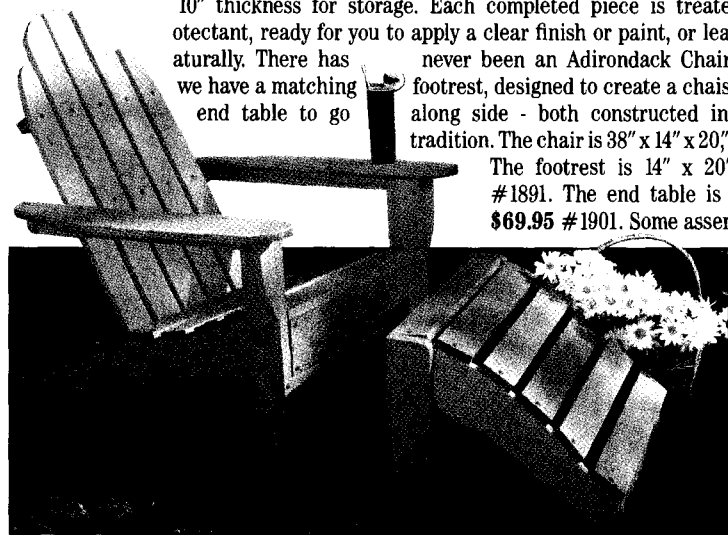
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A Steely Humanist

by Paul Goldberger

LEWIS MUMFORD: A LIFE
by Donald L. Miller.
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, \$24.95.

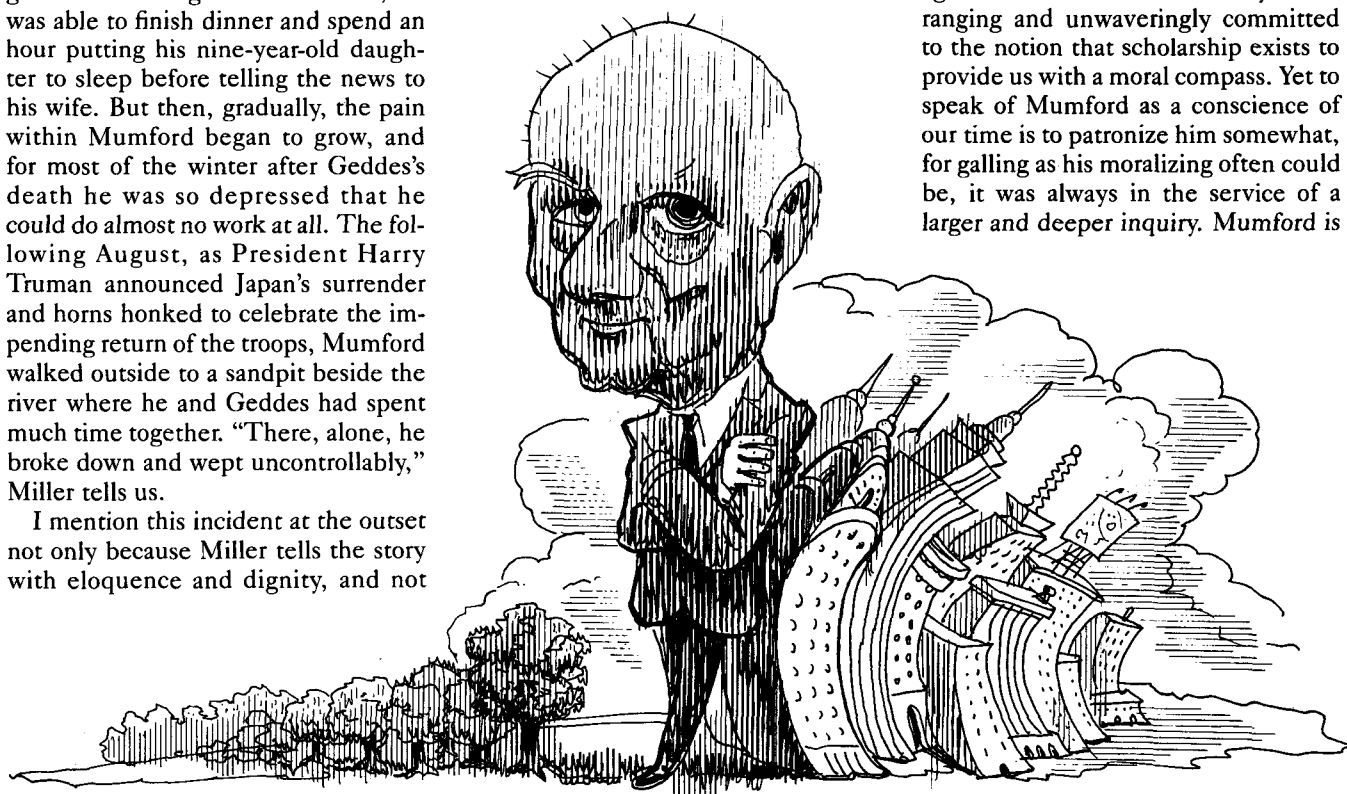
THERE IS ONE moment of nearly overpowering emotion in *Lewis Mumford: A Life*, and it comes not in Mumford's youth or in his old age but in his middle years, after the death of his son, Geddes, who was killed in battle in Italy, in September of 1944. By the time we reach this point, 400 pages into Donald L. Miller's biography, we have come to know Mumford fairly well: a brilliant critic and historian whose persona was an odd mixture of arrogance and earnestness, Mumford was utterly self-absorbed. His emotional control was so complete that after receiving the telegram announcing his son's death, he was able to finish dinner and spend an hour putting his nine-year-old daughter to sleep before telling the news to his wife. But then, gradually, the pain within Mumford began to grow, and for most of the winter after Geddes's death he was so depressed that he could do almost no work at all. The following August, as President Harry Truman announced Japan's surrender and horns honked to celebrate the impending return of the troops, Mumford walked outside to a sandpit beside the river where he and Geddes had spent much time together. "There, alone, he broke down and wept uncontrollably," Miller tells us.

I mention this incident at the outset not only because Miller tells the story with eloquence and dignity, and not

because I mean to exaggerate its importance within the larger frame of Mumford's entire life, but because it brings a curious sense of relief to the reader of this biography. Up to this point we have seen Mumford as a man of remarkable discipline and focus, hardly bland—his passions are considerable—but driven in a manner that seems out of character with the nature of his values. As a writer Mumford is one of the great humanists of the twentieth century, among the most consistent and potent critics of technology and, indeed, of the very process of modernization. As a man, however, he seems to have lived his life almost like the very technocrats he despised. Obsessed with his own work, he came off as strangely immune to the pressures exerted by other people's lives. He went his way, and he expected others to bend to him. Mumford's message was always one of gentleness; the man himself, however, seems to have been made of steel. At Geddes's death we see the steel begin to bend, and our cool admiration turns to affection.

Perhaps it is not quite right to speak of Mumford as being made of steel; his life has been too riddled with angst for that to be the case, and Miller shows us clearly how much of a role Mumford's emotions have played in his makeup, even if he has generally kept them in check in public. It is more a matter, I think, of the astonishing seriousness with which Mumford has always taken himself. "All his life Mumford was obsessively self-scrutinizing and amazingly honest about his own inadequacies, yet he never doubted the importance of his own thoughts or the power of his mind," Miller writes. This is not a man given to much self-irony; Miller tells us that Mumford not only walked the streets composing imaginary obituaries for himself but also recorded this fact in a series of private notes he called "Personalia."

OUR CENTURY HAS NO other figure like Lewis Mumford: essayist, historian of culture and technology, literary critic, and surely the greatest architecture critic of our age. His mind was consistently wide-ranging and unwaveringly committed to the notion that scholarship exists to provide us with a moral compass. Yet to speak of Mumford as a conscience of our time is to patronize him somewhat, for galling as his moralizing often could be, it was always in the service of a larger and deeper inquiry. Mumford is



one part historian, one part critic, and one prodigious part preacher, goading us on toward the utopia that he has always understood would never be attained but that he could not restrain himself from striving for.

Mumford's work "has in large part been an exploration of the question of how the world of his youth became the world we now live in," Miller wrote in his introduction to *The Lewis Mumford Reader*, an anthology of Mumford's essays published in 1986, and that observation is an exceptionally graceful one, for it both encompasses the great breadth of Mumford's subject matter and deftly underscores the extent to which Mumford, in the end, was always writing about himself. Mumford did not write conventional scholarship; his essays and books contain no footnotes, and many of them could better be called exceptionally erudite sermons and memoirs.

Surely this is the case with Mumford's long series of writings on modern societies' reliance on technology. He was among the first, and remained one of the most vehemently outspoken, critics of nuclear power. Also somewhat sermonlike is much of the great mass of writing by Mumford on New York, the city of his birth, in 1895, and the city with which he had what might best be described as a love-hate relationship until the 1960s, when New York's relentless growth, which he had chronicled with piercing insight, became too much for him to tolerate even as a subject of critical inquiry. Mumford's bias was always toward the garden city, the rational, planned city of moderate density, and he took a violent dislike to the immensity of post-war Manhattan. His garden-city ideal is now quite firmly out of fashion, but that should not blind us to the remarkable prescience of an enormous amount of his writing: in 1955, for example, he observed in his "Sky Line" column in *The New Yorker* that the city was becoming so overbuilt that architecture would soon no longer matter. If the city "ceases to be a milieu in which people can exist in reasonable contentment instead of as prisoners perpetually plotting to escape a concentration camp," he wrote,

it will be unprofitable to discuss its architectural achievements—buildings that occasionally cause people to hold their breath for a stabbing

moment or that restore them to equilibrium by offering them a prospect of space and form joyfully mastered.

That was written when things were not really so bad at all. But if he was showing us his Jeremiah-like side thirty-four years ago, hindsight surely bears Mumford out. Architecture *has* ceased to matter now; he put his finger on precisely the problem we face today in midtown Manhattan and in dozens of other cities around the world. Mumford was among the first to be skeptical about the value of bigger and bigger buildings and denser and denser cities, and though his observations came from the standpoint of one who had always been uncomfortable with dense, congested cities and who had never seen the merit in the hectic, random quality of cities which is so valued by urbanists today, there can be no question that Mumford saw a major part of New York City's problem before almost anyone else did. And in all of his architecture criticism, from the sharpest denunciations of Robert Moses to his celebratory pieces about low-rise suburban housing developments or Frank Lloyd Wright, the constant theme was Mumford's unflinching insistence on balancing aesthetic and social concerns.

Mumford's bitterness toward New York grew out of more, I think, than the city's physical changes—more even than his gradual inability to be comfortable in an environment controlled, as New York's is, by the values of the marketplace, and his preferring to position himself as the sage of America, pronouncing on matters urban from his tranquil farmhouse in Amenia, a hundred miles to the north. (He continues to live there, now ninety-three and ill, tended by his wife of sixty-seven years, Sophia.)

Mumford's relationship with New York was intensely personal. The city had been like a parent to Mumford in his youth. He was the illegitimate child of a working woman, and the city fulfilled much of a father's role for him: it stimulated him, comforted him, and taught him. He came ultimately to learn, as children so often do about their parents, that the city was not what he had believed it to be, and its values not so noble as he had thought. He came to look upon New York with disillusionment, and in the

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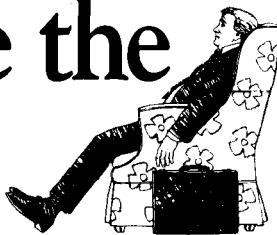


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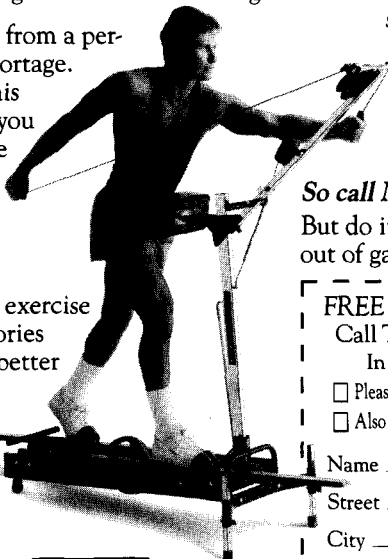


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end could write of it only with a sense of betrayal.

I am not sure that Miller, who is Mumford's literary executor, sums up anywhere in *Lewis Mumford: A Life* Mumford's importance as concisely as he did in the introduction to that collection of essays published three years ago. I found myself returning to it from time to time throughout the story of Mumford's long life; the avalanche of detail in this biography more than once threatens to overshadow a clear sense of the essence of Mumford's career, which Miller described—again in the introduction to the anthology—as “urging an almost religious refashioning of values.” Mumford's desire, Miller told us, was “to change history, not simply to record it,” and he spoke of Mumford's life in terms of those architectural values, “balance” and “wholeness.”

But if Miller's full-length book lacks the focused clarity of his earlier essay, this is the fault of the medium more than the writer. In fact, *Lewis Mumford: A Life* is superb biography: the problem is that Lewis Mumford's work is more interesting than his life. For all of Mumford's self-obsession, one suspects that he would be glad that this is so. In those instances in which Mumford's work and life overlap completely, such as an epiphany that occurred when he was walking across the Brooklyn Bridge as a young man, which Mumford describes in his autobiography, *Sketches From Life*, Mumford's prose, making his life his work, wins hands down.

Here was my city, immense, overpowering, flooded with energy and light. . . . challenging me, beckoning me, demanding something of me that it would take more than a lifetime to give, but raising all my energies by its own vivid promise to a higher pitch. In that sudden revelation of power and beauty all the confusions of adolescence dropped from me, and I trod the narrow, resilient boards of the footway with a new confidence that came, not from my isolated self alone but from the collective energies I had confronted and risen to.

No dispassionate biographer's prose can compete with this, and Miller's wisely does not try; the author ends his chapter on this phase of Mumford's life by simply quoting this passage.

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LET ME NOT give the impression that this is merely a workmanlike biography, summarizing and organizing a long and complex life. Donald Miller, who teaches history at Lafayette College, in Pennsylvania, has done much more; he neatly weaves together Mumford's public career and his private life, making us feel, as every good biographer must, how utterly dependent each is upon the other.

Miller blends immense sympathy for Mumford with just the right amount of critical distance, and he is able to induce in the reader a surprising degree of empathy for a man whose arrogance and narcissism could not have made him a perpetually easy companion. In the early chapters we find the young Mumford intriguing, if rather more full of himself than any budding writer should be (at twenty-two, Mumford decided his life goal was nothing less than to "enlarge the vision" of the nation's city planners and architects—which, of course, he proceeded to do). In the later chapters we encounter an older Mumford with no less hubris but with a world-weariness that is oddly endearing. Miller is able to convey a sense of Mumford's continual earnestness about the world, a quality that made Mumford frequently despairing but almost never cynical, and by the final chapters his very despair seems heroic. □

Out of Sympathy

by Nicholas Lemann

WELFARE POLICY FOR THE 1990s
edited by Phoebe H. Cottingham
and David T. Ellwood.
Harvard University Press, \$30.00.

IN THE WORLD of poverty experts the most important development of the 1980s has been the emergence of a "new consensus" on welfare. The new consensus is not really the compromise that its name implies: it belongs on the list of the conservative victories of the decade, because it was achieved mainly through liberals' ac-

cepting the conservative idea that welfare can help trap people in long-term poverty. (The word "dependency" appears in all but one chapter of *Welfare Policy for the 1990s*.) Liberals have also accepted to some extent the conservative rhetorical position that a web of "mutual obligation" exists between welfare recipients and the government, instead of the obligation being all the government's. In return, conservatives have made a show of embracing the feminist ideal of the working mother by agreeing that the government should help single mothers on welfare to find work—but as a concession this ranks with Brer Rabbit's agreeing to be thrown in the briar patch, because conservatives have always wanted to make welfare mothers go to work.

The main result of the new consensus was the Family Support Act of 1988, which requires most welfare mothers to register for a job-training and placement program when their children are all three or older, and makes most men on welfare join work programs as a condition of getting their benefits. The act was passed in a flurry of hyperbole about how much good it was going to do. "This is the moment we've been waiting for for half a century," Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the bill's chief sponsor, said on the night that it got out of conference. The idea was in the air that the vast and daunting problems of the underclass were now well on their way to being solved.

The immediate effect of this book, a collection of essays by some of the leading figures in the field, is to dispel whatever euphoria still exists about the Family Support Act. Every one of the experts shares with Gary Burtless, of The Brookings Institution, the opinion that the act is "a modest reform package." They all agree with Sheldon Danziger, of the University of Michigan, that because the act is aimed at getting people off welfare rather than out of poverty, its result, if discernible at all, will be to convert the welfare poor into the working poor. An essay by Robert I. Lerman, of Brandeis University, makes it clear that one supposedly groundbreaking part of the act, which allows states to garnishee child-support payments from the wages of deadbeat absent fathers, is unlikely to reduce the welfare rolls by

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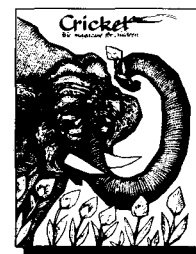
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more than a percentage point or two, at best.

In quality this book falls into the middle range. Most of the essays are comprehensive and clear, but a few are much duller than they need to be. In one, nobody bothered to edit out the year-old assertion that three competing welfare-reform proposals are now pending in Congress; David Ellwood, of the Kennedy School of Government, at Harvard, makes numerous references in the book's conclusion to a conference that is never identified. But the book is good-hearted, and it works as a composite picture of what we know now about poverty in America (and what we think now—future intellectual historians will be able to use this book as a snapshot of the col-

subsequent attempts to create a true income floor for the poor have failed.

The same act that created welfare also created Social Security. Over half a century the trend has been for the parts of our welfare state aimed at the elderly to become more generous, so that poverty among the elderly has been substantially reduced, while the widows' pension has remained fairly meager. Today only 12 percent of social-welfare spending is targeted on the poor. For this and other reasons, "widows," meaning single mothers, have come to represent a larger and larger proportion of the American poor. This cuts two ways in terms of public attitudes toward welfare. It's common for welfare to be blamed for the large increase over the past generation in the

the view of welfare that most of us have been hearing from Uncle Fred at Thanksgiving dinner for the past few decades. The gospel among poverty experts used to be that welfare was, on the whole, a palliative that people used during brief periods of unemployment or other difficulty. Now they say that welfare works this way for some people and not for others. What has changed their minds is partly new research, especially a study by Ellwood in 1986 that showed that a quarter of welfare recipients stay on the rolls for at least ten years and absorb more than half of welfare spending. The visible deterioration of the social fabric in black ghettos is probably another reason why the experts are taking a new interest in long-term poverty.

American poverty today appears to be divisible into two categories. The larger category is made up of people who fit the liberal model by moving on and off the welfare rolls fairly quickly—or who aren't on welfare at all but have incomes below the poverty line. About 14 percent of the population is poor. (One quarter of one percent of the population is homeless, a figure that should convey how little attention the poor get relative to their numbers.) The main need of poor people who are not long-term welfare cases—that is, today's version of the Victorian "deserving poor"—is simply for more money, but the possibility of their getting it from the government is remote, because the current determination to prevent welfare dependency is so strong. A few ideas for giving money to the poor come up in this book, but they are not the major theme, and the creative energy behind them has been devoted to the question of packaging: how can a cash grant to the poor be made not to look like a welfare payment?

Two income-increasing policies are mentioned most often. The first is to replace the federal income tax's personal exemption with a refundable credit, so that poor people would get a grant, rather than a deduction as they do now, based on family size. This is a poverty program disguised as a technical change in the tax laws, so it would presumably be easy to pass. The second idea is to institute "child-support-assurance payments," in which the government, rather than the absent father, would make child-support pay-



lective mind of the poverty-studies elite in the late eighties). It turns out that we know enough to instill confidence that landmark legislation that would significantly help the poor could be designed, though whether it could be passed is another issue.

WELFARE POLICY in the United States grows out of an interplay between public opinion and reality. The aspect of public opinion that serves as the baseline for all welfare policy-making is that Americans seem to be fundamentally hostile to the idea of giving money to able-bodied poor people. Our main cash grant to the poor, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, was flown in under the public's radar when it was passed, in 1935, by being presented as a pension for widows with children. All

percentage of births that occur out of wedlock. However, the female-headed family has become for the first time an institution that is personally familiar to most of the middle class, and this may have made the welfare mother seem less like the Other. Also, by the end of the Reagan Administration the public's thirst for cuts in poverty programs had been pretty well quenched.

Welfare benefits have been declining, and the size of the welfare rolls has been fairly stable for almost twenty years now; there is no evident "welfare crisis," as there was in the late sixties and early seventies, when the rolls were skyrocketing. But most experts have been edging cautiously toward the idea that some women have babies out of wedlock, get on welfare, and essentially drop out of the economy for long periods of time—in other words,

ments to single mothers, and then would try to collect from the fathers itself. The political appeal is that everybody presumably sympathizes with and wants to help a single mother whose departed partner is a responsibility-ducking no-goodnik. (An intriguing statistical nugget in Lerman's essay is that poor black absent fathers are eight times as likely to make child-support payments as poor white absent fathers.)

But the long-term poor are the central subject here. Douglas Besharov, of the American Enterprise Institute, who has the only conservative essay in the book, says the salient characteristic of the long-term poor is that they tend to belong to families headed by women who have never been married. Loïc Wacquant and William Julius Wilson, of the University of Chicago, talk more in racial and geographic terms, pointing out that poverty is increasing most among minorities in the poorest urban neighborhoods. No doubt there is considerable overlap between Wacquant and Wilson's "black ghetto underclass" and Besharov's "never-married mothers," though the essays disagree on the chicken-and-egg question of whether out-of-wedlock childbirth is a cause or an effect of poverty.

A clear theme emerges from the essays about how to get the long-term poor into the work force: with what's known in the trade as intervention. Burtless makes a detailed argument that most job-training programs—even the extremely unpopular CETA—work, in the sense that their graduates wind up more likely to be employed than do welfare recipients who haven't gone through job training. Denise Polit and Joseph O'Hara say that mothers who have access to "free educational day care" are much more likely to get off welfare than mothers who don't, and also show that if a new unwed mother can be persuaded not to have a second baby, her chances of finishing high school and getting off welfare will be improved. Intensive preschool education has been shown to improve the educational performance of poor children. Several of the writers praise the "case manager," who appears to be a renamed version of a figure much reviled in the sixties and seventies—the social worker. The majority of the long-term poor seem to need remedial reading and math courses in order to

get good jobs. (Enrollment in military basic training is the most common starting point for the out-of-the-underclass success stories that I've heard in my work as a reporter.) Again and again the writers emphasize that changes in the welfare laws will not by themselves get many people out of long-term poverty, or even off welfare; they keep suggesting different kinds of education and training as the answer.

Intervention is much more expensive than pure welfare reform. To cite the most extreme example, the Manpower Demonstration Research Corporation's "supported work demonstration" in the late seventies cost \$13,045 per participant. Because of the cost and the nation's political mood today, there is a tone to these essays that could be described charitably as careful and uncharitably as cowed. Though most of the writers believe that large-scale intervention would work, none of them treats it as a real possibility. As Moynihan predicted a few years ago, the federal budget deficit has had the effect of preventing new social-welfare programs from being seriously discussed, and the experts know that even if there were no deficit, the public would not be clamoring for new poverty programs. The poverty-studies community seems to be trying to win the country's trust by adopting a calm, reasonable, unhurried tone (only the Wacquant-Wilson essay has a sense of urgency or crisis), by being sure not to make premature or exaggerated claims for the efficacy of its ideas, and by conducting impeccably designed quantitative studies to prove every point. There are no warnings in this book that inaction will lead to riots.

What the poverty experts have given up by choosing to be so cautious is any hope of playing a part in changing the national mood, though the national mood will have to change before their well-honed and essentially optimistic ideas can be implemented. It is not that poverty experts are simply disinterested academics watching American politics from the sidelines: there may be no academic specialty that is so closely attuned to the uses to which its scholarship might be put. But the political role for which most of the writers here seem to be preparing is that of the adviser who is called in to turn a President's vague dreams into reality. Somebody else is going to have to create the

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*T*he world is about to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the outbreak of the Second World War. The cultural historian Paul Fussell uses the occasion to remind us of the horrific and gruesome nature of physical combat, which is masked by that minimizing rubric "conventional war." "America," he writes, "has not yet understood what the Second World War was like and thus has been unable to use such understanding to reinterpret and redefine the national reality and to arrive at something like public maturity."



KIDS AS CAPITAL by Jonathan Rauch

*H*ow much are we willing to pay to bring up other people's children—the children whom the United States will need to support an aging population and safeguard the nation's economic future? More out of necessity than out of choice, a new redistributive politics is emerging—a politics of redistribution from the childless to the child-rearing.

climate in which nearly any of the contributors to this book would be spending time in the Oval Office.

Though the new welfare consensus may crumble when we get to the point of discussing big new government programs, it has been a force for good. We have a much clearer picture now than we did ten years ago of the different forms American poverty takes. A lot of machinery is in place for any future war on poverty which wasn't there during the official War on Poverty. There isn't the sense of intramural hatred among poverty experts that existed until the mid-seventies. There are admirable experiments going on in state government. No doubt we will see more use-

ful research in the nineties. The only flaw in all this learning about poverty is that there may well be no significant result from it.

Ellwood says in the conclusion, charmingly, "I would trade away many of my favorite ideas for welfare reform for a guarantee of . . . 2-3 percent unemployment and high growth. . . ." Speaking for myself, I would trade away many of my favorite quantitative studies on long-term poverty for another *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or whatever it would take to bring about a dramatic increase in national sympathy for the poor and make the good work in this book more than just academic. □

cally deadpan sketches of his relatives. That is, he claims the characters are his relatives, but he uses them to present a satirical picture of Soviet society in its more pretentious and irrational aspects. This small book is tart, funny, and maliciously deflative.

A RING OF CONSPIRATORS by *Miranda Seymour*. Houghton Mifflin, \$19.95. H. G. Wells, in what must have been a fit of silly spite, described his literary neighbors in East Sussex as "a ring of foreign conspirators," although the possibility of conspiracy among such individualists as Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Ford Madox Ford, and Hart Crane is laughable. Not even the periodic incursions of Edith Wharton, whose managerial skills James professed to hold in awe, could have organized that quartet. Ms. Seymour, however, has organized them successfully for her own purpose, which is the creation of a portrait of the elusive and often inconsistent James in the years 1895-1915. She deftly interweaves the opinions of his fellow authors, the actions of his brother, William, and the proceedings (sometimes naughtily mendacious) of James himself to produce a vivid sense of a living person who remains—as, in fact, most people do—essentially impenetrable.

UNNATURAL DEATH by *Dr. Michael Baden with Judith Adler Hennessee*. Random House, \$17.95. Dr. Baden is a medical examiner, or, in cases of unnatural death, a forensic pathologist, and he is concerned about the inadequate use made of his specialty. He points out that "the United States has no systematic, comprehensive method of certifying death. There are fewer than three hundred full-time pathologists in the entire country, not nearly enough to handle the number of deaths that fall into our province." If one works out Dr. Baden's statistics, each of these pathologists would have to deal with about 530 cases a year—an impossible load—to cover the deaths that demand investigation. The doctor goes on to describe instances, well publicized or obscure, in which proper medical examination either convicted a criminal or prevented a miscarriage of justice. These accounts, which include peripheral information such as the fact that looting regularly occurs at airplane crashes, are interesting in themselves

Brief Reviews



ORDERS FROM FRANCE by *Roger G. Kennedy*. Knopf, \$39.95. The orders in question are architectural. Mr. Kennedy, the director of the National Museum of American History, approaches "the commerce in ideas, aesthetic concepts, technology, farm and livestock products, consumer goods, talent, and political ideals between France and the United States in the years between 1783 and 1820" by way of buildings, because buildings frequently remain as solid evidence of the tastes and activities of their owners. French influence had not been lacking during Colonial times, but after the American Revolution weakened English influence and removed English restrictions, French architects, engineers, technicians, land speculators, refugees, and rascals swept in to fill what amounted to a vacuum. The architects created a number of fine houses. Mr. Kennedy inquires who commissioned these residences, why they were often located in places that never lived up to them, and where the money came from to pay for them. This last question leads the author into examination of a commercial network of marvelous intricacy and ruthless self-interest, for it was new money that paid for many of the buildings, and that new money had been ac-

cumulated by a collection of profiteers, "international scalawags and filibusterers," who fattened on the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars. Money and politics and national ambitions interlocked, with results ranging from the sensible to the melodramatically absurd. "The Silver Scheme," a mountainous finagle beside which the Iran-contra affair resembles a mouse, is only one of the astonishing intrigues that Mr. Kennedy unravels in his dense but always fascinating history of a disorderly time.

MEN AND WOMEN: Dressing the Part by *Claudia Brush Kidwell and Valerie Steele*. Smithsonian Institute, \$40.00 and \$24.95. "There is a temptation to attach too great a significance to changes in gender symbols," according to the authors of this study of changing fashions in male and female dress. That sound opinion has not deterred them from producing a lengthy, all too solemn, and often painfully obvious discussion of why people dress as they do and why the way people dress periodically changes.

OURS by *Sergei Dovlatov*. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, \$15.95. Mr. Dovlatov's "Russian Family Album" consists of ironi-

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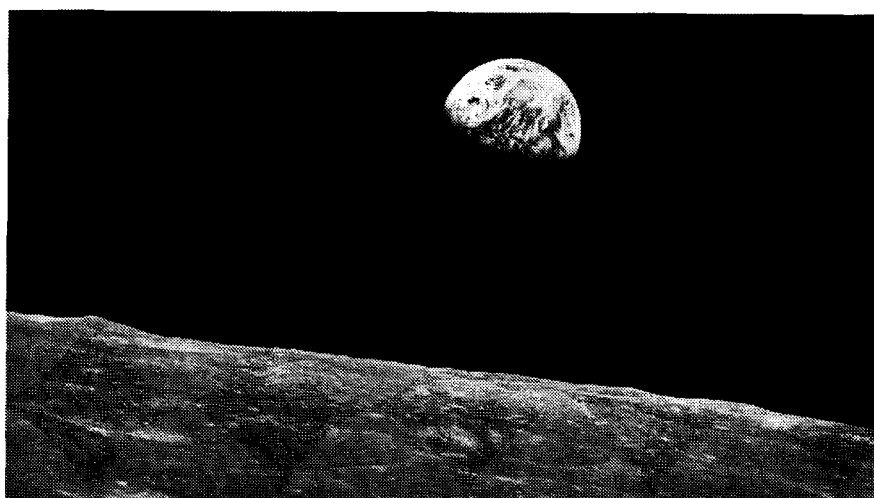
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Answers to the June Puzzles

"ALPHANAGRAMS"

The Alphanagrams to be entered in the diagram appear in italics.

Across. 1. J-ACINTH (*j + anag.*) 2. TES-T-BAN (*rev.*) 3. S(W)ATS 4. KE(T-T)LES (*sleek anag.*) 5. B-R(A-Q)UE 6. LA(CON)IC 7. B-RAINED 8. FRUG-A-L 9. IN(S)ERT 10. T(EAR)IER 11. LI(V)ABLE 12. RA-TITE (*anag.*) 13. GEN-TLE-R (*let anag.*) 14. EMERY (*hidden*) 15. TRESSED (*rev.*) 16. SEEDERS (*homoph.*) Down. A. G(A-RN)ER *arrange* B. UNREAL (*anag.*) *nebular* C. OR(N)ATE *enactor* D. TRUEST (*anag.*) *trusted* E. ELDEST (*hidden*) *steeled* F. EN-CORE (*homoph.*) *enforce* G. COURSE (*homoph.*) *scourge* H. CAN(ON)S *chanson* I. TIN-GLE (*leg anag.*) *lignite* J. GIB(B)ON (*anag. + b*) *jobbing* K. DI-SNEY (*rev.*) *kidneys* L. T-HROES (*t + anag.*) *holster* M. LIAN(A)S (*rev.*) *animals* N. BE-AT-LE *tenable* O. STAR-ED *torsade* P. LESSEN (*homoph.*) *spleens* Q. U-NI-TES (*rev.*) *inquest* R. C-ACT(U)S *accurst* S. LETTER (*double def.*) *trestle* T. RE(GA)IN *tangier* U. AN(T)LER (*anag. + t*) *neutral* V. RE-LIES *servile* W. SHAVER (*hidden*) *wharves* X. MA-LICE *exclaim* Y. RIBBER (*i for o in robber*) *bribery* Z. REP-EAT *trapeze*

J	A	C	I	N	T	H	T	E	S	T	B	A	N	S	W	A	T	S	K	E	T	T	L	E	S
O	R	H	N	E	R	O	R	X	C	A	R	C	E	E	H	N	E	T	I	N	O	R	I	N	P
B	R	A	Q	U	E	L	A	C	O	N	I	C	B	R	A	I	N	E	D	F	R	U	G	A	L
B	A	N	U	T	S	S	P	L	U	G	B	U	U	V	R	M	A	E	N	O	S	S	N	C	E
I	N	S	E	R	T	T	E	A	R	I	E	R	L	I	V	A	B	L	E	R	A	T	I	T	E
N	G	O	S	A	L	E	Z	I	G	E	R	S	A	L	E	L	L	E	Y	C	D	E	T	O	N
G	E	N	T	L	E	R	E	M	E	R	Y	T	R	E	S	S	E	D	S	E	E	D	E	R	S

ACROSTIC NO. 47

"Ants are so much like human beings as to be an embarrassment. They farm fungi, raise aphids as livestock, launch armies into war, . . . capture slaves, engage in child labor, exchange information ceaselessly. They do everything but watch television."

—Lewis Thomas, *The Lives of a Cell*

and well support the author's plea for more attention to his neglected field.

THE CENTURION by Jan de Hartog. Harper & Row, \$18.95. The narrator of Mr. de Hartog's novel is a retired Dutch sea captain with a devoted wife and a passion for Roman military history of the fourth century. This thoroughly practical man is enticed into trying his hand at dowsing, and to his dismay proves to be very good at it. His little pendulum directs him to Roman ruins and tells him what happened there, and Captain Harinxma finds himself following the career of a centurion whose temperament disconcertingly resembles his own. The tale shifts from present to past, from first- to third-person narrative, and from ordinary dialogue to the Twenty Questions communications of the dowsing bob. Mr. de Hartog has devised such an unusual form for his semi-historical novel that one need not put faith in dowsing in order to enjoy the author's ingenious maneuvers.

THE GOOD TIMES by Russell Baker. Morrow, \$19.95. Mr. Baker's mother, the daughter of a literate family fallen on Depression hard times, regularly exhorted her son to "Make something of yourself!" He did so, reaching that acme of journalistic ambition, his own respected and widely read column in *The New York Times*. How he did it is a straightforward success story, which he records gracefully but with extreme modesty and a curious undercurrent of melancholy. Apparently the maternal adjurations impressed upon the son a notion that success is always insufficient or undeserved or both.

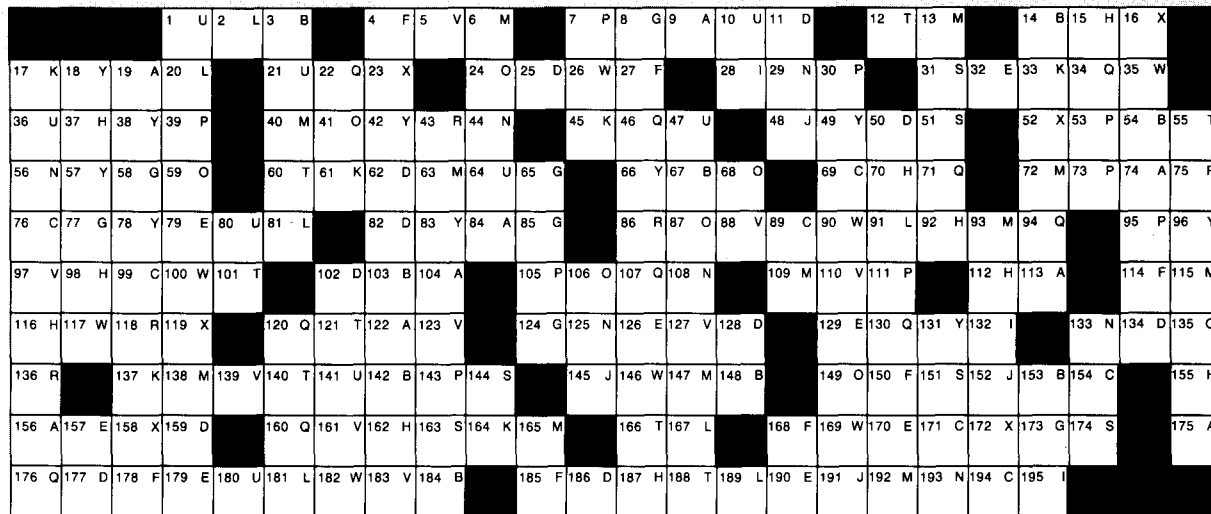
LACE by Anne Kraatz. Rizzoli, \$60.00. Ms. Kraatz describes the history of lace from the sixteenth century to the present, along with its social implications, types of design, terminology, areas of manufacture, and methods of construction. The book is prettily illustrated with photographs of surviving examples of lace and with period paintings showing how it was used. There are, however, no pictures of lace-making gear or diagrams of the later machines, an omission that leaves the non-lace-expert reader little the wiser about how, exactly, those lovely materials were composed.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

ACROSTIC No. 48

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation.
The first letters of clue answers spell the source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 47 appears on page 96.

- A.** Boccaccio's collection of tales 74 19 175 156 9 122 84 113 104
- B.** Wooden instrument of Swiss herders 67 184 153 103 14 142 148 54 3
- C.** Evening service 76 99 154 171 89 194 69
- D.** Russian-born American anarchist (2 wds.) 159 102 177 25 186 134 128 82 50
62 11
- E.** Apple-polish (2 wds.) 32 190 129 126 179 157 79 170
- F.** Visual-gesture means of communication 4 178 27 168 150 185 114
- G.** Postponed contest 173 58 77 65 8 124 85
- H.** Groundbreaking invention 98 15 116 162 112 37 92 155 70 187
- I.** Material used to make English longbows 132 195 28
- J.** Gracile 48 191 145 152
- K.** Have the effrontery; experience a high (2 wds.) 164 61 137 33 17 45
- L.** Florentine painter who experimented with perspective 91 181 189 2 20 81 167

- M.** Sondheim opus (3 wds.) 72 109 147 13 192 165 93 40 115
138 6 63
- N.** Spanish rake (2 wds.) 108 56 44 133 193 29 125
- O.** Emergence, as of an adult butterfly 106 149 59 41 24 135 87 68
- P.** Type of rifle (hyph.) 111 7 143 73 39 30 105 95 53
- Q.** Free of charge (3 wds.) 176 107 120 130 160 22 46 34 94 71
- R.** Pie filling 86 75 136 118 43
- S.** Master filmmaker 31 151 174 51 163 144
- T.** Longtime sportswriter for the New York Herald Tribune (2 wds.) 60 140 12 101 55 188 166 121
- U.** Birthplace of Erasmus 47 64 141 21 10 180 36 80 1
- V.** Mae West classic (3 wds.) 127 123 161 110 183 5 139 97 88
- W.** Element that glows blue in the dark 100 90 35 182 146 117 169 26
- X.** Sturm und Drang writer 158 172 119 16 52 23
- Y.** Starfish or sea cucumber 18 66 96 83 57 49 78 131 38 42

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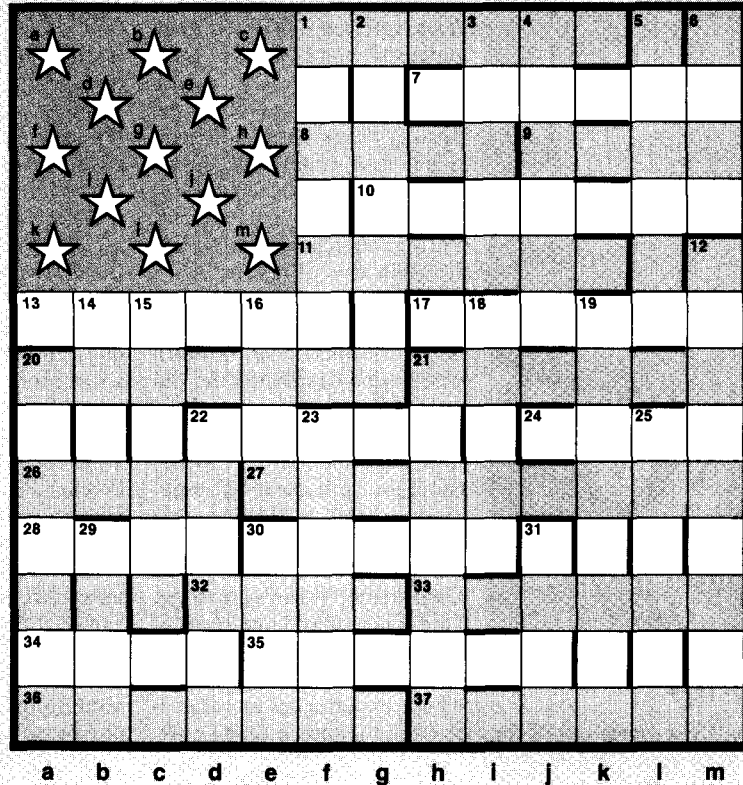
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

STARS AND STRIPES

Answers to clues may be entered in the diagram normally, with the following exceptions: Each stripe has one of its squares occupied by a pair of letters; these pairs, taken together, constitute a whole. And each column has one letter removed to its correspondingly lettered star in the upper left; taken in order, these letters will spell an appropriate phrase. Answers include four proper nouns and a less-than-common word at 11 Across.

The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 96.



ACROSS

1. Flag containing sphere acted as a banner
7. Standard cut veggie
8. Seize back most of work with instrument
9. Listened to staff's question
10. Spray tea mug if cracked
11. Fifty-one hundred dollars to resistance's old officers
13. Attacks as a drum is beaten
17. Swift's mean about politicians, primarily
20. Struggle with animal in show
21. Doctor in group chewed candy
22. Give out temperature in match
24. Viewer of incipient shady deal
26. Packed gear, including skirt
27. Around third of July, Daphne ran off with bum

28. Complaint from fellow about nothing
30. Furniture movers getting label backward in front
32. Soft, low yard
33. Look around a radical Texas town
34. Loudly expresses displeasure with bulk
35. With one in five, pierce drapery
36. Small spear in grating
37. A deer's swimming in body of water (two words)

DOWN

1. Liar is shifty but fails
2. Frank's aboard Air Force One in unmade bed (two words)
3. Pal adopts mantra for headache remedy
4. Reach reptilian rage?

5. Muffling string, played with diminished force
6. Stag bounding past tree
12. Help a boy pitching, catching rare curve
14. Sounded churlish and cross
15. Simple plant stuck in morning mass mixture
16. Engrossed in *Rawhide* episode
18. Rebuffs Spanish vessels
19. One seller stirred up volunteers
20. Revolutionary woman collecting English garments
21. Newspaper covering Moon-related reverses in bits
22. Bad dude gets prison beat
23. "Island connection," Juan said
25. Announced ride to market
29. In column, I suggest
30. Wander after Democrat's crowd
31. Quarrel about right shrink

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD HISTORIES

Etymologies derived from the files of The Dictionary of American Regional English

BY CRAIG M. CARVER



chump

"She made a *chump* out of me because I had emotions," said Mike Tyson, the heavyweight champion of the world, last spring after what appeared to be a psychic TKO in a battle royal with his wife, Robin Givens, who is seeking a divorce. In other words, Tyson felt like a fool or a dupe. In the late seventeenth century *chump*,

perhaps a blend of *chunk* and *lump*, referred to a short, thick piece of wood. By the mid-nineteenth century it, like *block*, had come to refer to the head ("Think how unpleasant it is to have your *chump* lopped off"—Vladimir Nabokov, *Invitation to a Beheading*, 1959). Further stretching gave British English the phrase *off one's chump* (to be crazy). From *chump* the block or head came *chump* the blockhead (a dolt), which soon developed the nuance "dupe." Very recently in black English the noun *chump*, in a functional shift, has become the verb *chump off*, especially in the battle of words known as "the dozens," a verbal game of ritualized insult. Last March, Tyson's promoter, Don King, may have *chumped off* Joe Clark, the tough Paterson, New Jersey, principal whose experiences are dramatized in the movie *Lean on Me*. Clark, who received no money for helping to publicize the movie, was angry over the \$150,000 fee that Tyson received. King dismissed the payment to Tyson as *chump change*, or an insignificant amount of money—the amount a *chump* would settle for.

womanize

During the hearings last February on John Tower's nomination to be Secretary of Defense, there was much talk about his alleged *womanizing*. Originally *womanize* had a meaning very different from philandering—it meant to become effeminate. This now archaic sense used the *-ize* suffix (as in *colorize*, *finalize*) in its oldest and most common sense (to make into, to cause to become). It is one of the most productive suffixes in English and has been around since at least the thirteenth century, when *baptize* was borrowed from French. The philander-

ing sense of *womanize* ("The Bad Men went up to London and womanized"—Compton Mackenzie, *Sinister Street*, 1914) is relatively recent and uses the suffix in an anomalous way (to pursue or associate with). The word *woman* itself

bellwether

Earlier this year President Bush telephoned "a fellow" in Lubbock, Texas, to see how his administration was regarded down there. "[It was] the best phone call I've made," the President said. "He says all the people in Lubbock think things are going just great." Bush's invocation of Lubbock calls to mind the question *Will it play in Peoria?*, an expression that probably arose from traveling theater troupes, and suggesting that if a performance succeeds in Peoria, Illinois, it will succeed anywhere. Lubbock, like Peoria, is an archetypal middle-American town, proud of its traditional, down-to-earth values. *USA Today* offered this headline: "USA'S BELLWETHER? LUBBOCK COULDN'T AGREE MORE." Lubbock might not be so flattered about its status as a *bellwether*, or an indicator of a trend, if the origin of the word were more widely known. A *wether* is a male sheep, usually one that has been castrated, and a *bellwether* is a wether that wears a bell and leads its flock. *Wether* is recorded in Old English in the ninth century and ultimately

derives from the Indo-European root *wet-* (year), because the wether was castrated when it was a yearling. The metaphoric connotations of *bellwether*, which emerged in the fifteenth century, were at first pejorative: when a chief or leader was called a *bellwether*, it was with derision. As the original meaning faded, along with sheep, from the scene, the derogatory connotation faded too.



spellings as *womyn*, *wimmin*, and *womon*. The feminists are absolutely correct on the main point, although many of the commonly cited folk etymologies for *woman* are wrong. *Woman* is not constructed, for example, from *womb* + *man* or from *woe* + *man*. *Woman* derives from Old English *wif* (woman, wife, perhaps from *wifan*, to weave) and *man* (adult male person, human being). In all the Germanic languages, including English, the concepts of maleness and humanity appear to be conflated. *Female*, however, has no connection with *male*—it comes from Latin *famella*, the diminutive of *femina*, woman.



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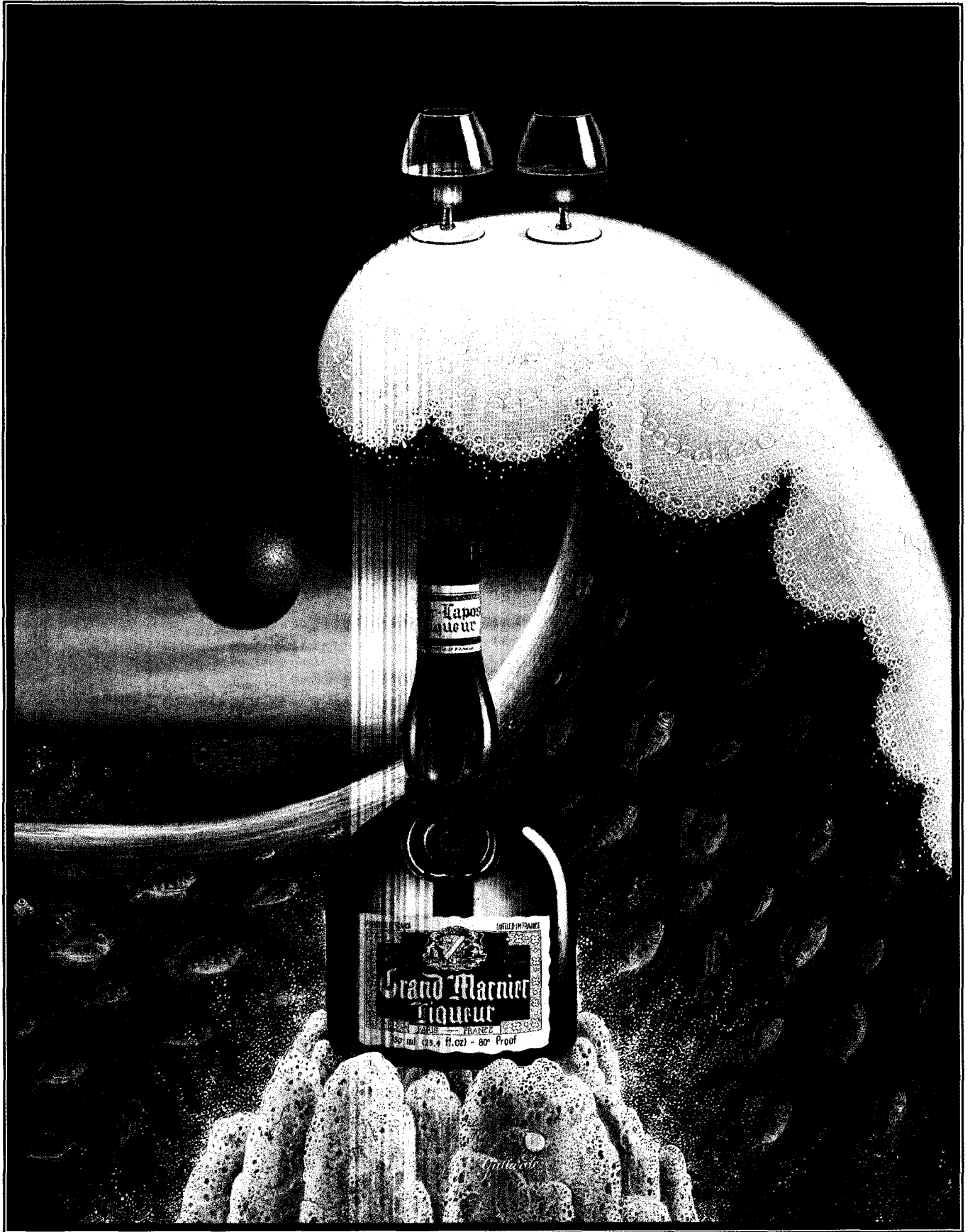
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